

THE FRA



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■ AFFIRMATION ■



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No. 1



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By Elbert Hubbard

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THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, New York



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A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

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The Test is This: Which do You
Love Most, Victory or Truth?

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Elbert Hubbard, Editor and Publisher, East Aurora, New York, U. S. A.

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THE OPEN ROAD

A FOOT WITH THE FRA

The Story of the Steinways



HE gentle reader whose education has been blessed by reading "Little Journeys" will probably recall something of what the world owes to "the last run of shad," to use the phrase of the Reverend Theodore Parker. ¶ The latest celebrant in the list to come to my attention is Luther Burbank.

He was along here one fine day. After supper we drifted into The Roycroft Music-Room. A girl sat down at the Steinway Grand and played the "Spring Song" of that gentle and sublime spirit, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. And an appreciative visitor present remarked

that he would rather have written that song than to have evolved a spineless cactus.

"Spineless men are plentiful," I ventured. "Perhaps," was the reply; "but think of the vertebræ and its surmounting brain of the man who worked for fifty years before he was able to make a piano that pleased him. And see how a great man blesses the world. Here we have the net result of a life of invention, dreams, toil, love, work and aspiration. The man is dust—his dream is ours. Strike the keys, child! Gently—so, it is the soul of a man."

Luther Burbank did n't care to talk about himself or his work; he wanted me to tell of Steinway, for I had mentioned the fact that I had been to the Steinway factory in New York a few days before.

When I told him that Henry E. Steinway was the youngest in a family of twelve, he

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smiled and said, "Good! One more in the list—I myself am the thirteenth in a family of fifteen. Proceed!"

Some Big Broods

JOHAN and Charles Wesley were two in a nice little family of nineteen. And Susannah Wesley, their mother, was the twenty-fourth child of her parents.

Edmund Burke was one of fifteen.

Daniel Webster was the eleventh little Webster. Theodore Parker was also the eleventh and last in his family. ¶ Froebel and Beethoven were preceded by big broods, which were to achieve oblivion, save for the distinction of being kin to that last, little, wailing surprise-party.

William and Caroline Herschel had nine brothers and sisters.

Coleridge was in competition with twelve other Coleridges, several of whom were twenty years, and more, older than he.

Josiah Wedgwood and Richard Arkwright were each the thirteenth child of their mothers—and not unlucky numbers, either.

James Oliver was the baby in a family of eight.

¶ Benjamin Franklin was one of a family of seventeen. ♣ He was the last except the "anoder baby," or two. When fourteen, Ben was apprenticed to a brother who had yellow chin-whiskers and was twenty-two years his senior. After Ben ran away, this brother sinks from sight, so far as Clio is concerned, but the soul of Ben still goes marching on.

In the famous family of Rothschild there were five sons and five daughters. The five sons were made barons in a single day, and the daughters should have been similarly decorated, for they, too, had the genius of their mother, who lived to be exactly one hundred, and saw all her children and several of her grandchildren grow great. When past ninety, surrounded by more than a hundred of her descendants, the pride of Letizia Rothschild was profound, and surely pardonable.

But all these things happened before the stork was replaced by the teddy-bear.

In the Hartz Mountains

HENRY E. STEINWAY was born February Fifteenth, Seventeen Hundred Ninety-seven, at the little village of Wolfshagen, in the Hartz Mountains. He was the baby in a big brood of twelve. But the brood being not quite big enough, they adopted three more—orphans left by a stricken neighboring family. ♣

It was a happy, busy, economical group, where the garden gave vegetables, the mountain-stream fish, the forest fuel. The simple life of the forester and his family was bounded by six square miles. Of the great, troubled, outside world—the world of war, of strife, struggle and ambition—this happy, peasant family knew little. Their days were full of work and quiet, homely joys.

But in the midst of peace and smiling plenty came the army of the Corsican. It swept that pass in the Hartz Mountains, where lived the simple, modest, peasant family. It devoured the substance of the villagers, carried off their portable wealth and left them desolate. After the French had gone, came the Prussians. The father and older brothers had obeyed the call of their country and were far away in the field. The French returned to drive the Prussians out. The soldiers quartered themselves in the houses of the people, and compelled the women to cook for them—this as punishment for having given aid and succor to the enemy.

Saint Paul speaks of the degradation of being chained to a Roman soldier; but think of having to feed and house an idle, lawless and vicious soldiery! The Corsican boasted that he fought his way to success "with the criminal class," since he had opened every prison-door and given liberty, or glorious death, as payment for enlistment.

Of course it will not do to say that the French were necessarily worse in war-time than were the armies of Prussia or Italy. Men are men, and when war, red of tooth and claw, loosens the floodgates of passion, the Ten Commandments are waived and bestiality is rampant. ♣ Like a cloud of locusts on a Summer field, the soldiers stripped the villagers of their all. They stabled their horses in the churches, and made the houses their own. Before the food was entirely gone, the women and children fled to the mountains. They followed the winding goat-paths, where the soldiers with their wagon-trains could not follow. ♣ Up there with the edelweiss, alone with God and her children, worn by worry, hunger and cold, the mother of Henry Steinway passed away. Her children covered her worn-out form with a pile of rocks, and left her tired body there on the mountain-side. Several of the motherless children gave up the struggle and cried themselves to sleep, to awake no more.

Henry and one brother and a sister made their way back to the village, only to find it a mass of blackened ruins.

They set to work and built a cottage of logs and stones.

Spring came, and the singing birds—those wonderful Hartz Mountain songsters—were there. A little garden was planted. The sun came out. The soft showers came. And Nature, intent on hiding the results of man's inhumanity, sent her creeping vines and trailing flowers.

There were still distant thunders and rumors of wars. The Corsican was in Russia, where "the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast had scattered his legions like Winter's withered leaves."

The villagers had prayed hard and often that they might thereafter escape the dread scourge of war. God seemed to hearken to their prayers.

¶ The years passed, and Henry Steinway was fifteen, tall, strong, self-reliant, a man before his time, made so by grief and responsibility.

¶ He was a forester, and as a mountain guide had piloted the Duke of Brunswick on hunting excursions up into the fastnesses where the wild goats herded, and through the gorges where the bear-licks lay.

His boyhood makes you think of Aristotle, the Macedonian who was guide to King Philip, and finally tramped away across three hundred miles of mountain and plain to join the school of Plato.

Henry Steinway had his dreams of books and study and the world of art, seen by him in fancy as soldiers and travelers told their tales around campfires when the sun went down. *

His only surviving sister had married and followed fate and her soldier husband down to the cities. She had tasted of life, found it bitter, and had given up the struggle.

The father and three brothers had returned from the war. They had taken up their work of building roads and planting trees for the Duke of Brunswick on his estate, repairing the ravages of war.

And so it came to pass that, on a certain day, Henry Steinway, three brothers, their father and two other men were at work on the mountain-side.

A sudden storm came up, and they sought shelter in a deserted cabin. While huddled there, escaping the beating rain, a bolt of

lightning came, striking and rending the house, prostrating every occupant.

Henry crawled out of the debris, over the bodies of his companions.

All were dead.

He alone survived. And he alone now bore the name of Steinway. Had he suffered the fate of his father and brothers, with them would have died the name.

Grief and Responsibility—A Digression

¶ To stand by the open grave of one you have loved, and feel the sky shut down over less worth in the world, is the supreme test. *

There you prove your worth, if ever.

You must live and face the day, and each succeeding day, realizing that "the moving finger writes, and having writ moves on, nor all your tears shall blot a line of it."

Heroes are born, but it is calamity that discovers them.

Once, in Western Kansas, in the early Eighties, I saw a loaded four-horse wagon skid and topple in going across a gully.

The driver sprang from his seat and tried to hold the wagon upright.

The weight was too great for his strength, powerful man though he was.

The horses swerved down the ditch instead of going across it, and the overturning wagon caught the man and pinned him to the ground.

¶ Half a dozen of us sprang from our horses. After much effort the tangled animals were unhitched and the wagon righted.

The man was dead.

In the wagon were the wife and six children, the oldest a boy of fifteen. All were safely caught in the canvas top and escaped unhurt.

¶ We camped there—not knowing what else to do. *

We straightened the mangled form of the dead, and covered the body with a blanket.

¶ That night the mother and oldest boy sat by the campfire and watched the long night away with their dead.

The stars marched in solemn procession across the sky.

The slow, crawling night passed.

The first faint flush of dawn appeared in the East. *

I lay near the campfire, my head pillowed on a saddle, and heard the widowed mother and her boy talking in low but earnest tones.

¶ "We must go back—we must go back to

Illinois! It is the only thing to do!" I heard the mother moan.

And the boy answered, "Mother, listen to what I say: we will go on—we will go on! We know where father was going to take us—we know what he was going to do. We will go on, and we will do what he intended to do, and if possible we will do it better. We will go on!"

That first burst of pink in the East had turned to gold. ¶ Greatstreaks of light stretched from horizon to zenith.

I could see in the dim and hazy light the hobbled horses grazing across the plain a quarter of a mile away.

The boy of fifteen arose and put fuel on the fire.

¶ After breakfast I saw that boy get a spade, a shovel and a pick out of the wagon.

With the help of others a grave was dug there on the prairie.

The dead was rolled in a blanket and tied about with thongs, after the fashion of the Indians ¶

Lines were taken from a harness, and we lowered the body into the grave.

The grave was filled up by friendly hands working in nervous haste.

I saw the boy pat down the mound with the back of a spade.

I saw him carve with awkward, boyish hands the initials of his father, the date of his birth and the day of his death.

I saw him drive the slab down at the head of the grave.

I saw him harness the four horses.

I saw him help his little brothers and sisters into the canvas-covered wagon.

I saw him help his mother climb the wheel as she took her place on the seat.

I saw him spring up beside her.

I saw him gather up the lines in his brown, slim hands, and swing the whip over the leaders, as he gave the shrill word of command and turned the horses to the West.

And the cavalcade moved forward to the West—always to the West.

The boy had met calamity and disaster. He had not flinched.

In a single day he had left boyhood behind and become a man.

And the years that followed proved him genuine ¶

What was it worked the change? Grief and responsibility, nobly met.

The Battle of Waterloo

WHEN the Corsican returned from Elba, and the cry, "He's back," startled and chilled all Europe, Henry Steinway joined the troops of the Duke of Brunswick and became a part of the "Army of the Allies." ¶ The night of June Seventeenth came, when there was a sound of revelry by night at Brussels, and the boom of cannon was heard bumping against the dark.

The next day the Battle of Waterloo was fought. Preceding the battle, the Duke of Brunswick's troops became a part of Blucher's brigade ¶

Napoleon knew old "Marshal Vorwerths" and admired him. Also, he feared him. Blucher had been under Napoleon's command, and Napoleon jealous of his power had relieved him of his generalship.

Napoleon was forty-six years old, Blucher was seventy-four. Among other accomplishments, Old Forward had a vocabulary which unlimbered made him rival to Mephisto.

On June Fifteenth at Ligny, Napoleon said, "We will have to kill Old Forward, or he may get after us with his cuss battery."

Napoleon's fire, from three points, was centered on Blucher. This was the plan of action that won most of Napoleon's battles.

Napoleon was an artilleryman, and he liked to fight with projectiles. By centering his fire on a certain spot he pounded it to pieces. The idea survives in modern football, where eleven men often throw themselves on one—the one most to be feared, and put him out of the game.

¶ Blucher withdrew before Napoleon's awful fire. At least, that is the word Blucher used, "withdrew." Napoleon called it a rout and spoke of "Marshal Backward." Napoleon was always a joker—he joked even at St. Helena.

¶ Blucher's horse was shot, and the rider was pinned under his weight, but the rider escaped ¶

On the afternoon of the Eighteenth, Old Forward had his revenge. He came up late, when he was not expected, and struck Napoleon's picked troops on the flank. It was horsemen against artillery, and at close range. The horsemen sabered the gunners at their posts before they could flee ¶ And Old Forward, hatless, coatless, muddy and bloody, personally exercised with terrific energy both his tongue and his sword. ¶ In this last scene, subaltern Steinway played his part.

But war was not to the liking of young Steinway. And in his kit he always managed to carry a wondrous jew's-harp of his own manufacture. The jew's-harp was so called because it was small and portable, and even Jews on the wing could carry one.

Nathan Rothschild was on the battlefield of Waterloo on that memorable day, and as the sun went down he did not know whether Napoleon or Wellington was victor. No one knew. But Nathan says, "As darkness came, I saw the English making campfires and the Germans were singing, and one was playing some sort of musical instrument." We know the rest. Nathan Rothschild rode eighty miles before sunrise, and his message to his brother, "Buy English Securities," reached London twenty-four hours ahead of the official post. The move made the House of Rothschild supreme in finance. Who that German soldier was that was playing some sort of musical instrument, we do not know. As for myself, I like to imagine that it was Henry Steinway.

The Pipes of Pan

AFTER Waterloo, it took Europe some months to get her nerves back to norm.

¶ Most of the troops were still held, ready for trouble ♪ ♪

During these long weeks of waiting in barracks, young Steinway improved his time making a cithern, or zither. It was simply a box made from spruce, with strings strung across, and played by plucking, but it made sweet music and broke the monotony of "those piping times of peace."

There are just two kinds of musical instruments. One is the stringed instrument and the other is the wind instrument. One had its rise in the hollow reed, or the pipes of Pan, and the other began with the hunter's bow, which some hunter on a march noticed "sang" when struck and made to vibrate.

Then another hunter discovered that no two bows sang just alike, owing to different degrees of length, structure and tautness. Where it was, or when, that a hunter took one bow and with it agitated the strings of another, and thus suggested the "fiddle," we do not know ♪ ♪

Also, we can only guess when it was and where that a soldier sitting near a campfire surprised his fellows by putting four strings on a bow and making music on that progenitor of all 'cellos.

To add many strings and make a harp played with the fingers was a natural and easy evolution ♪ ♪

We hear of how a thousand years before Christ the Israelites "hanged their harps upon the willows." The harp was the symbol of joy and gladness, and when a supreme sorrow came it was laid aside, and grief was expressed by singing, or wailing. In Ireland, the wail of the professional "keener," or mourner, is still heard, and once heard is never forgotten.

¶ About the same time that Henry Steinway was relieving the tedium of life in barracks with his cithern, and playing a pleasing accompaniment to any song that might be sung, he tried his hand at making a dulcimer, which was played by striking the strings with little hammers ♪ ♪

The clavichord was played by striking keys, which released little hammers, which in turn struck the strings ♪ This principle was an adaptation from the pipe-organ, which by pressing keys released the pressure of air in the pipes and made music.

Organ music reached perfection with Sebastian Bach ♪ ♪

The violin reached its height with Stradivarius, and the piano—but that is another story.

Just a Love-Story

WHEN turned twenty-one, Henry Steinway left the army with an honorable discharge and a bronze medal for bravery ♪ ♪

The special bravery consisted in playing a bugle while leading a charge where the men on both sides of him were shot—and never missing a note. The man who could play and not flat under these conditions surely deserved recognition.

The House of Steinway was to have more medals later, but this first one was always called "our music medal." In his old age Henry Steinway used to say, "I want no more medals on these conditions, and would rather lose this one than try for it over again."

¶ Henry's success in working in wood got him a job in a cabinet-shop. He made furniture, and evolved into a wood-carver who made eighteen marks in good money every week ♪ ♪

He now lived in the little town of Seesen, at the foot of the Hartz Mountains. Near by was a barracks, where he led the band, and the Colonel of the regiment paid him five marks

a week out of his own pocket for the work. ¶ He resigned his job in the cabinet-shop to take a place in a little factory where church-organs were being made. ✽ Incidentally, he played the organ in the village church.

Here comes in one of those pivotal points in life that make for glory or despair. The Colonel of the regiment told young Steinway that he wanted him on the spot all the time. But he must enlist in order to have the place. His rank would be that of Lieutenant, and his pay, including perquisites for breaking in musical recruits, would amount to thirty marks a week.

At the organ-building he only made twenty marks, because he was supposed to be learning the business.

The offer of the army was tempting. It meant ease, honors and a sure and safe position for life. ✽ ✽

Henry laid the case before a fair-haired German girl, Doretta Kinder by name, the daughter of the village doctor. When Henry played the organ in the village church, Doretta was always there. She loved music; also she loved Henry Steinway. ✽ ✽

The gilt braid, the brass buttons, the tall bear-skin cap, and dangling sword had no lure for Doretta. Her woman's wisdom knew that Mars meant misery for women, even more than for men. She loved the obscure mechanic for his own sake, and the man who played the organ in the village church was more to her than the man who led the band on parade.

Love had its way. ✽ One decision leads to another. ✽ In February, Eighteen Hundred Twenty-five, they were married. Henry played the organ at his own wedding; the girl pumped the bellows; and then they descended from the loft and the ceremony was performed.

The bride's present from the groom was a piano—a curious little instrument with two strings. Stradivarius fixed the limit of the violin at four strings. Two strings for a piano, with the hammers striking the strings at different positions, was supposed to be ample.

Across the case of this love-piano were cupids carved in relief, all playing hide-and-seek in the flowers.

Beyond this wonderful piano, Henry Steinway never expected to go. It was his Meister-stuck. Also, it was a "Steinway"—on this point there is no dispute.

But in a year we find Henry working evenings

in the kitchen of the little house where they lived. He was making another piano—a better one than the first. It was to have three strings—this was in keeping with the poetic unities—for there were three in the family, now.

This new piano was to be for Doretta's baby—little Theodore, aged only a few weeks, but making merry music of his own. His fond father used to say that little "The" was the only baby in the world that never cried off key, but always with a genuine musical expression.

The baby was to be known to the world as C. F. Theodore Steinway.

The Ideal Piano

THIS piano for the baby that "never cried off key" was n't completed for fourteen years. ✽ ✽

As the father worked, his ideas of what a piano should be increased and enlarged. Long before the case for the first piano was complete, with his inward vision Steinway saw a better one. ¶ Little Theodore learned to creep. He played in the shavings at his father's feet and crowed and yodled.

He evolved one little white tooth, then two.

¶ He pulled himself up and stood on fat, wobbly, little legs and tried to help.

Finally he wore his first pair of trousers and talked good, genuine German.

"How is the piano getting along?" the neighbors would ask. ¶ "Ach, Mein Gott im Himmel, I gave it to the Frau for a cupboard!"

¶ A year later the question was answered thus: "Ah, the pianoforte—yes, I gave it to the Frau for a bookcase!" ¶ Pianos were made and a few sold, but the one ideal piano, the piano for Theodore, was not completed.

Other babies came—one, two, three, four, five, six. Theodore was twelve years old. He was a handsome youth, tall, strong, sturdy, with brain to match. He read and played all and any kind of music at sight. He saturated himself with sweet sounds; and as he worked at the bench by the side of his father he sang songs from Sebastian Bach.

"My son," said the father, "I started out to make an ideal piano for you. I could have achieved it all right, had not the ideal kept ahead of me. Now you must help me make it!"

¶ In Eighteen Hundred Thirty-nine, this first "Steinway Grand" was exhibited at the State Fair of Brunswick. It commanded marked attention. ✽ ✽

Musicians came from distant cities to see and hear this wonderful musical instrument. The tinkle, tinkle, tin-pan tones of the harpsichord were gone ♪ Here was a full, clear, vibrant expression. Albert Methfessel, the celebrated composer, played on the instrument, examined it, tested it, and a special gold medal was struck, the highest honor that could be paid, and this medal was presented to Henry Steinway. Instantly, the father hung the medal about the neck of his son Theodore.

The piano had been begun for the boy. The boy himself completed the task ♪ We can imagine the good old Teutonic enthusiasm of those who saw the sight when that medal was presented.

The boy was called upon for a speech. He could not think of anything to say. Then they called on him to play. He sat down to play, struck two bars—and burst into tears.

¶ At the time he thought he was disgraced, but the Duke of Brunswick, who was present, afterward said that by no possibility could anything be thought out and done as touchingly impressive as this inability of the boy to play.

This piano was bought by an "unknown music-lover"—probably the Duke—for three thousand marks. The sale made the name Steinway synonymous with pianos.

And today no one can discuss the subject of pianos for five minutes without using the word Steinway. You can refer to your "Steinway" in any civilized language, to civilized people in any part of the globe, and the allusion is always understood.

The word goes as legal tender, having passed into the current coin of language. It is neither German, English, French, Spanish, Russian nor Italian—it is a universal word.

When Wu Ting Fang, that most versatile and inquisitive man, came to East Aurora and was being shown about, as he entered the Music-Room he remarked, "Oh, I see you have a Steinway! I have one, too, at my home in China. What did yours cost?"

For seventy years the Steinway has been the standard of excellence in pianos. It is the superlative, beyond which you can not go. Everybody who makes pianos, or deals in them, or plays them, will tell you, "This is a Steinway"; or "This piano has the Steinway touch"; or "This piano is as good as a Steinway." ♪

People who have a piano that is n't a Steinway usually feel called upon to apologize and mention fifty-seven reasons why they did not buy a Steinway. But nobody I ever heard of dared say, "This is better than a Steinway." The remark would be so absurd that it would cause the smile audible to circulate rapidly.

Revolution of "Eighteen Forty-Eight"

THE year of Eighteen Hundred Forty-eight was a time of unrest throughout Europe. The dictum of Thomas Jefferson, "That country is governed best which is governed least," was not understood or appreciated by the men in power.

"Make way for individuality," was the cry among bands of earnest young men all over Germany ♪

Richard Wagner was arrested in Dresden for making speeches on the street corners in the name of liberty.

He escaped to Switzerland. A price was placed upon his head. For ten years he lived in exile, and then it was that some of his first scores were written. But he had to wait until Franz Liszt came down to visit him before his creations were given a voice, for Wagner was not a performer.

But exile and persecution have their advantages ♪

We remember the man who prayed for an enemy, to arouse him out of his mental sloth ♪ Enemies are often our friends in disguise, since they sting us into action.

¶ However, the matter of enemies can be overdone ♪

Yet the fact remains that exile and prison-bars have given the world some great songs and great books. Go ask John Bunyan and Victor Hugo!

Liszt contended to the day of his death that without exile we would never have had that half-tragic, cumulative, sublimely appealing and defiantly harmonious discord which constitutes "the Soul of Wagner."

The political storm which blew Wagner out of Germany placed an interdict on that most gentle and beautiful character, Friedrich Froebel. Four years later he died, a whipped-out and broken-hearted man.

It was a panic, when kings were holding their crowns on with both hands and calling for deliverance from the Spirit of Liberty.

Down at the little village of Seesen young men were talking and writing. We hear of

one accusation to the effect that the young man was playing "revolutionary music." ✧ Government spies were on the track of the Steinways. The father and eldest son were not so much to blame as Charles Steinway, the second son, born in Eighteen Hundred Twenty-nine.

Charles was just twenty-one. He lacked the artistic genius of Theodore, but from all we can gather he did not lack energy. He had read Benjamin Franklin, Paine and Jefferson, and had organized a "Junta" where the word liberty was used a trifle more often than was consistent.

The lines were being drawn about him. He escaped into Switzerland between the dawn and the day, and made his way by relays to Paris and then to London. From there he sailed for New York, and arrived in New York, May, Eighteen Hundred Forty-nine.

Charles was strong, hearty, practical and willing. He got a job without delay in a furniture-shop. Soon he was assistant foreman, and was making as many dollars every week as his father was making marks.

His glowing letters home were not without avail. The whole family—father, mother, and six children—decided to follow the adventurous Charles ✧ ✧

To leave their modest little home, with its garden and flowers, and its shop in the backyard, over which ran the trumpet-flowers, and where the pianos were made, and turn the cow and the goat over to the neighbors, was an awful pull on their heart-strings.

But every letter from Charles said, "Come!" And finally the oldest daughter, Doretta, took things in her own hands and she wrote to Charles, "We are coming."

The New World

THE Steinway family sailed from Hamburg, and landed at Castle Garden, June Ninth, Eighteen Hundred Fifty.

They were not destitute nor poor, yet they were far from being rich. All they saw ahead was good, plain, hard work, and plenty of it.

¶ Charles had been able to discover about a dozen pianos in New York, but the future for pianos in America did not look bright. In fact, it was a semi-pioneer country, and pianos were a luxury. That there would be a market for pianos in an extensive way might come about in, say, a hundred years. But, anyway, everybody needed furniture ✧

Charles Steinway had looked up the Astors. John Jacob Astor was a German and a musician. He was the first man to make a business of selling musical instruments in New York. In fact, he proved he was a true disciple of Sheldon when he started into the woods, bound for Canada, with no baggage but a pack of flutes.

When he came to an Indian village he announced his appearance by playing a flute. The Indians came out to see what the trouble was ✧ ✧

And the result was that always he sold them a flute and took pay in a bale of skins, usually worth about five hundred dollars. As a part of the bargain, he also taught the proud aborigines to play.

Charles told this true story to his father ✧ And Pater Familias shrugged his shoulders and said, "Ach, Mein Gott! You can carry flutes into the woods and sell them to savages, but think of carrying a piano on your back and educating Indians to play it!"

The boys settled down to a weekly wage in stores and shops.

As the months went by, the Steinways got acquainted with both language and customs. The newness wore off, and the younger children were talking United States like Yankees born. ¶ New York was not nearly so barbaric as they had thought ✧ The best society was Dutch and had a decided musical bias.

With the father and mother there were nine in the Steinway family—enough for a baseball team or an orchestra.

They had one, at least, of every kind of musical instrument, but no piano. All their pianos at home had been sold—to save freight, and because the money was needed.

Now Theodore, Charles and their father were hard at it making a piano.

The neighbors were taking quite an interest in this new instrument.

When the piano was finished they were invited in. Others came. Theodore was a player of decided ability, and Doretta was an artist above the average. Doretta and Theodore played "four hands."

A concert was given for the benefit of a neighboring church, where nobody but Steinways took part.

Two more pianos were being made. Peter Cooper had bought the first. At least, Peter Cooper had a Steinway which he always

declared was the first one made in America. This piano is still in the Cooper family. I saw it a few years ago, and it is a good piano yet. ¶ The Steinways now rented a barn in the rear of a house in Varick Street. And the whole family were at it building pianos—girls and mother included.

Theodore was an artist and an inventor. Doretta, the oldest daughter, was a player and a worker. Her enthusiasm, ambition and good cheer were infectious. Also, she had the salesman's instinct. She picked possible customers and took them to the factory, where in an office eight by twelve there was just one square piano. She played for them, and when they hesitated about buying, "because Mary can't play," Doretta said, "Oh, I'll teach her!" ¶ And soon the home of the Steinways became a radiating musical center for teachers and performers.

Charles Steinway was the business man—earnest, active and practical. ♣ He bought materials and looked after ways and means.

¶ Henry Steinway, Junior, was one year younger than Charles. He was a workman and an inventor. Other pianos were being made in America—the Steinways must keep ahead of all competitors, not by selling a cheaper but by making a better instrument.

¶ To Henry Steinway, Junior, must go the credit of the iron frame which holds the strings in a Steinway. This invention did away with the uncertain, nasal, thin tone, and gave a resonant, sure and distinguished style to the vibration, which became at once known and is still known as the "Steinway Tone." Theodore had had the idea all right and was close upon it, but not until Eighteen Hundred Fifty-five, in New York, was a way devised to duplicate instruments with an absolute certainty that they would carry the "Steinway Tone."

The world now recognizes Henry Steinway, Junior, as the mechanical genius of piano construction. What he might have done or might not have done, were it not for the inspiration and constant aid of his brothers Theodore and Charles, we do not know, but this we do know, he succeeded in standardizing the Steinway ♣ ♣

And until this was done the work was interesting, and it was artistic, but there was no financial profit to speak of. Experiments eat up money, as moths go through your last year's woolen suit.

From the invention of the iron frame, the Steinway fortune was assured. And never was a ship better manned for making the Port of Success. The father had the industry, economy, directness, and the truth-loving qualities of the Vaterland.

Theodore was an artist and inventor.

Doretta was a "mixer."

Charles was a business man.

Henry was an inventor.

William was a salesman.

Wilhelmina was a singer, player and worker.

¶ Albert was a schoolboy, who evolved into a mechanic, superintendent and salesman ♣

¶ The barn in Varick Street soon proved too small, and quarters were engaged at Eighty-eight Walker Street. Two big rooms were utilized. Soon the tenants upstairs were bought off, and in two years stores on either side were rented, and then bought. The Steinways were making money, and making it fast. ¶ There were no commissions, and the overhead charges were at a minimum.

Doretta, Charles and William located every family in New York who didn't have, but should have, a piano. They went after big game only.

If there were "Fairs," "Institutes" or "Exhibitions," the Steinways were there. They had the goods; they had the people to show the goods; they had the bounding health and that firm faith in themselves which makes others believe in us, and without which life is drowned in shoals and shallows. Steinway spells success.

William Steinway

WHETHER genius is a gift or an acquirement is still a debated question at the Little Red Schoolhouse on Friday Afternoons. Perhaps both sides are right ♣ Certain natural endowments are required, and then fate and environment do the rest. ¶ The one particular strong all-round man among the Steinways was William, born in Eighteen Hundred Thirty-six, died in Eighteen Hundred Ninety-six. When the family reached New York, William was fourteen. We hear of his father asking him what he wished to be, a mechanic or a musician, and the boy answered, "Both."

And he was.

At fifteen he was working in a cabinet-shop, doing a man's work for a boy's pay.

When eighteen, and the Steinways had discovered that New York wanted pianos, Wil-

liam's skill as a woodworker was needed in the Steinway Shop.

After Charles had passed away, in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-five, William by natural selection became head of the house.

It was owing to the strength of character of this man, his persistency of purpose and boundless enthusiasm, that the house of Steinway and Sons achieved its proud place at the head of the piano world.

Emerson says, "Every great institution is the lengthened shadow of a man."

In this case, William Steinway was the man. You must have the goods, that is granted, but to organize your forces and sell them is genius. "Pa" Hamlin used to speak of Ed Geers as a "horse general." And most certainly William Steinway was a business general. Every field of human activity was to him familiar. It was through his initiative that Steinway Hall was built. Here, in what was then the finest auditorium in New York, was heard every great singer, player and orator of the time.

Theodore Steinway when abroad rounded up the artists of Europe, and William met them on the dock and introduced them to America. Rubinstein, Patti, Gerster, Joseffy were his proteges.

William Steinway sent a thousand dollars to that most worthy man and wonderful artist, Ignace Paderewski, at that time, like 'Gene Field, broke in London. Paderewski's first recital was given at Steinway Hall. William Steinway had guaranteed Paderewski thirty thousand dollars for the American tour. The amount secured was forty-five thousand dollars, all of which Steinway turned over to the gifted Pole, with the remark, "To have discovered you is pay enough."

Steinway's great hope and generosity made him an easy prey to hundreds of unappreciated artistic Weary Willies who were always lying in wait for him. He was constantly victimized, but he never lost faith in the race.

William organized the New York Philharmonic and made Theodore Thomas its leader. At a Philharmonic banquet given in honor of Paderewski, William once expressed one regret concerning Theodore Thomas, and that was that he was not a Pole.

And when Theodore Thomas arose to reply he expressed the regret that William Steinway was born in Germany, otherwise he would

have been President of the United States. The remark comes pretty close home, for William Steinway was a king among men. However, he was a democratic king—also a lifelong member of the Democratic Party. Colonel Ingersoll once said, "If Democrats were all like William Steinway, I'd forsake the Republicans." And William, not to be outdone, made the obvious reply.

William was the neighbor and close friend of Samuel J. Tilden, and one of Tilden's presidential electors.

Also, he was twice a presidential elector when Grover Cleveland was chosen Chief Executive.

William Steinway could have been Mayor of New York, but he declined to run. He was a "Rapid-Transit Commissioner"; one of the Commissioners who planned the first New York Subway; a member of the Park Commission; an Organizer of Kindergartens; a Public-School Trustee; and one of the Directors of Cooper Union. He organized the East River Gas Company, and was chief owner of the Long Island Street Railways.

As a musician and the friend of all artists, a manufacturer, a financier, an educator, an all-round man of affairs, tender, sympathetic toward all human endeavors for betterment, pure in purpose, young in heart, firm in the right, America has never seen the equal of William Steinway.

Steinway Traditions

JACOB ZIEGLER, mechanic, inventor and artist, had followed the Steinway fortunes across the sea. He was a mechanic of rare skill, "with an infinite capacity for taking pains." And this capacity for taking pains, according to Ralph Waldo Emerson, constitutes genius.

Propinquity and fate had their way, and Doretta Steinway and Jacob Ziegler were married.

Never was a couple better mated.

That "the gray mare was the better horse" was always admitted by Jacob. And her father used to say of Doretta, "Nothing but her petticoat keeps her from running the whole town."

Henry Ziegler, born in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-seven, the son of Doretta, is now the active Director and Head of the Department of Construction in the Steinway factories. Whether he has the genius of his mother or not it would be indelicate to ask; but I

can testify that he is a man of genuine worth and power. Moreover, he appreciates good literature, for he told me last week that he reads everything I write.

The plan of educating young men for their work, at their work, of slighting nothing and of never evading a burden or a duty, is a lesson fixed as firmly in the House of Steinway as the "Steinway Fame."

The idea of work and human service is the keynote in the character of Charles H. Steinway, the present captain of the Steinway ship. His father, Charles Steinway, the man who was blown out of Germany by the blizzard of Eighteen Hundred Forty-eight, died in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-five, when the tide of the business was at flood—literally working himself to death * *

Charles H. was then twelve years old.

He went into the factory as a boy in knee-breeches, and has evolved to his position as President of Steinway and Sons, simply by divine right. He is the financier and business man, and in times of doubt his word is law. He is an athlete in physique, and has the quiet self-possession, all sobered by stern responsibilities, that mark the Master-Man.

Charles H. Steinway has more medals, degrees and decorations than any man in America. Every crowned head of Europe has honored itself by honoring him. Mr. Steinway modestly apologizes for the decorations, thus, "You see they can't vote a university degree to a corporation, because corporations have no souls, so they hang the medals around my neck, pin the ribbons on my coat, and thrust the diplomas into my hands. I'm convenient, that's all!"

The actual truth is, that Doctor Steinway—he does n't like the "Doctor" part—is wrong when he says that corporations have no souls. The corporation that has no soul does not stay long in business. There is a Steinway Soul, as surely as there is a Steinway Touch and a Steinway Tone.

This soul stands for harmony, health, happiness—work, laughter, love and human sympathy—all symbolized in sweet sounds.

Frederick T. Steinway, brother of Charles H., and three years younger, is Vice-President of Steinway and Sons.

William R. Steinway, born in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-one, and a son of William Steinway, the fourth son of William Engelhard

Steinway, is the assistant of Charles H. Steinway, the Major-General. And I was glad to see that William R. is a man of decision, to whom are gravitating big burdens, nobly borne * *

Theodore E. Steinway, born in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-three, is also a son of William Steinway. Theodore is understudy and hands and feet to Henry Ziegler, who, it will be remembered, is the son of Doretta the Daring.

¶ This sketch would not be complete without mention of Nahum Stetson, the Secretary of Steinway and Sons. Mr. Stetson came with the house in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six, from the Centennial Exposition. The Steinway pianos were perhaps the most elaborate exhibit at Philadelphia during that great year which ushered in the American Renaissance, in which we now live. ¶ Mr. Stetson had charge of Machinery Hall at the Centennial.

He was then but a youth in his twenties. Besides having marked executive and mechanical ability, he was a pianist of power. When he had an hour off he spent the time in the Steinway Exhibit.

He gravitated to the Steinways according to the law of natural selection. Much of the continual success of Steinway and Sons since Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six has turned on the sterling commonsense and business ability of Mr. Stetson. Big men succeed through selection of their helpers. Charles H. Steinway is to be congratulated on Stetson, and Stetson is to be congratulated on his ability to serve the House of Steinway.

And adown the centuries still marches the soul of Henry Engelhard Steinway, sole survivor of war, disaster and sudden death * Bugler under Blucher—"Old Forward," the farmer-general, grim and fearless—steady and unwavering, moves ever on, and on, and on, the soul of Steinway.

Influence never dies. The eddies set in motion by that simple, modest, unassuming life of honesty, industry, economy and high endeavor widen and widen yet again, and now circle the globe * *

So, wherever human hearts are sad or glad, and songs are sung, and strings vibrate, and keys respond to love's caress, there is known, revered, respected—loved—the name and fame of Steinway.

Hate is a ptomaine, good will is a panacea.

The Ignorance of the Rich



O greater shock ever comes to a young man from the country, who makes his way up to the city, than the discovery that rich people are, for the most part, wofully ignorant. He has always imagined that material splendor and spiritual gifts go hand in hand; and now, if he is wise, he discovers that millionaires are too busy making money, and too anxious about what they have made, and their families are too intent on spending it, to ever acquire a calm, judicial, mental attitude.

The rich need education really more than the poor. "Lord, enlighten Thou the rich!" should be the prayer of every man who works for progress. "Give clearness to their mental perceptions, awaken in them the receptive spirit, soften their callous hearts, and arouse their powers of reason."

Danger lies in their folly, not in their wisdom; their weakness is to be feared, not their strength.

That the wealthy and influential class should fear change, and cling stubbornly to conservatism, is certainly to be expected. To convince this class that spiritual and temporal good can be improved upon by a more generous policy has been a task a thousand times greater than the inciting of the poor to riot.

It is easy to fire the discontented, but to arouse the rich, and carry truth home to the blindly prejudiced, is a different matter. Too often the reformer has been one who caused the rich to band themselves against the poor.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was a Tory who defended the existing order on the plea of its usefulness. He approached the vital issue from the inside, taught the conservative to think, and thus opened the eyes of the aristocrats without exciting their fears or unduly arousing their wrath.

Reformers

SELF-PRESERVATION prompts men to move in the line of least resistance. And that any man should have ever put his safety in peril by questioning the authority of those able and ready to confiscate his property and take away his life, is very strange.

Such a person must belong to one of two types:

He either must be a revolutionist—one who would supplant existing authority with his own, thus knowingly and willingly hazarding all—or he is an innocent, indiscreet individual, absolutely devoid of all interest in the Main Chance.

Coleridge belonged to the last-mentioned type. Genius needs a keeper. Here was a man so absorbed in abstract thought, so intent on attaining high and holy truth, that he neglected his friends, neglected his family, neglected himself until his body refused to obey the helm.

¶ It is easy to find fault with such a man, but to refuse to grant an admiring recognition of his worth, on account of what he was not, is an error pardonable only to the rude, the crude, the vulgar. The cultivated mind sees the good and fixes attention on that.

Coleridge formulated no system, solved no complex problems, made no brilliant discoveries. But his habit of analysis enriched the world beyond our power to compute. He taught men to think, and to separate truth from error. He was not popular, for he did not adapt himself to the many. His business was to teach teachers—he conducted a Normal School, and taught teachers how to teach. Coleridge went to the very bottom of a subject, and his subtle mind refused to take anything for granted. He approached every proposition with an unprejudiced mind. In his "Aids to Reflection," he says, "He who begins by loving Christianity better than truth will proceed by loving his own sect or church better than Christianity, and end in loving himself better than all."

Forming an Opinion

THE average man believes a thing first, and then searches for proof to bolster his opinion. Every observer must have noticed the tenuous, cobweb quality of reasons that are deemed sufficient to the person who thinks he knows, or whose interests lie in a certain direction. The limitations of men seem to make it necessary that pure truth should come to us through men who are stripped for eternity. Kant, the villager who never traveled more than a day's walk from his birthplace, and Coleridge, the homeless and houseless aristocrat, with no selfish interests in the material world, viewed things without prejudice.

The method of Coleridge from his youth was to divide the whole into parts. Then he begins to eliminate, and divides down, rejecting all things that are not the thing, until he finds the thing.

¶ He begins all inquiries by supposing that nothing is known on the subject. He will not grant you that murder and robbery are bad—you must show why they are bad, and if you can not explain he will take the subject up and divide it into heads for you.

First, the effect on the sufferer. Second, the evil to the doer. Third, the danger of a bad example. Fourth, the injury to society through the feeling of insecurity. Fifth, the pain given to the families of both doer and sufferer. Next, he will look for excuses for the crime, and give all the credit he can; and finally strike a balance and give a conclusion.

One of Coleridge's best points was in calling attention to what constitutes proof. He saw all fallacies and discovered at a glance illusions in logic that have long been palmed off on the world as facts. He saw the gulf that lies between coincidence and sequence, and hastened the day when the old-time pedant with his mighty tomes and tiresome sermons about nothing should be no more. And so today, in the year of Grace Nineteen Hundred Ten, the man who writes must have something to say, and he who speaks must have a message. "Coleridge," says Principal Shairp, "was the originator and creator of the Higher Criticism."

The race has gained ground, made head upon the whole, and thanks to the thinkers gone there are thinkers now in every community who weigh, sift, try and decide. No statement made by an interested party can go unchallenged. "How do you know?" and "Why?" we ask.

The Greatest Good

¶ **THAT** is good which serves—man is the important item, this earth is the place, and the time is now. So all good men and women and all churches are endeavoring to make earth, heaven and all agree that to live now and here the best one can, is the fittest preparation for a life to come.

We no longer accept the doctrine that our natures are rooted in infamy, and that the desires of the flesh are cunning traps set by Satan, with God's permission, to undo us. We believe that no one can harm us but ourselves, that sin is misdirected energy, and that there is no devil but fear, and that the universe is planned for good. On every side we find beauty and excellence held in the balance of things. We know that work is a blessing, that Winter is as necessary as Summer, that night is as useful

as day, that death is a manifestation of Life, and just as good. We believe in the Now and Here. We believe in You, and we believe in a Power that is in Ourselves that makes for Righteousness.

These things have not been taught us by the rich—a Superior Class who governed us and to whom we paid taxes and tithes—we have simply thought things out for ourselves, and in spite of them.

We have listened to Coleridge, Emerson, Brisbane, Charles Ferguson and others, who said, "You should use your reason and separate the good from the bad, the false from the true, the useless from the useful. Be yourself and think for yourself; and while your conclusions may not be infallible they will be nearer right than the conclusions forced upon you by those who have a personal interest in keeping you in ignorance. You grow through exercise of your faculties, and if you do not reason now you never will advance. We are all sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be. Claim your heritage!"



Once we thought work was a curse; then it came to us that it was a necessary evil; and yesterday the truth dawned upon us that it is a blessed privilege.



Sabbath Observance



R. WALLACE RADCLIFFE, representing the ministerial committee of the District of Columbia, urged the passage of the Johnston Sunday bill during the hearing before the House Committee on the District of Columbia, because so many people were congregating in the moving-picture parlors on Sunday. This suggestion has a remarkably strong flavor of ancient times. In the year Four Hundred One, A. D., a convention of church dignitaries held in Carthage passed a resolution to petition the Roman emperor "that the public shows might be transferred from the Christian Sunday, and from feast-days, to some other days of the week" (Neander, "Church History," Volume II, page 300). The reason they gave for their petition was this: 'The people congregate more to the circus than

to the church" (Ib., note 5). Instead of going out into the highways and byways and finding men and women, and giving them the gospel, their policy was to have the civil power, by a kind of "police regulation," close every door but that of the church, corral the multitude into the sanctuary, where the gospel could be forced upon them without regard to their wishes. The same kind of legislation was provided in Colonial days, and by "police regulation" not only were all doors but the church-door closed, but the church-doors were opened and the people driven in by force of fine, imprisonment and the braided whip. All legislation designed to exalt Sunday is of the same character, no matter how innocent the first step in that direction is made to appear or is, by pious men, declared to be. It is easier to keep the floodgate closed than to shut it and repair the damage when the inundation has actually begun ❀ ❀

Cheap thinking and high kicking are the things that are sending this country to the demnition bow-wow!

William J. Gaynor



If any one asks of you in lugubrious tones, "Where now are the heroes of Seventy-six?" don't be cast down nor abashed.

¶ Samuel Adams, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Paine and Thomas Jefferson were great men in their courage and devotion, but the spirit of liberty did not die with them. ¶ It only took a siesta.

The passion for progress throbs high today in many breasts ❀

Samuel Adams was the spokesman of his time.

¶ William J. Gaynor is the Samuel Adams of our day. The white light that has beat upon the head of Gaynor since the attempt was made to assassinate him has served to make the world recognize his sterling virtues.

Those inky sons of Beelzebub, hot upon his trail, were all silenced by the bullet of Gallagher ❀ ❀

Thus did Gallagher work for the world a blessing ❀ Gallagher focused the calcium carbide upon Gaynor.

And out of the fires of pain and persecution

we see Gaynor as he was never seen before.

¶ Behold a man of fifty-nine, of sturdy, farmer-like appearance, silent by nature, studious, a lover of history, philosophy, poetry and books.

¶ Born in the country, a farmer, yet with a clinging love of animals, trees, plants, old men and women, children and plain folks.

¶ And an orator—for oratory is always and forever a mystic product.

Freedom's battle has ever been fought by farmers. The orator comes in the name of the oppressed—he stands back to the wall.

¶ Gaynor may make mistakes, but they are those of the head, not of the heart.

William Marion Reedy—a rare judge of men, because Reedy wants nothing and therefore fears nothing—says that Gaynor is sound at the core.

The New York "Sun," which bitterly opposed Gaynor's election, now comes out and says: "The man has courage, insight and a prophetic vision. We misjudged him. He is the best Mayor that New York has ever had."

This is strong writing from the editorial page of a conservative paper.

Like Grover Cleveland, Gaynor has been brought to the front by exposing the baseness in his own party.

But Gaynor has a mental reach that our Grover never had. Withal he has a sense of humor that will save him from excess.

His courage keeps his humanitarian qualities from becoming maudlin. He loves humanity, but his love does not run over so that he stands in the slop.

Into Gaynor's mental make-up, God put a goodly jigger of aqua fortis. In this respect he surely resembles old Sam Adams. His opinions on the bench were often written out longhand, and some of them appear as if the author were brother in blood to Thomas Brackett Reed.

Instead of answering a pompous attorney, who would drown him in the yeasty deeps of precedent, he flashes in a homely Lincoln story that makes the logic of the pompous one look like three lead dimes.

With the mass of lawyers, Judge Gaynor is not popular.

He loves humanity more than law, and is not to be led away from the vital issue by abstruse reasoning.

He is a lawyer who believes that the law was made for man, and not man for the

law, and such a judge is a puzzle to the pettifogger.

"Gaynor is a bad man to lie to," said an attorney to me.

Gaynor is in the vanguard in this march of progress, and most lawyers, and all churchmen, belong to the rear-guard. Gaynor is a scout of civilization. And this separates him from the bunch.

Gaynor is a broader man than Samuel Adams. As an executive he would rank with Thomas Jefferson. To ride alone up to the Capitol, tie his horse to the fence, go in and take the oath of office, and ride away, would become him. ❧

In his passion for education and in his solicitude for the young he resembles Jefferson.

Gaynor is constructive and creative in all his tendencies. The past interests him, but he steers by the stars, not by the town pump that he has passed.

As for the man who shot Gaynor, he acted alone, without a particle of public sentiment behind him. Hence his act lacks importance.

❧ He is insane, but the only question upon which he has illusions is concerning the duty of the State to the individual.

Gallagher weighs over two hundred pounds. He is such a giant in strength that it took half a dozen big men to overpower him. He fought like a fiend. ❧ And all the time he bellowed like a bull of Bashan, "He took away my bread and butter! He took away my bread and butter!"

Sophie Loeb says that instead of "bread and butter" he should have said "mush and milk." ❧

Gallagher is a ward-heeler, who regards political graft as beautiful and right. He worked for the party, and so the party owes him a living forevermore.

The idea of earning a living and using his giant's strength in a useful way is beyond his mental range. He says he was a watchman at two-fifty a day. He watched a pile of cobblestones to see that they did not catch fire. The pile of stones was worth less than a hundred dollars. ❧

Gaynor is an economist—a business man. In trying to run the city's affairs on a business basis he cut off a deal of dead timber. Hence the enmity of Gallagher.

Out of the carcass comes honey; and out of the wrong evolves the right—such is the

Divine Intelligence in which we are bathed.

❧ Gallagher's murderous act has revealed to the many the greatness of Gaynor. Also, it has shown us the despicable qualities of Gallagher, who would fasten himself like a leech upon the municipality. ❧ The man Gallagher is nothing, save as a surviving specimen of a system of grab, graft and parasitism that has got to go.

And thanks to William J. Gaynor, and to all those who think as he does, it will go.

And thus moves the old world ever on.

❧

We need an education which fits a boy to get a living, creates a desire for more education, implants ideals of service, and lastly, teaches him how to spend leisure in a rational manner. Then we can get along with less government.

❧

Foot-and-Mouth Epidemic

Calves used in the propagation of smallpox vaccine virus, which had been contaminated with the virus of foot-and-mouth disease in cattle, were the source of the late epidemic in that disease in New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Michigan, according to the conclusions arrived at as the result of an investigation by Doctor John R. Moller, Chief of Pathological Division of the Bureau of Animal Industry of the Department of Agriculture, and Doctor G. M. Rosenau, Director of Hygienic Laboratory of the Marine Hospital Service. The contaminated strain of vaccine originally came from a foreign country. An investigation into the outbreaks of foot-and-mouth disease in New England indicates, it is declared, that they were probably due to contaminated vaccine virus of Japanese origin. After an examination it is stated that there is now upon the market no vaccine contaminated with the virus of foot-and-mouth disease, and regulations have been formulated with a view of preventing hereafter the propagation of contaminated virus.—Boston "Transcript."

❧ HERE is one way to avoid contaminated virus, and that is to have nothing to do with virus in any form. The whole idea of injecting a virus into a healthy body as a prophylaxis is vicious and tends toward disease. But the practise will continue as long as people will pay for it.

❧

The thought of getting safely out of the world has no part in the life of the Enlightened Man—to live fully while he is here is his problem—one world at a time is enough for him.

The Problem of Time



TIME has always been a strange and baffling puzzle to philosophers.

They could never explain, or account, or trace its beginning and its end.

While we can calculate the ends of worlds and of solar systems, time stretches away illimitable, unfettered and uncontrolled.

The principal thing that differentiates man from the animals is his cognizance of time.

Animals know when they are hungry, but they never look at the sun or make any sign which shows that they are speculating about time ❁ ❁

Birds and fowls go to roost when it grows dark, and get busy when light returns.

When a total eclipse happens, chickens accept it as a matter of course, and hunt their roosts; while we foretell the coming eclipse by the use of a watch and a calendar.

And what of the eyeless fish in caves and in the depths of the sea, that see no light?

Time must pass as it does to a prisoner in darkness, who soon loses the power even approximately to measure time.

Prince Peter Kropotkin, in describing the horrors of solitary confinement, says the kind jailer who allowed him to keep his watch, thereby saved him from insanity.

We divide life up into periods of time, and thus make it endurable. You lend a man money and in a year he pays you back with something additional—or he does n't. Anyway, he should.

Where did the extra money come from?

Time produced half of it!

Such is the power of time. Time mitigates all grief, cures all sickness, satisfies revenge, equalizes the high and the low.

Shakespeare says, "What is time but the shadow of earth on the background of eternity?"

An Advertisement

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

The Bible contains nine hundred sixty references to time. Does time exist outside of our consciousness?

It certainly does.

It goes on just the same when we sleep, and if we should fail to awake it would still go on. It would go on when watches cease to tick, when all animal life ceases to breathe, when stars cease to shine and suns to set.

How can time cease? By no leap of mind can one imagine. But all the time that the individual can call his own is while he lives.

When will Fate with her scissors clip the thread of time for me? I do not know, and this very uncertainty makes me prize time and work while it is called the day.

To limit the shock of my passing, and to ease my affairs over the shallows when my hand and brain can no longer guide them, Life-Insurance comes in.

Death, for most, comes without warning. By Life-Insurance, those dependent upon us are cared for, and the result of our foresight and prudence is the possession of those we love after we are gone.

Life-Insurance is not a duty: it is more than that—it is a privilege. Life-Insurance does not actually insure you against death, but it insures your loved ones against want when you are no longer here. That very fact gives peace, poise and power to the man who is insured. It makes for length of days.

Life-Insurance is an extension on time. And being wise we provide against the time when time shall be no longer ours.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

of the United States

"Strongest in the World"

The Company which pays its death-claims on the same day that it receives them. PAUL MORTON, President. One Hundred Twenty Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend to us some good man—or woman—to represent us there? There are great opportunities today in Life-Insurance work for THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

The Age of the Auto

"My lord, the carriage waits without."

"Without what, base varlet, without what?"

"Without horses, my lord—it is the automobile."



HAT the automobile is here seems to be a fact beyond cavil.

That it is here to stay may safely be assumed.

The questions then for us to consider are these:

1. Why is it here?
2. What is its effect upon society?
3. What is its effect upon the individual who owns one?

As to why the auto is here, let it first be recorded that man is a migratory animal. The protest of the child, "I want to go somewhere," is a part of the race instinct and is not to be silenced. Man can not down nor still this universal desire for motion, movement, action—"to go somewhere."

The auto is here in answer to prayer, for "Prayer is the heart's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed."

Everything new in the world is the result of a want. If there had not been a desire for a horseless carriage, the inventors would not have imagined one, and then made the dream come true.

The auto is a result of the Law of Demand and Supply, in motion.

The desire to travel from place to place, rapidly and easily, is one of the signs of the times. It is a matter of human communication, a getting together of humanity—a big factor in human brotherhood.

Production and Transportation

XN point of importance, the production of things comes first.

Second in importance comes their transportation.

Man makes things, then he transports them. Also, he transports himself.

Robert Fulton sent the "Clermont" on her trial trip up the Hudson in Eighteen Hundred Seven.

The first steamship to cross the Atlantic was the "Savannah." This was in Eighteen Hundred Nineteen. And while an hon. gent. in the House of Commons was making a speech to the effect that no ship could carry enough fuel to feed her boilers on a transatlantic

trip, the whistle of the "Savannah" was heard in the offing. She was answering his logic.

Later, the argument was put forth that the carrying of this awful mass of fire in the hold of a boat was flying in the face of Providence, and disaster was sure to come to every ship that incurred the risk.

But the steamship had come to stay, and still plows the waters.

About Seventeen Hundred Ninety came the discovery that a wagon moving on a rail, instead of on the dirt, could carry double the load.

The discovery by Watt of the expansive quality of water when subjected to heat gave the cue for the locomotive, which John Ruskin prophesied would ruin England. He declared that people would quit work to go trapesing up and down the land in search of thrills.

And, personally, Ruskin moved to Coniston, a place where the "screech of the iron horse would never be heard."

But the railroad had come to stay.

Morse with his dot and dash came in Eighteen Hundred Forty-four as an added security—a necessity—in the running of trains in opposite directions on a single track.

In Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six, Graham Bell, a canny Scot, gave us the telephone, in response to the universal desire for a quiet means of saying things to people out of sight.

It was only a coup d'etat that gave Broadway a horse-railroad and banished the 'bus.

Then came the cable-car, as an attempt to sidestep the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Our hearts bled for the poor old street-car horse, galled, limping, panting, that we might fly through space at the rate of six miles an hour.

As a lover of the horse and a breeder of horses, I hail the automobile with glad acclaim. Horses never commanded so big a price as they do today: and all the time the demand is for a higher-grade horse. Thus does the farmer thrive.

The electric car arrived as a matter of course, for when people want a thing they get it. We reach up in the air or dig down in the ground, and lo! we find it, for everything is everywhere.

Natural gas was discovered and piped for light, heat and fuel when it was needed, and thus are the lords of electricity kept civil.

¶ In an attempt to render kerosene-oil non-explosive—so many servant-girls going to the Other Side by the Kerosene Route—gasoline was removed from illuminating-oil by chemical process. Many good people preferred candles, and called kerosene a fad, and dangerous. ¶ Kerosene was worth twenty cents a gallon, and gasoline two cents. Gasoline was a glut on the market.

To utilize this dangerous by-product, the explosive engine was invented.

From a plaything of one to five horsepower, the gas-engine grew in power.

The horseless carriage is in one sense a scheme for utilizing a by-product; just as art is love's by-product.

And behold! Kerosene is now cheaper, and of better quality, than it has ever been in the history of commerce. Kerosene is now the by-product, and thus does the proletariat wax glad and the farmers rejoice. If gasoline ever soars as high here as it has in France, we will use denatured alcohol made from mangle-roots and turnips.

The Horse and the Automobile

NE great value of the auto to Society is that it relieves the streets of horses, and thus adds to sanitation and cleanliness.

¶ Three years ago when the proprietor of a big hotel in New York asked the police to keep his curbs clear of cab-horses he was denounced as finicky and fussy.

Now, no good hotel man will allow horses to stand in proximity to his hostelry. One thing, horses attract swarms of flies in Summer, and their presence creates on paved streets an unsanitary condition all the time. Horses belong on the soil, anyway.

The horse's hoof is made for the dirt.

The auto adds to commerce the value of increased time, since it carries the man or the parcel to the desired place in less than half the time that horses can turn the same trick.

¶ Next, the auto brings the outlying sections into proximity to the city, since twenty miles with an auto is equal to six with a horse. ¶ Thus will suburban property be brought into market and take on a value otherwise impossible. ¶

The telephone and the auto are doing away with the loneliness of the farm, and as a consequence farmers' wives have quit going insane as a business.

The auto is here to stay, exactly as the steam-

ship and railroad are here to stay. ¶ It can neither be laughed down nor argued down. When you see a man who tells you what is going to happen if this benzine-buggy craze does n't stop, he is one who is getting ready to buy a machine.

The subject of good roads is a vital one to the autoist; everywhere throughout the world the owners of autos are agitating the subject.

¶ In New York and in various other States of the Union, the money received from automobile licenses is being used for road-building purposes. The sum to be raised each year for good roads will exceed two million dollars. ¶ The Romans of old built their famous roadways for but one purpose, and that was to transport an army quickly from one place to another. But, regardless of the motive, they taught the world a great lesson.

John Wesley says in his Journal, "I was beholden of the truth that farmers who live along a good road grow rich, while those who are on a bad road are usually very poor." ¶

The farmers are not organized so as to build good roads. About all they have done is to patch bad ones. To make a good road requires science, skill, money and wise foresight. Good roads are built for the future, quite as much as for the fleeting present.

The auto owners are mostly men of affairs, and it can safely be said that all men of affairs are auto owners.

The type of man who used to have a carriage and coachman is not your typical autoist. The auto owner is a man with a fine scorn for ease and all soft luxury. His fad is motion.

¶ He possesses initiative and is a good sportsman. Wherever he goes he does things, for beside being an auto owner he is a farmer and is fast becoming a lover of the country and a loving student of Nature.

Thus does the auto transform the man.

The various automobile clubs are banded together so they can bring their influence to bear on legislation. The farmer is not a lobbyist, and his interests have been neglected. But now that the farmer and auto owner are grasping hands, this matter of good roads will not be allowed to palter, falter nor rest.

¶ The old-time Roman with his lust for conquest was the supreme type of road-builder. But now a broader, better, finer and stronger man is coming in on his high speed, and this is the autoist.

He has all the enthusiasm of the Roman, and ten times his resources.

The boys with the autos are our modern "Invincible Seventh Legion."

Influence of the Automobile

THE last question for us to consider is the effect of the auto on the owner and user.

I suppose it does not have to be shown that the auto is run out of doors. Thus it gives a play of fresh air that is not possible to him who lingers close to the steam heat.

Man is a movable air-plant. He thrives only when he is in the open. Sun, wind, storm—all are things to which he must become inured. The auto takes you out of the crowded city, out of the fumes of noisome streets.

It gives you an air-bath, and breathing more you think more, feel more, know more, live more ♪ ♪

To reside ten or twenty miles from business and take that trip night and morning would double the capacity of most men ♪ The commuter in the smoker or "ladies' coach" absorbs a lot of bad air and silly conversation that have already been used.

The auto subdues conversation to things that should be said, and eliminates most of the vacuous mouthy nothings. That is, it gives you rest.

As for the man who runs his own machine, there is demanded an exercise of eye and hand that develops judgment, skill, courage, and gives coolness to your cosmic engine under difficulties.

All these things must in a generation have a decided effect on the entire race. The North American Indian developed his noble body when he was obliged to hunt, and he lost his noble qualities, in great degree, when he was put on the Reservation and made to stay there with everything provided.

The man with an auto is no Reservation Indian.

¶ He travels far and fast. He is pretty nearly a freewill agent. He sees, hears, grows, hikes, honks and becomes. His face is bronzed by the kiss of the wind and sun. His pulse is full and even. His appetite is prodigious.

The stimulant of ozone, and the sense of power coming from this thirty-horsepower or sixty-horsepower motor at his finger-tips, gives him all the bracer that his body craves.

No man who really loves the merry music of the cut-off takes to strong drink.

The auto is a great move in behalf of temperance. The man who runs a machine prizes his brain and rejoices in sinewy hands, muscles of braided silk and nerves of steel. Booze is for the wobbly and weak—your autoist will have none of it.

Thus does the auto make for sanity, sound sleep, efficiency and length of days.

Within two years' time there has come about a very decided protest in public opinion against the auto scorcher.

The pace is now becoming reasonable and moderate. The nervous novelty is wearing off. To fly through the land, run over chickens, kill dogs, scare horses and put wagons in the ditch is getting to be decidedly bad form. One reason is that the driver—owner or hired chauffeur—is now a sober man. He neither overeats nor overdrinks. A lifted hand will stop any machine, anywhere—this is today the rule.

The natural goodness, decency and courtesy of strong and healthy men are being felt, for as we grow in health we evolve in consideration for the rights of others.

The licensing of chauffeurs is a good thing, and is having its effect on character.

The reckless driver is soon out of a job, and once out he is a marked man and out forever. You must keep your record clean.

As for the extravagance of the people who buy a machine when they are not able to afford a baby-buggy, a word is in order.

Is It an Extravagance?

THAT many autos have been bought by those who have no business with one, is true ♪ ♪

A new invention, like a new reform, is bound to lure a lot of the heedless and unthinking.

¶ The world still has a full supply of the chuckleheaded.

But there is one big protest against the extravagance of the automobile to which we should hearken. It comes from Wall Street. Look you! The small traders in Wall Street are buying autos, and thus have ceased to gamble. The joy of the auto has replaced the joy of the Bucket-Shop.

The chances of being put into the financial ditch are replaced with the risks of the road.

¶ Take your choice—of two evils choose the lesser!

From an editorial in the "Milliners' Review" I see that the milliners and dressmakers are

suffering from this craze for the auto. One editorial says, "Many women who before were well gowned are now content with khaki and little, tight, homemade automobile bonnets—anything that will keep the dust out of the hair ♣ And when the husband lets his wife make choice between beautiful party gowns or a new machine, she votes for the machine without a word."

In the "Jeweler's Weekly," I find a similar voice to this effect, "The diamond trade is suffering from this extravagance in automobiles."

A Fifth Avenue tailor, recently interviewed, says, "The genuine, well-dressed gentleman is getting hard to find. Instead of clothes made to measure, everybody is buying a ready-to-wear suit at half price, saving the money for gasoline."

It will thus be plainly seen that there is going on an exchange of one extravagance for another, so the net loss isn't quite so bad as our pessimistic friends would have us think. We save on diamonds, picture-hats and party dresses, and this money goes into machines. Very well, let 'er go! The world is the gainer. It means tan, brawn, sound sleep and good digestion, against pale cheeks, weak eyes, and nerves that need a bracer.

¶ Then, note you this: The man with an auto takes the whole family with him; whereas, the old-time sport with his fast horse had a one-man wagon and went alone. The wife along is a governor to the social engine. Sure! ¶ Don't buy an auto if you don't see how to pay for it. Debt is a rope to your foot, cockle-burs in your hair, a fly in the cold-cream of your beauty-dope.

Keep within your financial speed limit, or Fate, like a country constable, will surely pinch you. There is lots of fun in walking, yet. ¶ But extravagant and wasteful people have always lived. When Oliver Goldsmith dressed up the bailiffs and had them serve the feast, he was a fool as well as a poet ♣ Look behind—also look in front—before you turn the corner into debt.

Any man who can afford an auto should have one. Moreover, he probably will.

Also, anybody who insists on being extravagant and buying things he can't afford, will, until Gehenna congeals. The extravagant man has found a way to waste time and money since Adam and Eve were shoplifters, and

helped themselves to fruit and fig-leaves which they could ill afford.

But because there are extravagant people in the world is no reason, Terese, why we should have melancholia. Turn 'er over, and we'll take a run out to old Aunt Mary's. Honk, honk!

Creeping into the lives of men everywhere is the thought that co-operation is better than competition—we need each other. And by giving much we will receive much.

YOUR modern business leader—the man in Class A—is the average man, concentrated and consecrated. The employee who does not concentrate on his work, and consecrate himself to his work, will forever remain in Class B. And no matter how big his brain, how clever his mind, how great his educational advantages, half-hearted effort and a habit of knocking on his employer and "the house" will surely put him on the toboggan.

When you get a job don't start in using the house's stationery trying to get a better job. Just try to make good where you are, for that is the only way you can ever get into Class A. Ask the first Big Boy you meet if I am right.

FRRIEND of the late Bjornstjerne Bjornson said of him: "There was not an undeveloped muscle in his body, nor an unused cell in his brain." I know of no higher praise that could be given an evolving being. It is in this way that gods are made—by development. ¶ Bjornson did not consider work a curse placed by God upon man as a punishment. He knew that the fruit of Knowledge is the natural result of exercise, and in work do we develop power to know good and evil.

And so Bjornson exercised muscle and brain-cell, as did Goethe, until wisdom was his. Read his "A Gauntlet," the gauntlet being flung down at the double standard for men and women.

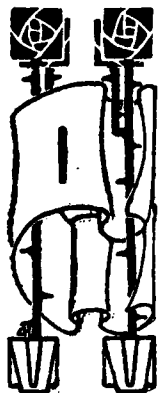
More than this, Bjornson demanded full economic, social and political equality for women with men

If college education were made compulsory by the State, and one-half of the curriculum consisted of actual, useful, manual labor, most of our social ills would be solved and we would be well on the highway toward the Ideal City.

OUR COVER PAGE

CLARA BARTON

BY ALICE HUBBARD



IN all the opposition that has been made to economic independence for women and to Woman Suffrage—and I believe I have heard and read the entire gamut of argument from the politician's "reasons" to the old villager's objections to "petticoat government"—the clincher to the whole round of talk is, "Beside, the final test of citizenship is ability to defend one's country. Women can not go to war and therefore they must not have the vote."

One man said, "How it would look to see a regiment of women making a charge!" and he was not a prinking bachelor either.

But what effect have all the objections in view of the fact that women do go to war and have been to war? Sometimes they have gone, as did the Boer women, to actually bear arms against the enemy, but more often to care for the wounded and sick—work far more fatiguing and requiring more endurance.

Clara Barton was telling us last summer a few of her war experiences.

We questioned her about the work of her long and most wonderful life, and found she had spent more time on the battlefield, more time in dealing with actual war, than many a general whose business is war.

"Women can't go to war?"

They have.

Clara Barton's mission on the battlefield, in the camp and in the hospitals was not to kill, but to save life. The enemies she fought were death and the grave. Her victory was not in subduing mankind by greater brute force, the sure aim of the deadly bullet, or superior death-dealing appliances, but by life-giving care, quick relief to the wounded, food to the starving. Clara Barton went to war to save life. It made no difference to her, or to the women who worked with her, on which side the wounded man had fought. He was suffering and sick: that was

enough. To Clara Barton all were friends. There was only humanity on the field of battle.

This great woman's life has been a refutation of all the limitations men and tradition have placed upon women.

Without defiance, without premeditation, without special desire to have it so, the Power that makes for righteousness has made this woman's life to be revolutionary to a prescribed sphere. The Divine Spirit has played through Clara Barton and opened ways of eternal life to women and men for all time to come.

Miss Barton's Childhood

CLARA BARTON was the youngest child of Captain Stephen and Sally Stone Barton. The child nearest to her in age was Sally, and she was twelve years old when on Christmas day, Eighteen Hundred Twenty-one, Clara was born.

The Baby was the object of the admiration, care and thought of the family, grown-up sisters and brothers included. But she was the special care and companion of David in anything that pertained to life out-of-doors.

In her little book, "The Story of My Childhood," she tells of wild, fascinating rides bareback, on highbred colts, through pastures, uphill, down dale, charging into a herd of colts to see them scamper away. David was in a saddle by her side holding his five-year-old sister by one foot as they did their rough-riding.

Was there a kind fate that arranged all these lessons in child's play that the woman on battlefield might be skilled to fly for life in a trooper's saddle on a strange horse in the front of pursuit? Surely there's a Divinity that shaped the life of Clara Barton.

All her experience was educative, and all her experiences were needed to develop and train the potential power within her.

The child was timid before people and suffered untold misery from causes that the ordinary child would not notice. This sensitiveness made deep impressions that developed skill of vital value to many people years later.

The bashful child grew into a bashful girl. The father and mother tried a boarding-school. The suffering was more pitiful, and the teachers were powerless to bring the right remedy. So Clara Barton went home, eager for work, but what? David fell sick—the result of an accident—great, splendid David! Clara would not leave him, and for two years she was his nurse, taking the responsibility of his case.

One good friend recommended larger responsibilities, a few years later, as a cure for the form of introspection that tortured Clara Barton. Women were allowed to teach school then, so she began to work with humanity. In her thought for and of her pupils, she for the first time forgot herself and in that found happiness and a new life.

Public Service

A FEW years later, affairs in the Patent Office at Washington were in a tangle. To many people, even then, a Government position meant ease, graft, smuggling and much pay for little effort.

"Serve the public?" It has seldom been served.

¶ Somehow, some one thought of Clara Barton as a person who could untangle the threads of the unskilled, disloyal weavers and whose influence would put to shame dishonesty.

But this some one had thought of her as a person and not as a woman. There were only men in the Patent Office. American men are especially gallant to women, tradition says, except where there is woman suffrage. Well, there was no woman suffrage in Washington in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-eight, and there is none now.

Clara Barton could not vote, but she could work, "excellent well." All the schoolboy annoyances that a bad boy could think out in a country school, these men—servants of the people—in the Patent Office used to torment this woman.

Are men superior to women? Only when they are.

These men were not.

Clara Barton won, then lost, then she won with honors in her work in the Patent Office in Washington.

An Organizer

AT this time there were rumblings of war all along from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the North to the South. The rumbling grew to a mighty thundering of discord and then came war, awful, awful war.

At Baltimore there was bloodshed—there were wounded and dead.

How this great woman's heart ached no one can know except those who see and feel as Clara Barton does.

A Massachusetts regiment she knew was being brought to Washington. Clara Barton did not stop to think whether a woman should go to war or not, or "how it would look" for her to go to the station to meet a regiment of soldiers. She just went because she must: she could not help it. Her heart was bleeding for those suffering and wounded men.

Miss Barton is an organizer, a systematizer.

¶ There is an old story that the Creator had chaos to work with at the beginning, and out of it worlds were formed. Such creative power has Miss Barton. This chaos of sick, hungry, suffering humanity; and tons of food, stores of medicines, bandages, lint, clothing, people willing to help, room, were the materials she had to use. Her clear insight, strong will, ability to do and to direct work, made Miss Barton the natural leader and she created what was required.

¶ The hungry were fed in an orderly way, the suffering was relieved, the Nation was served.

The Battlefield

THIS fighting at Baltimore was the beginning of a civil war that lasted four years.

Miss Barton knew that awful chaotic conditions would ever be in the wake of battle. All her heart's desire was to help the poor boys who were marching, marching, marching into an agony they could not understand until they reached it, and from whence there was no return.

Did Clara Barton think of consequences, of her own welfare? No, nor did she think of that abstract something which we call patriotism. Her thought was for humanity, the comfort, the well-being of the people who make a nation, who are the State. She loves the State not less, but humanity more. Clara Barton's work has always been for people. Her desire is to add to the sum of human happiness, to save life and to give hope.

The quarrel? That sinks into oblivion when men and women are stretching out arms for help and you can save them. Rebel pain and Federal pain? Pain is pain. Jew or Gentile, bond or free, all are one. Pain creates a genuine democracy.

Napoleon, the ambitious, crossing the Alps,

gave orders for his whole army to turn out for a peasant woman who was coming down the mountains with a great load of fagots. "Respect the burden!" was the little Corporal's command * *

Primitive conditions bring us back to natural living and a pure heart if we are wholesome. Great is the mind that can see the fundamental truth in everything.

Let others fight if they must; Miss Barton came to bring help to the sick and wounded.

Across the Potomac River went the Northern army. Across the Potomac River followed Miss Barton with her relief cargo. The army moved inland. Miss Barton followed.

Is it strange that President Lincoln, Cabinet members, high officials, listened to Miss Barton's requests? Thousands of dollars in goods and supplies were sent to her to distribute, and all in faith, knowing that it would reach those who needed help.

Miss Barton never asked for means to help—she never needed to do so. She stated the situation of sickness and suffering to the right people and they gladly gave.

She used her own money. She gave herself.

At Antietam, Fredericksburg, Bull Run, in the swamps of the South, everywhere that there was suffering, there was Miss Barton. From battlefield to battlefield she went, the deadly bullets singing around her, in rain and sleet, under the scorching sun, in darkness and tempest. She was not attached to any regiment. She was under the command of no general but her own heart: so her work was never done, she had no rest or parole. Wherever there was suffering there was her duty.

Dying soldiers left their commissions of business, their last messages of love, with her to deliver. There was no end to the work which must be done.

Can women go to war? Ask Clara Barton, as she waded through mud enriched by the life-blood of the best youth of our country. She was not following the fife and drum for glory nor did her pulse run high with the excitement of the heroic cry of battle-song. Nor did the pageantry nor hope of honors intoxicate her to forget for a moment that war is the most awful thing that can come to any country.

To Miss Barton were left only the horrors of war—the woman's portion—the dead, the dying, the suffering, the disorganized remnants.

¶ She faced every horror. She worked for the

love of humanity. Like Walt Whitman, she took nothing for her service from her country. And like him, too, she could say, "I do not feel as the dying soldier, I am that man!"

Do unto others as ye would have them do unto you! This is what Miss Barton has done all her life.

The Aftermath

THE Civil War closed.

The army was disbanded.

The bivouacs were over, save only the bivouac of the dead on many a ghostly battlefield.

Back to home and constructive living went the remnant of the legions that left office, farm and factory four years before.

The horrors of the battle were exchanged in many cases for the misery of ruined business, lost property, disorganized industries.

The camp had changed the current of life for many men. There is enforced idleness, unprofitable mental habits and disintegrating inactivity. For a soldier there are few, very few, days of action compared with the long days and nights of waiting for the call to arms.

Of all the hardships resulting from war, possibly none is more difficult than the struggle in adjusting life to the new conditions. Things were not at home as they had been left four years before. Everything was new and strange. The soldiers were not physically fit for peaceful work, nor were they mentally fit. Many lives were lost in war—more lives were ruined.

And then there were the missing! Wives, mothers, sisters, many of them had no certain news of death. The armies of the North and South were disbanded, but their loved ones did not return.

We had no organized bureau for finding the lost, and no provision was made by the government to do it. Eighty thousand were missing from its rolls.

Clara Barton's work was known to almost every woman of the North who had any one dear to her in the war. Naturally such inquiries as these were sent to Miss Barton: "Have you seen my boy? Can you find him for me if he is still living? Is he in the hospital sick unto death? If not living, let me know, I beg of you, where he lies buried! Where? When? How?"

The pitiful prayers of the agonized came pouring in to Miss Barton and she gave her heart to the work of searching for the lost, for the purpose of comforting the widows and

fatherless—those whose hearts were bleeding for those who had gone, never to return.

Four more years Miss Barton gave of her life to organizing and carrying on the work of identifying the dead and taking care of the sick, delivering the messages of the dying.

Finally, this work was done.

Clara Barton must rest. She had supped with sorrow so many days and nights, she had been on such intimate terms with death for so long, that her strength gave way. Entire change of thought was insisted upon by friends. Across the sea Miss Barton could not be appealed to by the sad and suffering. She decided to go to Switzerland, where the blue of the sky, the crisp air, the peaceful life would steal into her veins, giving new life and strength.

The Red Cross Society

XS there a divinity that shapes our ends? Clara Barton went to Geneva, but she did not get away from war nor from those who needed her help. The Franco-Prussian war came. All Europe was astir with interest. Miss Barton was visited by a company of people who were going to the center of battle to help care for the sufferers.

These people were organized for work and had an organization behind them—it was the International Red Cross of Geneva.

Would Clara Barton go with them to help with her splendidly trained mind and her practical experience? Yes, gladly; she gave them God-speed and joined them three days later.

What was this International Red Cross?

At Geneva, in August, Eighteen Hundred Sixty-four, there met in Convention men and women who organized there a society known as the Red Cross—their flag was a Greek Cross in red on a white field.

The object in forming the society was to have an organization that should be recognized and respected on any battlefield anywhere. The Red Cross was to be exempt from capture and to be protected under treaty. It undertook to care for wounded men where they fell, no matter to which of the belligerent armies they belonged.

Thirty-one governments had signed this treaty.

The United States had not. Clara Barton saw at once that wherever there was War, there must go hereafter the Red Cross—organized relief service. She had used the same methods the Red Cross Society used, but without the protection of the Red Cross.

A degree of health came to Miss Barton and the pressing need for her help gave her more strength.

I have heard her tell the story in brief of the Franco-Prussian war—of wading in human blood as she climbed the hill to the wounded soldiers, to the dead and dying, lying in helpless heaps on the plague-stricken field.

Oh, awful war!

Clara Barton worked with the organized force of men and women; disentangled the dying from the dead; had tents erected where the surgeons could work to advantage. Tents were there, too, where patients were carried to a clean bed, and where nurses ministered to them.

There followed days, weeks, months of work for Miss Barton, organizing, directing and working with her own hands.

Again the war was over.

Again Miss Barton saw the attempts made to take up the broken and tangled threads of life by soldiers and by the wives and children of soldiers. And she saw that the Red Cross was pre-eminently a benefit to humanity.

War Warring Upon Itself

MISS BARTON came home for change of scene to recover from her work on the battlefield in Europe. She had gone to Europe for rest from war in America: she came back to America to rest from war in Europe.

Terrible as had been her experiences here, they were more terrible in France and Prussia.

There was one deep, strong purpose in her mind when she came back—the United States must sign this Convention, which thirty-one countries had already signed and from which such benefit had followed.

It was months, even years, before Miss Barton could take up this work—for work it was to get the attention of the officials and let the people know what the Red Cross would mean to us. The Red Cross is not a war measure, but as Miss Barton says: "The Red Cross shall teach war to make war upon itself."

"The Red Cross means, not national aid for the needs of the people, but the people's aid for the needs of the nation."

Miss Barton told the officials in Washington why we should ally ourselves with this international, humane measure, even though we should never again be driven into war. She told them the history of the Red Cross.

At the Battle of Solferino, June Twenty-four,

Eighteen Hundred Fifty-nine, a citizen of Switzerland, M. Jean Henri Durant, was present. The awful suffering that was caused there because of the lack of organization and sufficient help caused M. Durant to call the attention of the world to this particular horror of war and to suggest a remedy. He proposed that a society should be formed in every country in time of peace for training nurses, and collecting supplies so that when war came there should be this relief at hand. The plan was well received and resulted in an international conference at Geneva in October, Eighteen Hundred Sixty-three. This, in time, resulted in the diplomatic congress, where fourteen nations signed the Geneva Convention. This made no direct provisions for Red Cross societies, but made such possible. ¶ This was an international peace measure, at heart, an entering wedge for peace.

Now, in the year Nineteen Hundred Ten, the Convention has been ratified by forty-three nations and is an international power.

Miss Barton spoke to many large audiences, and finally educated the people so that they realized the value of what she was urging upon their attention.

Miss Barton's Observations

SHE gave her own observations on the field—the futility of attempts made by charitable persons in the United States to relieve sufferings caused by the devastations of the Franco-Prussian war. She said: "Ships were sent over from the United States freighted with supplies, but when these things arrived no one was authorized to receive them, and they for the most part went to utter waste. Had they borne the stamp of the Red Cross they would have been forwarded, and through them a vast amount of misery might have been saved. It was indeed a pity that so much generous effort should have failed of its end.

"In a moving army the elements of destruction, armed men and munitions of war, have the right of way; and the means of preserving and sustaining even their own lives are left to bring up the rear as best they can. Hence, when the shock and crash of battle is over, and troops are advancing or retreating and all roads are blocked, and the medical staff trying to force its way through with supplies, prompt and adequate relief can scarcely ever reach the wounded. The darkness of night comes down upon them like a funeral pall, as they lie in

their blood, tortured with thirst and traumatic fever." ❀ ❀

Realization

AT last the President sent out a proclamation setting forth the necessity for the United States to ratify this convention, and in the year Eighteen Hundred Eighty-two it was done.

Miss Clara Barton was made the first president of the American National Red Cross Society. ¶ Miss Barton proposed that the use of the Red Cross should be extended so that its relief should go wherever there was calamity, and this most valuable addition now has international sanction. It is known over the world as the "American Amendment."

It did seem as though Miss Barton's lifework were done when she had served humanity as she had, and had caused her own nation to ratify this international measure.

But she has done several lifeworks since.

She is a great commander, is Miss Barton. She went, or sent her relief corps and provisions, to the Michigan Fire sufferers, to Florida, yellow-fever stricken, to the Johnstown Flood, Russian Famine, South Carolina tidal wave, Armenian Massacre, and to the Spanish-American War. ¶ Miss Barton has commanded a battleship, but not for belligerent purposes. She took this ship with provisions into dangerous waters where the enemy was on every side. She was perpetually having to make decisions where our national interests were involved. Her every action and word must be diplomatic. The enemy was an enemy, and yet humanity must be served ❀ ❀

Miss Barton was the general always. She was diplomatic and just. She never offended her superiors in office, nor did she receive from them anything but the high respect due to her. ¶ She never asked for favors or aid because she was a woman. Her work has ever been done as by a human being for humanity.

Miss Barton never has had a protector in any way since her childhood, nor has she ever needed one.

She has always had a clear and distinct purpose and work that filled her life full. No one has ever whispered that her work was inferior to any other—in public office, on the battlefield, or where calamity had been. She has done, magnificently well, deeds pronounced impossible for woman. ¶ And she has done what no other American has done.

An Honored Woman

THE head of the Frauenverein or Woman's Union of Baden, the Grand Duchess of Baden, gave to Clara Barton a Red Cross brooch. The Grand Duke decorated her with the Gold Cross of Remembrance.

Empress Augusta, with the Emperor of Germany, conferred upon her the Iron Cross of Merit, accompanied by the colors of Germany and the Red Cross, and the Iron Cross is given only to those who have earned it on the battlefield. ❊

Miss Barton has lived with the great. All the honors that even the ambitious could desire have been bestowed upon her. Her own country loves her with a deep, abiding love and she has no living peer.

"She was born in Eighteen Hundred Twenty-one," do you say? "Then she must be a very old woman now?" Oh, no, she is not. I saw her last December and she was not old. She was animated with plans of work for humanity.

The aspiration of her heart was not dimmed nor was her vision of truth and the ideal in the least clouded. And in a letter from her, only a short time ago, there were unmistakable signs of the strength unquenched by the flight of years. ❊

Oh, no, she is not old nor is she limited by traditions. She has proven to women and men for all time that any human being can do the work she desires to do when her desire is great and good.

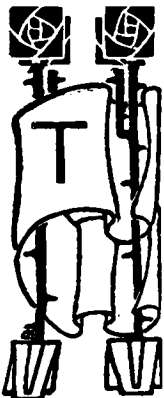
❊

The world welcomes an idea, but an idea stuffed with sawdust—hardly!

❊

More Children's Playgrounds

By Mont. H. Wright



HE reasons for the need of playgrounds are many. Their establishment decreases juvenile crime, promotes the health of children, gives them occupation when the schools are closed, keeps them off the streets and under the supervision of caretakers, and relieves overburdened mothers of the care of their little ones.

After an exhaustive study of the situation, it is found that Chicago, New York, Boston and Washington

all have model playgrounds, kept up by the municipality. Chicago has spent eleven million dollars on sites and equipments, and now maintains its recreation centers at an annual expense of four hundred thousand dollars.

Boston was the pioneer in the playground movement and has an adequate and efficient system. New York City has made giant strides, expending, it is said, during the past ten years sixteen million dollars upon its playgrounds.

❑ This work is most important from a humanistic point of view. ❊ It means health and happiness for the children; a decent playground is as necessary as a decent school.

The playgrounds should be in charge of a special department of the municipal government, appointed for that purpose; teachers must be in charge to instruct the children in the art of playing, to supervise their games and to insure them protection.

An Eminent Judge's Opinion

THE Honorable William H. Staake, of the Common Pleas Court, of Philadelphia, is another friend of children, and he has been very emphatic about the need of more playgrounds for children. Coming, as he does, in touch with the juvenile offenders, when he speaks it is well to listen:

"Trespass, larceny and malicious mischief are inferences of the courtroom of which the boy has no conception whatever when railroad-cars first challenge his curiosity, or a carefully watched fruit-stand challenges his wit and fleetness of foot, or when a window-pane first offers an invitation to his surplus energy. The boy in congested districts has no place for wholesome play. He has nothing but the streets as a playground and nothing in the streets provided for his play.

"Give the boy a chance at his games; provide him with an opportunity to perform difficult feats on the horizontal bars and flying rings." In these few words he has expressed the idea best. ❑ Play is the natural expression of a child. It is primarily the child's birthright, and the inheritance it should never have lost. The death-knell has sounded for the country when the children have forgotten how to play.

Go through the lower districts and the tenements of any of our great cities, and you are impressed with the absence of laughter among the children. Teach the children how to laugh.

❑ There is a woman, Elizabeth Burchenal, of New York City, whose whole life is spent in

teaching children to play and laugh, and she succeeds.

A Sociologist's Experience

THERE has recently been an interesting woman in this country, Miss Lottie H. Kogge, a noted writer and lecturer on sociology, delegated by the German government to study juvenile conditions in this country. Miss Kogge comes from Berlin, and is the daughter of an officer in the German army. ¶ Her works bearing on social conditions in Russia, Switzerland and Southern Europe have gained her recognition.

"In America," declared Miss Kogge, "the method of dealing with the young violators of the statutes is all wrong. In my country if a boy or girl does anything wrong we would not think of sending them to court.

"In this country, if a boy does n't attend school and through idleness gets into bad habits, he is, in the course of time, taken before the court. If he is a persistent offender he is sent to the House of Refuge or some similar institution. Such treatment is all wrong and should be changed.

"In nine cases out of ten the fault is with the parents, not with the child, and the former should be made responsible for the trouble. If a boy breaks a window he is promptly arrested and haled into court. Such a thing could not happen in Germany. In that country the parents would have to pay the cost of repairing the damage, and the question of punishment is left entirely in their hands."

Miss Kogge thinks Philadelphia is far behind Chicago, Denver and other Western cities.

¶ "The probation officers here are overworked and do not have time to make the study of the individual cases necessary. What is needed is to put the probation officers under the direct jurisdiction of the Juvenile Court. Have them paid by the city or county, instead of depending for their salaries upon societies interested in this branch of the work."

"Street Gangs"

THERE is an idea: It has been tried in one of our large cities since last May and works out well. The Social Center Society has done much to better the conditions of the boys living in the tenement-house districts.

¶ The society organizes the "street gangs" into clubs, meeting every week in the neighborhood in which the "gang" resides. The club is governed entirely by the boys themselves.

They are modeled after Mrs. Humphrey Ward's clubs in London, and aim to prevent the boys from being brought before the Juvenile Court. The plan of the Social Center Society is not to let the members in their care think that it is trying to keep them out of mischief.

A gymnasium class of boys is extremely popular. At the clubs a regular routine is followed at every meeting. First a business meeting is held, which is conducted strictly in compliance with parliamentary law, by officers elected by the boys themselves. After the business is over, games are played, one of the organizations being the proud possessor of a bagatelle-board. Basketball games are often held and in the summer the boys play baseball. ¶ The society aims to teach nothing, but to have self-government entirely. They have no paid workers, but members of the society, more than one hundred, organize and look after the clubs themselves.

When one gets in the habit of vitalizing what he writes instead of upholstering it, he is well on the Road to Literary Success.

More Kindness Needed

By Albert Ferguson, No. 7,978
State Prison, Jefferson City, Missouri

MORE Kindness!" That's the cry.
Don't sit and scoff and jeer and sigh
But beam a cheerful, hopeful smile
Worth while.

The world is full of pain and woe.
Don't add a drop of sorrow. Go
And lighten burdens on your way,
Today.

"What Cheer?" A helpful hail
To sinking man when he would fail.
Change condemnation into chaff
And laugh.

Yes, Fra, the world needs kindness more
Than other virtues deep in store.
The man who holds his god is gold,
Is sold.

I'd rather tell a corking lie,
If by it I could bright an eye;
Instead of dire presaging doom
With gloom.

"Chants Communal"

By W. R. Hotchkiss



OW can a man, as sensible, practical and well informed as William F. Gable, admire this melancholic Traubel?

Maybe this question is as rude to Mr. Gable as it is to Traubel; but this fellow's stuff would make the devil rude—even the polite, suave Mephisto of Goethe.

¶ In the words of our old friend Brann, his tirade against Civilization is the raving of a half-baked ape.

How different, and how infinitely truer, is the word of Hubbard in the incomparable FRA! ¶ Traubel can not arraign Civilization for the sins of individuals or classes. Communism, if it were established tomorrow, would have to meet the one great foe of Civilization—the only real obstacle to Arcadian conditions—the one thing that is slowest of evolution, and hardest to influence from old ways—Human Nature.

Eternally, Human Nature will develop its Cæsars as well as its Christs, its Cannons as well as its Roosevelts, its Talmages as well as its Ingersolls, its Rockefellers as well as its Whitmans.

Men may change laws, religions, social conditions, but Time alone can change Human Nature, and Time has changed Human Nature, tremendously for the better—notwithstanding Traubel.

Of course, Civilization will progress—eternally. Perfection will never come—else man would rot out and die.

But Mrs. Grundy is not Civilization. American politics is not Civilization. Even Social Conditions are not Civilization.

Civilization is that human force, of immortal continuity, which works for the betterment of Man ¶

It was Civilization that knocked the shackles from the slaves in the Roman galleys; that dragged the Magna Charta from King John; that smashed the temporal rule of Popery; that made republics of America and France; that set the negroes free; that gave us a free press and free public schools.

That's enough to make Civilization worth while; but it has done a million times more.

¶ In heaven's name, in what cave does this man Traubel live, that he does not see what Civilization has done? Is he another Rip Van Winkle? Does n't he know that he is belaboring a corpse? Most of the conditions that he berates have been cured years ago.

Talk about Poverty! Where are the poor, anyway?

We could n't get enough people to serve our customers during the holidays—nobody wanted to work. Farmers could n't get people to take in their crops. Mills cancel orders because they can't get people enough to turn them out ¶ Talk about the child's chance of right development. That's only an isolated, rare, local condition. Where would you expect it to be at its worst? Probably on the East Side in New York City, among the scum of the earth—the depraved, the lazy, the vicious. But I want you to come with me to see these children in the public schools—twenty-seven different nationalities, as I have seen them, in one school—and, age for age, match the education of your own children against that of these children of the illiterate, depraved, foreign element.

That is Civilization at work ¶ That alone would justify Civilization.

And what, pray, is the Traubel-Communitistic substitute?

Tell this man, Traubel, if "Justice is forever first of all," as he has read in Emerson, that he must be just to Civilization—to catch up to Civilization, if you please—for it is only because of this berated Civilization that decent people will stand aside and let him have his Anarchistic stuff publicly printed.

Why should he get a belliake because people won't believe that the world is going hell-bent to ruin just because he says so?

If he wants to pose as an apostle of Whitman he must take a good emetic; then a two weeks' treatment with Hunyadi Water; clean out his abnormal pessimism, and see that this is a pretty good world to live in, when one's liver is not out of order.

By the way, do you suppose he ever read "Leaves of Grass"?

No, I did n't throw the book overboard; but Walt Whitman would have taken him out to the woodshed, and then burnt the manuscript in the backyard, if he had seen it.

Some of the stuff that he rewrote from Emerson, Marcus Aurelius, Christ and Henry George

was n't so bad; but when he put in his own venom it made one leave the table. But then, this is only my opinion. And I don't hold the sending of the book against Gable. Bellamy had him beat a million years. Because he was human.

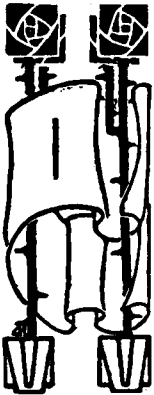


To benefit others, you must be reasonably happy: there must be animation through useful activity, good cheer, kindness and health—health of mind and health of body.



Cost of Living to Railways

By Edward W. Harden



It is hard for the average man to imagine any well-managed corporation as otherwise than prosperous with the country at large doing a full volume of business. Most of us, if we give the matter a thought, think of a corporation as charging the purchaser "a good round profit" for what it provides him, and as getting the profit under any and all variations of the cost of production. That any large number of corporations find themselves between the same upper and nether millstones of rising prices for the necessities of life and of rigidly fixed income as does the individual wage-earner or professional man today, will perhaps strike nine readers out of ten as a biased, if not wholly unwarranted, assertion; if one should say that the most important single class of corporations in the country has been for years less able to help itself in this predicament than have the least skilled of its million and a half employees, his unsupported statement would be almost everywhere dismissed with a laugh.

Yet it is proved by an abundance of quite unimpeachable evidence that, whereas the only variation worth mentioning in the general level of railway compensation for the last two decades has been downward, the railways have not only had to come to the rescue of their own employees with repeated increases of wages, but have had to bear, through the increased cost of materials and supplies of all kinds, a large proportion of the related increase in the market price of labor in all the other

industries. Nor is this all. The owner of timberlands has advanced his prices for cross-ties, car-siding, and bridge-timbers out of all proportion to the higher cost of the labor entering into their production; the owner of iron in the ground and of every other raw material of which railways are made and maintained has done the same.

The Advancing Cost of Living

IN the pending struggle, extending almost literally from ocean to ocean, between the railway companies and their employees, the position of the men is based squarely on the contention that there has been a substantial increase in the cost of living since the last general adjustment of wages was made. The men are right. I do not mean by any means to say that they are entitled to receive all the concessions as to rates of pay and hours of employment that they have demanded, for it is a well-understood fact that labor leaders and railway employees, even more than most other classes, are in the habit of deliberately pitching their initial demands upon a level which shall enable them later to make an impressive exhibit of voluntary compromise. But still it is as true as it is remarkable that the cost of the railway man's living has very sensibly increased even since February, Nineteen Hundred Seven, when the last of a series of wage advances which began on the Pennsylvania Railroad in October, Nineteen Hundred Six, and gradually spread Westward, was made.

The railway corporation receives money for the transportation of freight and passengers, and the sums collected are used first for the payment of wages, for the purchase of supplies necessary for the operations of its road, for the maintenance of track and right of way, for repairs of cars and locomotives, relaying of rails, and the many items which are included in the one general term of operating expenses. Approximately seventy per cent of all moneys received by railway corporations goes for these items. An increase in the cost of cross-ties, of oil, of fuel, of waste, or an increase in the wages of employees, tends to increase the operating expenses and brings a consequent decrease in the amount left for interest on funded debt and for dividends. The interest on the funded debt is a fixed charge which must be paid if the corporation is to continue solvent. The margin between the receipts of railway corporations and the sums expended

for operating and for interest on the bonded debt has been materially reduced by the increase in the cost of living of the railways.

More Trouble Ahead

THE point is that such increases in the cost of living have nearly, if not quite, deprived the railway workman of the benefit of a wage increase three years ago amounting at the maximum to seventeen per cent. Hence the railways are today face to face with the necessity of again granting their men some increase in pay, notwithstanding the fact that they are themselves hard pressed to meet the constantly rising cost of their own living. It must be remembered that the violent industrial reaction of Nineteen Hundred Seven, and the enormous reduction in railway revenues consequent upon it, cost the employees nothing in the rate of their compensation, contrary to the experience of the workers in the steel-mills, the cotton and woolen mills, the copper-mines, and other industries. While the railways are receiving little more than the lowest compensation per unit of service in their whole existence, their employees are asking an increase over the highest wages that have ever prevailed for the classes of labor in question, under anything like normal industrial and economic conditions. It is true that a little less than two years ago railway managers applied the knife vigorously to their total labor expenditures by weeding out the less competent and putting others on part-time schedules; but when the time came again to recruit full forces, the men returned at the same high wages they had received before the panic.

Operating Expenses

THE cost of locomotives has increased from a maximum of about twelve thousand dollars to a maximum of about twenty thousand dollars, and the cost of freight-cars, which the railways buy by the hundreds of thousands annually, and of which they destroy and retire about one hundred thousand annually, has increased from an average of seven hundred or seven hundred fifty dollars to well above one thousand dollars each. Fortunately, the higher cost of motive power and of rolling-stock is partly offset by the greater efficiency and capacity of the latest types of equipment, else these two items alone would have involved veritable disaster. Fuel, which plays so essential a part in the produc-

tion of transportation, has not escaped the general trend of economic conditions, notwithstanding the constant efforts of the railway companies to develop their own coal supplies.

The Incubus of Taxation

WHILE I have no desire to raise a question over the advantages or disadvantages of the regulation of common carriers by the Federal and State Governments, it is an incontrovertible fact that the elaborate reports now required by the Interstate Commerce Commission and by the local authorities in a majority of the States have added enormous sums to the permanent cost of operation, to say nothing of the expense of legal representation and the submission of evidence in the investigation of railway affairs by almost innumerable Governmental agencies. More or less connected with the increasing tendency to make the railways a political issue is the increase in railway taxation during the past decade. In Nineteen Hundred Nine, taxes absorbed 3.7 per cent of the aggregate gross earnings, whereas in Eighteen Hundred Ninety-nine, they represented 3.5 per cent.

Taxation has more than kept pace with the gross volume of business transacted, remarkable as the expansion of railway traffic has been in the decade under review. To this increasing burden of local taxation the Federal Government, assuming that the new corporation tax law is upheld by the courts, is about to add no inconsiderable weight.

Not to multiply details, it may be said, in brief, of the cost of new capital, that the average interest rate on railway bonds has shown a moderate but steadily defined upward tendency in the past ten years, and that the opinion of the most competent judges is that this tendency will continue in the immediate future. Interest on the money imperatively required to keep the railways abreast of the demands upon them must, of course, be included in what it costs the railways to live.

No one who gives the subject serious study can avoid the conclusion that the railways of the United States have been affected by the increased cost of living to quite as great an extent as has any individual; and, moreover, that they are subject to a variety of influences tending to increase the current cost of their existence which do not affect the individual.



Bring me cheerful messages, or none!

Osler's More Cheerful Phase

By Ewing Herbert



HEN Doctor Osler admitted his belief that man is fit for creative intellectual work only up to his fortieth birthday he gained an undeserved reputation for grimness. The age-limit theory is but one of many that he has formed on various subjects. In his book, "Counsels and Ideals," are many genial expressions of a ripe observation. Here is his advice as to work:

How can you take the greatest possible advantage with the least possible strain? By cultivating system. I say cultivating advisedly, since some of you will find the acquisition of systematic habits very hard. There are minds congenitally systematic; others have a lifelong fight against an inherited tendency to diffusiveness and carelessness in work. ¶ To counteract "the murmurings and whimperings of men and women over the non-essentials," he advises each of us to "consume his own smoke."

Things can not always go your way. Learn to accept in silence the minor aggravations, cultivate the gift of taciturnity, and consume your own smoke with an extra draft of hard work, so that those about you may not be annoyed with the dust and soot of your complaints. More than any other the practitioner of medicine may illustrate the second great lesson, that we are here not to get all we can out of life for ourselves, but to try to make the lives of others happy. A habit of courage and cheerfulness will not only carry you over the rough places of life, but will enable you to bring comfort and help to the weak-hearted, and will console you in the sad hours when, like Uncle Toby, you have "to whistle that you may not weep." ¶ Of the end of life, speaking both as a physician and as a philosopher, he says: "'With what strife and pains we come into the world we know not, but it is commonly no easy matter to get out of it,' Sir Thomas Browne says; and, having regard to the uncertainties of the last stage of all, the average man will be of Cæsar's opinion, who, when questioned at his last dinner-party as to the most preferable mode of death, replied, 'That which is the most sudden.'

"I have careful records of about five hundred death-beds, studied particularly with reference to the modes of death and the sensations of the dying. The latter alone concern us here. Ninety suffered bodily pain and distress of one sort or another, eleven showed mental apprehension, two positive terror, one expressed spiritual exaltation, and one, bitter remorse. The great majority gave no sign one way or the other; like their birth, their death was 'a sleep and a forgetting.' The preacher was right; in this matter man hath no pre-eminence over the beast—as the one dieth, so dieth the other."

Know what you want to do, hold the thought firmly, and do every day what should be done, and every sunset will see you that much nearer the goal.

For Your Customers

By W. E. Jacobs



F you can't sing your business to an optimistic tune—don't sing it at all.

It's all right to listen to a complaint, but don't take time to listen to a "knocker"—your time is too valuable.

We don't expect pay for everything we do—our information-bureau is run without charge.

¶ It's not what we think of ourselves that makes us—it's what you think—that is why

we want your friendship.

Your complaint department should be your best generating department—if it's handled in the right way.

Tell your friends the nice things about us. Remember, we have a complaint department—and they don't.

We help those who help us—but it's better to help yourself.

The only thing we want just now—is more orders and big ones.

This is not our busy day—we always have time to listen to you.

Our business is our pleasure—so keep us busy.

Nothing that can be poured out of a bottle and taken with a spoon, will take the place of the sawbuck.

Life Lessons

By Alice Hubbard

Life Lessons is simple and direct—out of the heart of a woman who has the desire and power to learn them well—a learner and a doer, a pupil and a teacher.

The book is generous and square. The type clear and fine. The design classic in its simplicity.

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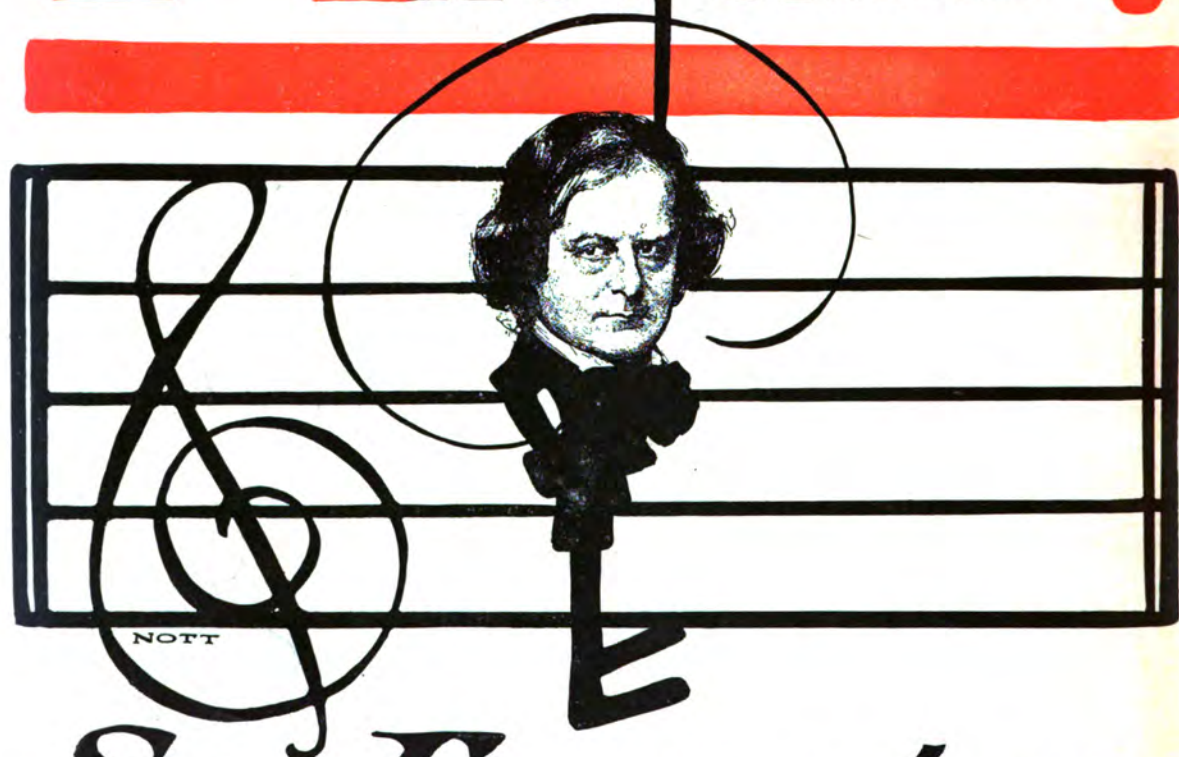
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THE FRA

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

Vol. 6

NOVEMBER, 1910

No. 2

I love the sunshine, the blue sky, trees, flowers, mountains, green meadows, sunny brooks, the ocean—but children above them all.—*Luther Burbank.*

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THE OPEN ROAD

A FOOT WITH THE FRA

White Mileposts



THE march of civilization is a zigzag course. There are times of harvest and times of famine, times of plenty and times of depression, times of grief and times of gain. The world grows by leaps and bounds, by throes and throbs. ¶ Pain and loss seem to pave the way for joy and prosperity. ¶ There are a few dates in history that stand out like big beacon-lights—times when humanity seemed to awaken from sleep, and to arise in its might. ¶ These Times of Great Awakening are not so numerous but that we can plainly distinguish them.

The Age of Pericles

THE first Great White Milepost is the year Four Hundred Fifty before Christ, when Greece was at her height. At that time there lived in the little city of Athens thirteen men, says Sir Francis Galton, the equal of whom the world has never since seen scattered over the whole earth at one time. ¶ Athens had only one hundred fifty thousand inhabitants. ¶ But under the leadership of Pericles, the world's Master Builder of all time, Athens made such strides to the front that, before its noble example, the world now stands uncovered. ¶ In architecture, sculpture, poetry and the drama reached perfection, if ever.

The Age of Augustus

THE next great date we call the year One, when there was born in a Roman province a man so supremely unselfish, so loving, so

noble that we date time from his birthday ♫ But at the time he lived, or circling around it, there lived all the great names that made Rome illustrious.

It was the Age of Augustus—the golden time of Rome—and Rome ruled the world. To a certain man convicted of crime, Augustus said, "Go free, but remember that wherever you may wander, you are the prisoner of Rome." This meant, simply, that Rome ruled the world, and outside of her jurisdiction there was nothing. ¶ Rome, during the Age of Augustus, did for Italy in architecture and sculpture what Athens had done for Greece.

The Italian Renaissance

THE Third Great Awakening centers around the unforgettable year, Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two.

We call it the Italian Renaissance.

And to the Italian Renaissance modern civilization traces a direct pedigree.

In Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two lived Michelangelo, architect of Saint Peter's, one of the most noble structures in the world, and the one building that has been copied most of all buildings that now endure.

In Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two lived Leonardo da Vinci, architect, sculptor, painter, engineer—the most accomplished man this world has ever seen. ¶ In Fourteen Hundred

Ninety-two lived Martin Luther and Erasmus. ¶ In Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two, or just preceding it, ushering in that mighty time, lived Gutenberg, the inventor of printing ♫ And of all human inventions, beyond dispute, the art of printing from movable type has influenced civilization most.

In Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two lived Christopher Columbus, who turned the prow of his caravel to the West, and persistently sailed on, and on, and on. He gave to the world a continent, and died in chains.

Says Joaquin Miller:

They sailed, and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:

"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.

These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l, speak and say—"

He said, "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

The Birth of Liberty

THE next great date we call Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six, at which time lived George Washington, Benjamin Franklin,

Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson and Samuel Adams ♫ ♫

These are the men who, in the words of our beloved Lincoln, gave to the world, under God, a New Nation.

The American Renaissance

THE fifth great date in history is the year Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six.

At that time was held the first World's Fair in America. The Centennial Exposition, and the work leading up to it, was the greatest educational factor of the century.

It aroused people to an appreciation of the greatness and magnificence of our country. It brought folks together from all over the world, and literally we joined hands across the sea. We ceased calling to each other over gulfs of misunderstanding, and having begun to know each other we grew to respect each other. ¶ The Philadelphia Centennial Exposition inspired and fired the minds of inventors, writers, artists, builders.

America was born again.

We had new ideals, new ambitions, new aspirations.

Business prospered ♫ Railroads were constructed, bridges built, mountains tunneled. We were given fresh courage and renewed strength ♫ ♫

At the Centennial Exposition was first exhibited the Typewriter, the Incandescent Electric Light, the Trolley-Car, three things that have helped to transform the world.

At the Centennial Exposition was first publicly shown in America the practical working philosophy of the Kindergarten. And the Kindergarten has revolutionized the business of schoolteaching, showing us the value of play and revealing to us the divinity of the child. It has abolished the rod and ferule as a means of grace, and taught us that love is the one necessary adjunct in pedagogy.

The Centennial Exposition ushered in the Great American Renaissance—the time in which we now live. It is a time that will stand out in history with the times of Pericles, of Cæsar Augustus, of Michelangelo, of Thomas Jefferson.

In many ways it surpasses any and all of those named, as indeed it should, since the lessons of the past are our precious heritage. ¶ All the ages that have gone before make this time, and this place—our beloved America—possible ♫ ♫

Another Milepost

XN Nineteen Hundred Fifteen is to be held in America a great World's Exposition, to commemorate the opening of the Panama Canal ❄❄

This Exposition will mark a new birth of civilization. It will be a milepost on the path of progress.

Since Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six America has doubled her population, and her wealth has trebled.

Since Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six we have evolved a New Education; a New Practise of Medicine; a New Science of Business; a New Theology ❄❄

The religion preached now from every pulpit is the Brotherhood of Man.

The attempt is not to storm the gates of a Paradise in the skies, but to bring about Heaven on earth, here and now.

No preacher of any denomination dissents from the assumption that that which is best here is good in every star; that what is best here is the fittest preparation for a life to come.

Three words now loom large ❄ These are Co-operation, Reciprocity, Mutuality.

Since Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six, the One-Price System has become an actual fact. And the One-Price System is simply the idea of keeping faith with your customer and telling him the truth, and nothing else but truth ❄ It is a somewhat curious fact that the world of Business introduced Truth as a practical working maxim.

Doctor Eliot is right when he calls the love of Truth the new virtue.

What we used to work for was victory.

Now we perceive that victory at the expense of Truth is dearly bought.

A Glorious Object-Lesson

ABOVE and beyond all places in America, the city of San Francisco has taught the world a lesson of what men can do when they join hands for a common good.

Swept by fire in April, Nineteen Hundred Six, she today, after four years' time, has the most beautiful business district of any city in the world.

Her architecture is the last word in the builder's art ❄❄

He who would see what iron, concrete and brick can do, when cemented by Human Brotherhood, must see San Francisco.

Here courage and love loomed above calamity,

and men with no tangible resources were given credit without limit.

Why?

Because they deserved it.

The Mecca of the West

SAN FRANCISCO is the lar est city on the Pacific Ocean.

The marriage of the Atlantic and the Pacific should be celebrated on the Pacific.

And San Francisco is the one and only fitting place ❄❄

If the Exposition were a matter of advertising and helping some particular locality, other places might have our consideration. But in selecting a location for a great World's Fair we must consider the needs, wants and requirements of the world—and especially the needs of the whole United States, not omitting Canada, for Canada covers more square miles than do the States, and from Canada we have much to learn.

The proper education of the East demands that she should see the prairies, plains, valleys and mountains of the West.

The journey to California is a continual panorama of delight.

I have made the trip every year for ten years, and each time I enjoy it more.

Travel stimulates, educates and inspires.

The overland trip will do the average New England boy or girl more good than a year in College. ¶ San Francisco is the supreme expression of the New Science of Business or Human Betterment.

No architect, builder, landscape-gardener, electrician, educator, artist, business man, can afford to miss San Francisco.

The one big lesson the world needs most is the lesson of Confidence.

Man must have faith in man.

Prosperity is only possible where men believe in other men.

Credit is the lifeblood of commerce.

The way the people of San Francisco stood by each other in those hours of calamity—and since—redeems the race from some indelicate aspersions on the human race that we used to hear.

This is essentially an Age of Faith—go to San Francisco and see what man hath wrought!

The Badge of Superiority

THE heart of a people is revealed in their architecture," said Pericles.

Exactly so. Cheap people build cheaply. The

badge of superiority is to build for the future. ¶ "Lay hold on eternal life," wrote Saint Paul to the Corinthians, the Bible says. But a later translation gives it thus, "Lay hold on the age to come!"

That is, build for the generations that are to follow, and leave this world a better place than you found it.

The new San Francisco is built for the centuries. It is fast becoming the modern Athens, thanks to the devotion or genius of her architects and the men of money who employ them.

There is nothing of the new San Francisco that is cheap, tawdry or commonplace. It is quiet, solid, simple, effective and wondrous beautiful. ❦

Use and Beauty have joined hands to make this one modern city, where disaster was smelted and melted into power and purpose.

¶ It is a city of steel and concrete, beautified with bronze, granite and marble.

Earthquake and fire taught the Franciscans life-lessons and they have been quick to learn.

¶ Loss and calamity are the great teachers. ❦ Disaster cements human hearts as nothing else can, and fellowship—Divine Fellowship—gives the courage to do, dare and overcome.

¶ New York, Chicago, London, Paris and Berlin give San Francisco unlimited credit.

¶ While the fire was still raging, a San Francisco merchant telegraphed to New York: "Have lost all. Store, stock and home are gone. Insurance doubtful. Will start business as soon as you can get me goods. Ship anything."

In less than twenty-four hours, ten carloads of goods were en route to this man of undaunted faith and unflinching courage.

The world takes a man at the estimate he places upon himself.

If you believe in yourself, the world stands ready to back you.

The moral is—but never mind that!

San Francisco—1915!

SAN FRANCISCO is the one and only place for the Panama Exposition of Nineteen Hundred Fifteen.

California is eight hundred miles long, and two hundred miles wide. It stretches as far as from New York City to Jacksonville, Florida.

¶ California is the second largest State in the Union. Counting bays and inlets, it is washed by fifteen hundred miles of sea, where the tide ebbs and flows.

She has the climate of the tropics, and mountains upon which the snows never melt. In San Francisco there are no hot, muggy days, nor humid nights. ❦ The average Summer temperature is fifty-nine, and the Winter is only seven degrees less.

In the production of oranges, California stands first. ❦

In gold, silver and copper, first.

In its big trees, first.

In waterpower and electric possibilities, first.

¶ With San Francisco's appropriation of five million dollars for concrete docks, it stands first in harbor facilities.

In the production of wheat, California was first until the Dakotas got busy. But in California you can see twenty-four and sometimes thirty-six horses, driven by one man, to a machine that cuts, threshes and bags the wheat.

In the raising of blooded horses, sheep and cattle, California is well to the front.

San Francisco has a hundred or more good hotels. Many of these are so excellent in their appointments that, if situated in cities, say, like Buffalo, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Cleveland, Louisville or New Orleans, they would rank as first-class hotels.

In truth, they are first-class hotels.

But beyond these San Francisco has three hotels that outclass anything in the hotel line in America—Chicago and New York City, only, excepted. ❦

These three palatial San Francisco hotels are The Saint Francis, The Fairmont and The Palace. Paris, London and Saint Petersburg have nothing finer, nothing more complete. They challenge the admiration of the world.

The Land of Sunshine

CALIFORNIA is a land of sunshine, a land of health, a place of wealth, where the harvest is ripe and the laborers are few.

In no locality in the world is skilled labor paid as much; in no place in the world is existence so simple and the necessities of life so cheap.

On the other hand, if you want to loosen up and let 'er go, you can waste money here, just as you can in Paris, London or New York. ❦ But the lavishness of Nature and the mildness of the climate put comforts within the reach of the proletariat.

In the San Joaquin Valley, in many villages I saw cantaloupes and watermelons growing in the streets; figs, grapes, raisins, peaches,

oranges overhung the sidewalks; no garden had a wall, no farm a fence, and no farmer a bulldog.

At Tulare, they loaded my automobile so full of flowers and fruit that the chauffeur could not find his mail-pouch, much less his accelerator ۞

California has everything which men prize. God has smiled upon her as upon no other State in the Union.

The Fair may be mediocre, but nobody who goes to see it will go away disappointed. The journey is a mine of joy.

However, the Fair can not fail in San Francisco.

¶ The men who have built and are building the new San Francisco are back of the project. They know no such word as fail.

The men who built San Francisco will build the Fair. Can more than this be said? Have they not already proved their fitness?

San Francisco deserves the Fair.

She suggested it in Nineteen Hundred Four, when R. B. Hale laid his plans for a great World's Exposition before the city.

Since San Francisco banished the rats by rooting up and burning every board sidewalk, and clearing out every place where a rodent could hide, she is the most healthful city in America. Her death-rate is twelve per thousand ۞

In point of wealth, California's Savings-Bank deposits rank fourth.

Her population is intelligent, high-minded, generous—a money-making and a money-spending people. No wonder San Francisco is the city loved round the world. Her hospitality is unbounded. All California is proud of San Francisco. She swings wide her golden gates and bids the world enter.

Roads, Homes and Harbors

✱ F the Exposition were merely to boom some certain city that needs booming, we would all say, "Why, yes; of course—let'er go!"

But the primal purpose of a great World's Fair is not to add a commercial value to any particular city, town or section. It is to show the people of our entire country, and the world as well, who we are, what we are, and what we have to offer in way of human betterment.

It is to give inspiration and an impulse to human progress.

In selecting a site, we must choose a place that

has many and varied attractions in itself. It must be a place that can feed, lodge and entertain two hundred thousand visitors at one time.

And the more it can show them, coming and going, so as to make the trip profitable and impressive, the better.

The Fair exists primarily for the education of the people.

The Midway, Pike, Mardi Gras and Pay-Streak features are quite incidental.

Let us not lose sight of the fact that we are entering upon a New Epoch, the mightiest and most far-reaching which this tired old world has ever seen.

Instead of one Athens, America is to have hundreds. Instead of one Venice, dozens will be ours.

Augustus said to the Romans, "I found your city mud and I left it marble." But Rome at her best is to be outclassed, right here in America ۞

We have two hundred times the resources that Cæsar Augustus possessed.

California has now more miles of macadamized roads than Julius Cæsar, the father of road-building, ever constructed ۞ The State of California is expending three million dollars a year for good roads.

Military conquest was the actuating impulse in the heart of the Romans when they built their roads.

Peace, plenty, pleasure and prosperity are the inspiration of ours.

Let us here confess it at once—it's the automobile that is doing this good roads work. We want to travel far and fast.

The folks who own autos are the men of influence, and the auto is the one great factor for good in all good roads agitation. The man with an auto is a liberal fellow; if he were a tight-wad, he would n't have one. And when you say "good roads" to him, he simply loosens up and passes you out his walletoski.

¶ So auto-owners form a veritable consolidation of good-roads boomers.

There are more five-thousand-dollar autos in San Francisco than in any other city in America except Chicago. Your modern son of Saint Francis is very apt to think that the best is none too good.

To the North, East and South of San Francisco, the roads are a joy to the automobilist, and they are getting better all the time.

Commercial Facilities

THE strange thing in San Francisco is the very moderate price of residence property ♪ ♪

Think a minute and the reason is plain. The auto and the motor-boat have built up the outlying sections.

San Francisco has the finest harbor in the world. It is landlocked, save for its Golden Gate, which is only half a mile wide.

This harbor has more than a hundred miles of frontage. All along its blue waters, where the tide ebbs and flows twice a day, are towns, villages, and country-houses—many of which are actual palaces.

The mountains and hills challenge the road-builder. Circling the hills by easy ascent are roads that are a continual delight. On many, the traffic is allowed to go in one direction only, thus insuring safety ♪ In other places are straightaway courses like the road leading to San Jose, where for fifty miles the course is a boulevard, level as a dancing-floor, and straight as the crow's flight.

The coming Fair will be a vast Automobile Show and a Good-Roads Show, not by intention, but because it can not be otherwise. No nice little city streets will do; you must have space—hundreds and thousands of miles of space—to show and test machines.

The arid plain has no terrors for an auto tourist, but a swamp will scare him stiff.

Hundreds now go every year from New York, Chicago, the East and the Middle West to the Pacific Coast ♪ And in Nineteen Hundred Fifteen, thousands will go.

It may be a foolish way to travel, but there is a fascination about the "Overland Trail" that is a challenge and a lure.

A very good way to manage folks is to let 'em do as they want. We must move in the direction of least resistance. The autos carrying San Francisco flags at the mizzens will move Westward about June, Nineteen Hundred Fifteen, by the thousands. It is cheaper than the swell European tour, and better far for nerves and digestion.

Honk, honk—we're off!

The "Ease of Access" Fallacy

THE arguments of "ease of access" and the "center of population" are fallacious.

¶ No Exposition ever held in America was so successful as the one at Seattle.

No Exposition was such an abject failure,

financially and otherwise, as the one at Jamestown ♪ ♪

New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington were all less than a day's travel away from Jamestown; but the folks gave Jamestown absent treatment, because there was nothing to see going or coming. When we travel, we want to go somewhere that is worth while ♪ ♪

The world may be wrong in its travel tendencies, but life is too short to devote to upsetting prejudices.

It's the seashore for us in the good old Summer-time!

We flee the house-fly and the horsefly and put distance between us and the humid ♪

We want the waters that run and the winds that blow; for only running water is pure, and stagnant air means stagnant brains.

Give us the boom of the surf; the winds of the plains; the cascades of the mountains; the breezes blowing from the sea or the eternal snow-capped peaks.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my strength."

What Folks Want

SAN FRANCISCO is the financial metropolis for the biggest mining and mineral interests in the world. Gold, silver, copper, coal, lead and the semi-precious stones are on every hand, and their actual production is an object-lesson which once seen is never forgotten ♪ Three-fourths of the population of the United States is North of the Ohio River. No World's Fair can be a success without the hearty co-operation of the Eastern and Middle States. They contain the enterprise, the initiative, the money which has given America her proud place among the Powers.

Travelers in Summer go North, not South ♪ And all agree that the Fair must be in the Summer, not the Winter. Americans take their vacations in June, July, August to September. We have to accept this fact simply because we can't change it. The people of Ohio, Illinois and Iowa, much less New England, move East and West at vacation-time. Even admitting that the prejudices are ill-founded, the fact remains; they are rock-ribbed and adamant.

The tide of Summer travel is now already fixed towards the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean ♪ ♪

Yellowstone Park, the Yosemite, the Grand

Canyon are all great objective points. Moreover, they are places that no educated American can afford to miss. We take our children to the Yellowstone, as we once thought necessary to take them to Paris.

Any business, art or enterprise that hopes to succeed must move with the eternal tides of the human heart, not against them.

It is hard to educate people into things they do not want to do. To attempt it is usually to beckon for the referee in bankruptcy.

How to Get There

MANY people do not realize that there are now ten splendidly equipped trans-continental railroad-lines. ¶ In order to avoid the danger of being put in the Ananias Club, it may be well to name them. They are:

1. The Canadian Pacific.
2. The Great Northern.
3. The Northern Pacific.
4. The Chicago, Milwaukee and Saint Paul.
5. The Union Pacific.
6. The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy.
7. The Denver, Rio Grande and Salt Lake Route.
8. The Rock Island.
9. The Southern Pacific.
10. The Western Pacific, the new Gould line from Salt Lake to San Francisco.

¶ All these lines now make a through rate of thirty-three dollars to excursionists to California, from Chicago.

If San Francisco gets the Fair, as she surely will, it can safely be counted on that we will have a rate better than one cent a mile.

¶ The Canadian Pacific will come in strong, it is already known, with a twenty-five-dollar rate or better to San Francisco from Chicago, via Saint Paul and Winnipeg to Vancouver and thence by steamship. Lots of good folks Down East do not know that Canada is on the map, and here is a chance to open their eyes which the Canucks will not overlook. ¶ From Saint Paul, Omaha and Kansas City Westward, the entire country of prairie, plains and mountains will benefit by the World's Fair in San Francisco.

Denver especially will be a natural place to break the journey. All roads lead to Denver; and New England needs the lesson that Colorado can give her.

From Salt Lake City the Oregon Short Line will make convenient trips and have low-rate fares to the famed Yellowstone.

The Sante Fe will switch you to the Grand Canyon, and everybody will go to the Yosemite as a picnic trip from San Francisco.

The desert now has no terrors. Artesian wells, artificial ice and irrigation are making the waste places green.

San Francisco, the Fair City

THE great Panama Exposition of Nineteen Hundred Fifteen will emphasize the following important industries, especially:

1. Automobiles
2. Good Roads
3. Scientific Irrigation
4. Improved Methods of Mining and Extracting Metals From Ores
5. Railroad Improvements
6. Use of Concrete
7. Use of Electricity
8. Architecture
9. Interior Decoration
10. School Gardens
11. Park Systems
12. Sewage Disposal
13. The Latest Dock Construction of Solid Concrete
14. Naval and Shipping Display
15. Motor-Boats
16. Fruit Canning and Preservation.

In all these most important lines San Francisco can now supply object-lessons beyond the dreams of any city in the world. She has, right within her own bailiwick, trained men and women who can take charge of exhibits in the enterprises named and do the work supremely well. This opportunity to pick the person to take charge, without experiment, is a great advantage.

San Francisco is no novice in the handling of big and difficult projects.

Especially, when it comes to erecting exhibition-buildings, she will have the advantage of most cities. Her working architects are practical, tried and trained men, the pick of the world.

They know what has been done, what can be done, what to do and how to do it.

And, best of all, she has the site. It will be a gently undulating series of hills, overlooking the sea, where the breezes from old ocean guarantee ozone, dust-free, life-laden, unused, fresh from the laboratory of God.

SAN FRANCISCO—1915!



Don't pursue culture—you'll scare her to death.

Co-operation and Nature



SCIENCE is the classified knowledge of the common people. Science shows us how to make our poetry practical, working it up into life and using it to irrigate the waste places of our lives.

Poets are plentiful—especially on Boston Common—but scientists are rare as white black-birds.

Aristotle was the world's first scientist. He made the world's first geological collection, the first herbarium, and the first zoological garden, barring that of Noah.

Very much of our present scientific terminology goes back to Aristotle. We call the plants by the names that Aristotle gave them.

I want here simply to quote one remark of Aristotle's. It is this, "The land that produces beautiful flowers and luscious fruits will also produce noble men and women."

That is to say, man is a product of soil and sunshine, just as much as is the tree. Man's body is over seventy per cent water. Man gets his strength from the food evolved from the ground, and more, perhaps, from the electricity in the atmosphere.

Now Aristotle loved horses. He trained horses to do his bidding. And he argued with Alexander, his pupil, that a horse was a product of Nature, and as a man could train horses, so could he also train trees and flowers. And while man himself is a product of Nature, he yet has the power to fashion and form Nature and utilize the forces of Nature. Thus does man make, in great degree, his own environment.

The Beginning of Things

THE climate of Greece is the climate of California. There are towering mountains and wide-stretching, arid plains. The snow falls upon the mountains, and man through his scientific skill can water the land which Nature has neglected.

Thus did Aristotle make the waste places provide flowers and fruits.

And then it was he said, "The land that produces beautiful flowers and luscious fruits will also produce noble men and women."

Alfred Russel Wallace says that man's first

education came through the domestication of animals. Through the responsibility of caring for animals, and the exercise of forethought for their protection, he evolves himself.

Friedrich Froebel, who was a forester before he was a schoolteacher, said that, through the care of flowers and trees, men evolved their own spiritual natures. Years after he had said this, Froebel was surprised to find that Aristotle, twenty-three centuries before, had expressed the same idea.

Prayers for rain are good, but an irrigating ditch is more reliable. Providence has to be re-enforced by intellect before we get the highest good. God certainly needs man, for God's fruits and flowers can not compare with those where man has brought human system, science and love to bear.

Darwin does not say that man descended from the monkey. He does say, however, that man and the monkey had a common ancestor. Long centuries ago there were two brothers that lived in the woods. One took to the plains and became a man. The other one remained in the woods, and is a monkey yet.

Evolution

HERE Nature is too lavish in her gifts man does not grow. In order to evolve and advance, man must do his part, meeting the Dame, at least half-way.

If Nature does too much for you, it is exactly the same as if your parents supplied all your wants. That monkey in the woods lived on nuts and berries, and a hollow tree was his house.

The brother on the plains had to build a home. He exercised his ingenuity and worked. He passed through the savage stage where he lived on the wild products of Nature. Then he caught a cub wolf and it grew up and lived with him, helping him catch game. Then to domesticate goats and sheep and cattle was to make food and skins for clothing reasonably sure.

So man passes out from the savage stage to that of the nomad who herds his cattle and sheep in the valleys where there is water and pasturage.

To ride an ox, horse or camel comes along as a natural result.

Then to plant seeds and sow grain in order to feed the horses and cattle, and incidentally to make bread for himself, rather than to depend upon the chance bounty of Nature, follows in due course.

So man evolves from a shepherd into a farmer: from the nomad into an agriculturist.

To depend upon the rainfall for water to make the grain grow and flowers blossom is the first and only way of which man knows. Then in times of drought he will carry water to moisten the parched ground.

Next, it occurs to him to make an irrigating ditch and divert a stream.

Then it is, and not till then, that flowers and fruits of the finest forms become possible. And the thought and labor required to provide the water evolves the man.

So Nature lures men on to the struggle for things, and eventually it comes to the worker that he himself has grown and evolved through the struggle.

Nature's Partnership With Man

WELL did Aristotle say, that "the land that produces beautiful flowers and luscious fruits will also produce noble men and women." And in the production of the finest flowers and fruits, man finds his own soul. The nations that have made the greatest impress have been those which lived in dry and arid districts, and not those located amid the bounteous natural gifts that exist along the coast and near the swamps and jungles where things grow lush and lusty. Wild animals, venomous serpents and poisonous plants are there also, to neutralize the natural advantages.

But on the arid plains the dangers of miasma and disease are minimized. With the aid of irrigation man controls the supply of moisture. He plants the things he cares for. He selects, rejects, crosses, breeds and devotes his talents to scientific cultivation.

Egypt was a land of canals. Assyria grew great, prospered and ruled the world because she knew how to apply water to desert land, where God supplied the sunshine.

Egypt and Assyria went down to their death when their citizens forsook the gardens and flocked to the cities to have a good time, leaving to slaves the land where grew the flowers and fruits.

Greece grew great on the tax collected from men who knew how to irrigate. The climate and soil of Greece are the same as that of California—vast mountains and arid plains.

¶ Through the garden of Plato ran a diverted stream whose waters were cold and sparkling from the mountains.

Plato was under the ditch; for Academus who owned the ranch had banked his all on a canal, which finally made him one of the millionaires of Athens.

Here it was that Aristotle lived, where the sky was blue three hundred days in the year, amid the lavish and laughing luxuriance of land where God supplied the sunshine and man the water. And here it was that he wrote, "The land that produces beautiful flowers and luscious fruits will also produce noble men and women."

Not the leveling down, but the building up.

Columbus

By Joaquin Miller

BEHIND him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores;
Before him only shoreless seas.

The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.

Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?"

"Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."

The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.

"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"

"Why, you shall say at break of day:
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:

"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.

These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.

Now speak, brave Adm'r'l; speak and say—"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:

"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.

He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!

Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"

The words leapt like a flaming sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Some California History

By Alice Hubbard



THE ultimate result of an act does not take into consideration the purpose which prompted the deed. As time goes on, the motive, good or bad, is forgotten and we have only the event with which to reckon. "He meant well," or "His design was ill," are equal so far as results show.

¶ Motives are born of sentiment, temperament and environment, not necessarily involving reason or judgment. ¶ Motives mean much to the individual, and make his life good or bad. But the ages do not question him as to why he did the thing. They ask him but one question, "What did you do?"

"We are brought into life without our permission, we are sent from life against our wills, and over the evening of our days there steals into our minds this truth that we are used by an unseen Power for an unknown end," said John Draper, who knew history.

In Venice in the year Thirteen Hundred lived Marco Polo. It was a time when a great unrest was sweeping over Europe. ¶ Tales of the wonders of China and India thrilled men. The world was mad for gold, and when men believed it could be found in this direction or that, they found the way to it.

Marco Polo went to China and to India.

It was he who brought from Constantinople, from the Mosque of Saint Sophia, the four bronze horses that to this day adorn Saint Mark's, in Venice.

They put Marco Polo into prison, but no walls could restrain his intrepid spirit. His imagination roamed free over the world. ¶ Again and again he lived over his travels, and fascinated his fellow prisoners with truth or fancy, as the mood and enthusiasm of the listeners dictated.

And he wrote a book, did Marco Polo, wherein he set forth the romances, the dangers, the honors, the splendor of the East, and the gold—the wondrous plenty of the gold that could be had there for the going.

Nearly two centuries after Marco Polo, at Genoa, Italy, was born Christopher Columbus. Into his possession came this wonder-book of Marco Polo. His imagination was fired with

the desire to see and feel and know just these same experiences which the great traveler had described. Columbus must find the way and by water.

Spain had great need of gold since she had expelled the Jews, and Isabella listened to what this enthusiastic mariner had to say. She heard his tale which he embellished after the fashion of travelers of his time. There was none to dispute details nor to set him straight, if Columbus did see double. What mattered it anyway? What Columbus wanted was a fleet of ships and an equipment to sail on and on and on until India, golden India, should be reached. ¶ He promised gold in abundance. ¶ He promised honors. He promised lands—mayhap, a nation. He got equipment. He sailed away to the West, ever and forever to the West.

He found, not India nor gold—what the Spanish Queen wanted—but a new world for all the world for all time. ¶ What matter his motives! His joys and his sorrows are nothing to us but a poem, a romance, a history. But his New World is to all times a result and a fact of untold importance.

The Golden Fleece

THIS new world was divided among the Nations of Europe as they could lay claim to it. The ocean was flecked here and there with fleets bearing the flags of the people who had quick-rich schemes in their minds. The French, the Dutch, the English and the Spanish struggled for supremacy.

Spain had the South—the West Indies, what is now Central America and Mexico, and finally the Southern and Southwestern part of North America. ¶

The happy, serious, childlike, independent people who roamed free over this continent when the white man first came, were not considered owners of the soil. The white man never took the Indians seriously. Whatever the conqueror wanted he took, and when it was necessary to fight for it, he fought and with deadly weapons. ¶ An unorganized, simple people have never been treated with for long. After a little show of friendliness, that impatience of might has forgotten if there were any right.

The history of the natives of America is written in water. It is a tale that is told at twilight in song and story. Now and then a white man's color is enriched by the bronze of the red man, but we forget that he, a nomad, at one time possessed the land.

Spanish Explorations

✱ **T** was in September, Fifteen Hundred Forty-two, that the first white man stepped upon the shores of California. Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, a Spaniard, sailed in June from the Western coast of Mexico with two ships. He had heard many stories about whirlpools, rocks and storms that meant death to any ship that was caught by them. But discoverers and explorers have ever thought little about death, for their minds were fixed on the goal. Besides, they liked the journey, and they were brave men who played the game according to the rules. When death came, they met it with hands on the rudder, holding the prow of the ship in the eye of the wind.

The beautiful bay which Cabrillo entered was San Miguel, which name the good captain gave it; it is now known to us as San Diego. After a week's stay in this harbor, Cabrillo still sailing North came to Santa Catalina Island, and won the friendship of the Indians. Then he entered the Bay of San Pedro and touched the mainland still farther North, where the town of Ventura now is. October Twelfth, Fifteen Hundred Forty-two, Cabrillo and his men went on shore and took possession of the land in the name of Spain and the viceroy of Mexico.

Still North went Cabrillo, planting the flag of Spain. He landed at San Miguel Island and claimed that for his country, too. ✱ Then he entered the bay at Monterey, and discovered and named the mountains of the Sierra Nevada. ✱ As far North as forty degrees went Cabrillo, always looking for the Golden Isle where rich spices and richer gold were said to be.

The brave commander had had his arm broken at San Miguel, and exposure and hardships did their worst for him.

He was sick. The ships put back to their shelter at San Miguel. ✱ There, on January Third, Fifteen Hundred Forty-three, the brave Cabrillo died, after receiving the promise from his pilot, Ferrelo, to continue, until death came to him, the search for the strait which led to Golden India. ✱ ✱

In the sands of Cuyler Harbor, on San Miguel Island, they buried Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, discoverer of the State of California.

Past the Golden Gate for which he was searching, he had sailed, but neither he nor his faithful Ferrelo had seen the entrance to the San Francisco Bay, more wonderful and beautiful than

even their imaginations could ever have conjured forth.

English Explorations

✱ **S**IR FRANCIS DRAKE, fitted out with a fleet of ships by Queen Elizabeth and a few rich Englishmen, vowed vengeance upon the Spanish Armada. Any Spanish ship or any property that he could find, he took, if he could, and called it his own.

Spain hated England for state reasons. Drake hated Spaniards for a personal cause.

Pirate is the term sometimes applied to men engaged in the kind of commerce Drake was carrying on. But this nobleman lived in the Sixteenth Century, when the code of morals varied a little from that of the Twentieth Century. The way of doing a deed differs with the ages. The deed is the same.

Drake thought he had cause for despoiling Spaniards wherever he found them. Also, he was sure that the Grace of God was in his heart. On his first trip to America he had seen the Pacific Ocean from a high tree in Panama. His seaman's heart longed to sail the waters of the great sea. So when the Queen knighted him, and gave into his command five ships with stores and provisions, his dearest wish was fulfilled.

He sailed the length of the Atlantic, passed through the Strait of Magellan, and took all the Spanish booty he could find—did this fearless dog of the sea. North into Spanish waters he sailed and plundered still more. ✱ Four of his five ships were lost from him. His own, "The Golden Hind," was so laden with gold, silver and precious jewels, that she staggered like a bee gorged with too much honey. ✱ ✱

Drake dared not go back to England by way of the Strait of Magellan, for all Spain would be on the lookout for him. There was just one thing for him to do—to circle the globe. Up along the coast of California he came, keeping well from shore. He passed just West of the Farallones Islands, but the Golden Gate he did not see. ✱ ✱

On they went with fear behind them and hope before. The cold of the North drove them South, and they anchored in Drake Bay, thirty miles North of San Francisco.

Drake put in here for repairs, met the native king of an Indian tribe, was crowned with an Indian crown and planted there the English flag. ✱ ✱

After a month's stay, the "Golden Hind" with all her cargo moved out of the harbor, never to return ♫

England had come and gone, but none of her people was ever a pioneer of California.

Mexican Explorations

✱ **I**N May, Sixteen Hundred Two, Don Sebastian Vizcaino was sent out from Mexico, New Spain, under the direction of the King of Spain, to find a harbor and lands along the coast of California for supplies for the Spanish ships from Manila.

Vizcaino sailed twice past the Golden Gate, as the others had done, but did not find the Bay of San Francisco.

All these navigators were looking for the legendary Strait of Amian, which would lead them into a country of cities laden with wealth which would be theirs for the taking.

But none of these explorers found it. They all left a trackless sea ♫ They had added to the wealth of the world only more legends and a few facts.

The Missions

✱ **T**HE interest in the coast of California slept for nearly two centuries. But the sun set over the waters of the Golden Gate for men from the interior.

In Seventeen Hundred Forty-nine, there went from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico a solitary traveler, sick and wan, limping as he walked. Over this same road had gone Montezuma with all his splendor and pageantry. Over this same road had gone, too, Cortez with all his conquering host, up to the City of Mexico.

Over this same road were yet to come the Governors of Mexico and California, sent by the King of Spain to look after his proud possessions in the New World. And over this same road, too, the conquered Spanish were to retire, back across the seas whence they came ♫

The solitary traveler going unescorted from Vera Cruz to Mexico City was Junipero Serra, a Spanish priest, thirty-six years old, full of the enthusiasm of a conqueror.

His weapon was his prayer-book. His conquest was to be in California—to convert the Indians to the Catholic faith, to found Missions there and to establish this religion for all time ♫ A hundred years before, two Jesuit priests had received permission from the Government to make missionary settlements in Lower California. The Government would give no

money to the Missions, but allowed the priests to collect what they could.

They were enthusiastic, persistent, persuasive men, and sometimes received large sums of money ♫ No one asked where or how they secured these riches, and they satisfied themselves that they were doing the Will of God.

¶ This money they invested well in the City of Mexico. This wealth was called the Pius Fund, and it was so established that it was a secure source of supply upon which to rely.

¶ In Seventeen Hundred Sixty-seven when all the Jesuit priests were called back to Spain, the Pius Fund and the Missions were practically given over to the Order of Saint Francis, of which Order Junipero Serra was made Director. ¶ Galvez, the Mexican Governor, was appointed by the Spanish King to superintend the change of the priests. He was, also, to establish and fortify the ports of San Diego and Monterey, and to extend the Spanish dominion, check invasions into Spanish territory, and establish a town on the California coast for the trade from Manila.

Galvez knew humanity. When he had organized four expeditions, two to go by land and two by sea, to settle Upper California, he knew that soldiers and military discipline could not establish anything permanent ♫ Religious fervor and the authority of Jehovah expressed by an honest priest would hold men together when the command of the King could not. Galvez knew, too, that Junipero Serra was the man to lead. "Surely, it is God's work to carry the cross of the holy faith (Santa Fe) into the wilderness, and He will go with us. Can you not hear the heathen calling us to bring them the blessed Gospel? I have lived all my life for this glorious day," said Padre Junipero Serra. So Galvez sent Junipero with the expedition ♫

In San Diego, Sunday, July Sixteenth, Seventeen Hundred Sixty-nine, Junipero Serra unpacked and hung the first Mission bells, and they rang out in the sun-kissed valley while the little band chanted hymns, prayed and praised their God for the gift of that day.

This was the first of the twenty-one Missions established by Junipero Serra. Each Mission was fortified by a fort occupied by soldiers. The presidio, or fort, was within easy call, and gave the physical strength required to keep discipline within the Mission precincts, and without.

Life in the Missions

TWO by two the priests went from one Mission to establish another, and with them went seven or ten soldiers and converted Indians—neophytes, they were called—ever pushing on to the North.

Over all these Missions Padre Junipero Serra presided. Under his supervision they became rich, very rich. The San Luis Rey Mission, perhaps the richest of all, had a church one hundred sixty feet long, fifty-eight feet wide, and sixty feet high. There were two hundred fifty-six arches in the long corridor. It had a baptized Indian population of several thousand, owned twenty-four thousand cattle, ten thousand horses, one hundred thousand sheep, and harvested fourteen thousand bushels of grain.

¶ The Indians were detained in the Missions and kept under the beneficent tyranny of the padre. The women and girls lived in one part of the Mission and the men in another. All rose at the call of the sunrise bell and went to prayers in the church. Their breakfast was served immediately after, and then all went to their work. The men were ever under a supervisor—in the fields, with the cattle, in their building. ¶ The women sewed, carded wool, spun it, wove it into cloth. They ground the corn and wheat and cooked it, and they kept the houses clean and in order.

Dinner was served at eleven and work again resumed at two o'clock. One hour before sunset the bells were again rung which called to evening prayers. Then followed supper and games until bedtime. ¶ The Presidio insured obedience to this regularity of life, and the punishments meted out brought obedience. ¶ The success of communal life turns upon the wisdom, strength and mental power of the beneficent tyrant who must control the time and energy of the workers.

Father Junipero's work was a financial success. All who lived in the Missions lived well and wholesomely. They were taught order, decency, cleanliness and somewhat of their duty to their fellow man.

He introduced into California Spanish fruits, oranges, lemons, olives and grains.

He showed for all time that California land needs only water to make it literally blossom as the rose and to make the waste places glad. But when he and his generation passed away, the Missions were dissolved and the Indians went back to their own.

Father Junipero Serra died at the Mission of San Carlos. There he lies buried.

His purpose was sweet and pure, his energy sublime. ¶

All that remain to us of the Missions of California are a poem, a song and a romance. ¶ For us there is only the memory.

For the poet and the weaver of romance, the sweet bells of the Missions yet ring out on the still, sunlit air; holy hands are clasped in prayer; the gentle voice of the padre invites to lift the heart to God.

But in California as she is today—a throbbing, pulsing, living entity of power—there is no trace of the Spanish Mission.

The Missions were only temporary settlements. No families came to make their homes there. The Indians, a wild race, were corraled for a time, but when the walls of the Mission were broken down they went back to the trackless forest whence they came.

Priest and soldier brought no wife, made no home. Priest and soldier have never made homes, never settled a country. Men alone have never made a nation. They conquer and devastate homes, then fly back to their own country. ¶

But no land has ever been benefited by half a race. Men alone can lay waste, scatter, destroy; but without women there is no construction, no permanence, no abiding, no nation. ¶

San Francisco Bay

THE second land party which Galvez sent out from Mexico, in Seventeen Hundred Sixty-seven, was under the command of Governor Portola. They left Padre Junipero Serra at San Diego and traveled North for nearly two months. Portola and many of his men had become sick, and they encamped overlooking Drake's Bay.

Sergeant Ortega and a few men were sent on with three days' provisions to explore the coast-line. Ortega was the first white man to set foot on the site of the "Guardian City of the Western coast." Coming suddenly up the summit of one of the brush-covered hills, he saw spread out before him San Francisco Bay, the bay for which Cabrillo, Ferrelo, Drake and Vizcaino all had sought and passed by as they went up and down the coast. Sixty miles of peaceful waters lay there before him, a bay like which there is no other, the wonder and the glory of the world.

Ortega pushed on to the Presidio Hills and from there he saw the Golden Gate, with the sun dropping down into the sea, enshrouded in robes of glory. This bay, Junipero thought, Saint Francis might have reserved for his own Mission. And so San Francisco Bay it is to this day, and San Francisco is the city. In what is now known as the Mission district, Sixteenth and Dolores Streets, was once the Mission of Saint Francis.

Lieutenant Ayala, of the Spanish Navy, with the ship "San Carlos," was the first to pass through the Golden Gate and anchor in San Francisco Bay.

The Portola Festival of October, Nineteen Hundred Nine, was the celebration, in San Francisco, of the discovery of the San Francisco Bay. It was a historic carnival which lasted for three days—a time of reminiscence for the old and of merrymaking for the young.

Ortega discovered to the world the Golden Gate, the entrance from the West to America.

Some Predictions

THE opportunity of the Pacific has only been guessed at.

Nearly two-thirds of the people of the earth inhabit the lands washed by the Pacific.

Commerce has always moved Westward.

When Mr. Seward was urging the purchase of Alaska, he said, "The Pacific coast will be the mover in developing a commerce to which that of the Atlantic will be but a fraction."

¶ In Eighteen Hundred Sixteen, Otto von Kotzebue, captain of the Russian ship "Kurik," visited San Francisco and said of California, "It has hitherto been the fate of these regions to remain unnoticed; but posterity will do them justice; towns and cities will flourish where all is now desert; the waters over which scarcely a solitary boat is yet seen to glide will reflect the flags of all nations; and a happy, prosperous people receiving with thankfulness what prodigal Nature bestows for their use will dispense her treasures over every part of the world."

Development

XN Seventeen Hundred Sixty-nine, the coast by sea and by land had been well explored. The priests were working with the Indians, and felt they were doing God's will when they were planting and harvesting, building churches and Missions. All these were to disappear and be but a memory. Steadily and surely the Spaniards and Mexicans were coming into Cali-

fornia, bringing their families with them, building houses, cultivating the land and making permanent homes.

The ranches were many and they were very large. It was no small task to care for them and for the men and women who did the work. Industry was the first lesson taught; obedience a close second.

La Patrona (the mistress) was the first one up in the morning and the last one to retire at night. She directed her household and supervised all the work and the play. No one ate the bread of idleness. ¶ There were no schools except the school of life which La Patrona taught—prayers, conduct of life, the industries of spinning, dyeing, weaving, sewing, embroidering, grinding grain, cooking, cleaning. ¶ La Patron (the master) managed, through his majordomo, the work of the farm.

It was a simple life—for the most part, wholesome and hearty.

And also into California came white men from the East. Some came by way of the Northwest. Some sailed down the Atlantic Coast and crossed the Isthmus of Panama and then sailed North on the Pacific. Others came by way of the Horn, to this land of sunshine. ¶ California had been well traversed before Eighteen Hundred Forty-six, but it was not until then, when Captain Fremont explored that great country, made a map of it and described it, that it was known and made available to many people.

In Eighteen Hundred Forty-two, under the order of the United States Government, Fremont made his first journey into the unknown West. ¶

In Eighteen Hundred Forty-six, this "pathfinder and roadmaker of the West" conducted an exploring and scientific expedition of sixty men, and encamped in the Valley of the San Joaquin, then moved on into the heart of California and North to Oregon.

Just why we laid claim to California, how we got it, what injustice we meted out to Indian and Californian, Captain Fremont knew. We dare not investigate. These facts remain: that we envied Mexico it; that we were stronger and more worldly-wise than she; that we took California; that we are developing it.

The process was conquest, and when men work to conquer, Justice, Mercy, Right hide their faces and do not look out upon the blue of the sky until the deed is done.

Mexico lost she knew not what. The United States gained a wealth the greatness of which she never dreamed nor does she now know.

¶ The Government of the United States manipulated the affair, and much was done in a way that Shakespeare might have called hugger-mugger * *

However, there was little bloodshed during the conquest. The Californians were a peace-loving, life-loving, living-loving people, and these qualities came into the hearts of their conquerors and to their descendants forever * For three years California had been under military rule, unsatisfactory to all. A more permanent form of government, uniform with the States of the Union, was the universal desire * *

A constitution was written and agreed upon in California. Colonel Fremont was sent, in June, Eighteen Hundred Fifty, with Doctor Gwin as Senator to Washington with the Constitution of California to get the approval of Congress. Since the surrender of General Pico, August Tenth, Eighteen Hundred Forty-six, until this time, Colonel Fremont had come to know the people of California. In Washington, his counsel concerning our obligations to the Californians was wise and just.

At the National Capitol, the great question to be settled was, not whether California should be admitted into the Union, but whether she should be admitted as a Free State or as a Slave State.

¶ The whole Nation was astir.

Clay had presented his Omnibus Bill. Calhoun had written his dying speech, which shook the North to her foundations. Webster had delivered his famous oration which answered all the arguments that could arise—so said the North.

¶ Seward saw that to delay too long would be dangerous to the Union, and urged the admission of California "without condition, without qualifications and without compromise!"

On September Ninth, Eighteen Hundred Fifty, California was so admitted.

Great was the demonstration in San Francisco in October, Eighteen Hundred Fifty, when "The Oregon" was sighted, covered with bunting, all her flags flying. ¶ Throughout the State there was wild rejoicing. California was justly proud of her place in the Nation.

The Discovery of Gold

UNTIL Eighteen Hundred Forty-two, California was prized for her climate, her farmland, her trees, and most of all for her

seacoast, her wonderful San Francisco Bay with its golden entrance from the Orient. The soft, balmy air, the sunny skies, the wonderful flowers and fruits, gave a more than poetic meaning to the name of Mother Nature and made a lovely and lovable home. All this seemed wealth enough.

One morning in March, Eighteen Hundred Forty-two, Juan Lopez, a Californian, pulled up a wild onion * Clinging to its roots, he noticed, were little lumps of yellow that he thought were gold. To make sure, he rode to Los Angeles, a few miles away, with specimens * *

Yes, it was gold—that lure that had beckoned into all kinds of danger, madness and sin, since the time when the Argo set sail for Colchis to capture the golden fleece.

Then began "placer" mining, where the metal was loosely mixed with the soil. The pick, pan, knife, and the cradle in which the miner washed out the gold became objects of interest at once. Many thousands of dollars' worth of gold were rocked by the miners of the San Fernando mines.

However, the gold of California was merely of local interest until Eighteen Hundred Forty-eight, when on January Twenty-fourth, gold was really discovered.

Argonauts

IN the year Eighteen Hundred Five, the Czar of Russia sent an exploring expedition into California with the purpose of founding a settlement there. They bought from the Indians around Russian River in Sonoma county a large tract of land, paying for it three blankets, three pairs of trousers, two axes, three hoes and some beads. But the Russians were not permanent * They were hunters and explorers, not settlers * In Eighteen Hundred Forty-one, the Russians having captured the otters in that vicinity, sold their property to John Sutter, a Swiss. ¶ He was a man of great enterprise, and gave employment to many people. His ranch was a haven for the immigrants, and his love for California grew with the years. The overland trail led to Sutter's Fort. Reports came that the East was sending people West. Sutter, in order to provide for them when they should arrive, decided to build a flourmill. To build this he must build a sawmill to cut the lumber. ¶ On the present site of Coloma they built the mill. All was ready. To see that the millrace

THE ART OF ADVERTISING

Three Decades Ago and Now



ABOUT thirty years ago, there began to appear in the columns of the *Wire-Grass Weeklies* a new style of Advertising.

It started in as a news-item and ended as an appeal for Bushwhacker's Bitters.

It was a cheap and seductive literary illusion—a sort of bucolic practical joke, netting and disappointing to the reader.

It had one virtue: It was interesting—until you discovered that you were being treated like a troglodyte.

The fact that this sort of advertising has gone out of fashion is pretty good proof that it was not profitable.

It was like that peculiar form of Holiday Card, designed in imitation of a New York Draft, making payable to you on demand, "One Thousand Blessings."

Only the crossroads humorist would use a thing like that as a token of friendship. It excites a person's hope, curiosity, credulity, and then reaps his resentment. It is like filling Christmas Stockings with sawdust.

It is a mistake to raise false hopes—'ware of the reaction.

¶ But now comes a new style of advertisement, founded on the old idea of luring the reader on, but without its disappointing features.

I write advertisements for rest and recreation. But I only write about the things I know have merit plus.

If your heart is in a theme, when you write about it, the product is easy to read, instructive and amusing. These publicity articles, I frankly head, "An Advertisement."

Thus at the start, I disarm disappointment and make peace with prejudice. Some of these advertisements are readable. A few are read from the first word to the last, and some of

AN ADVERTISEMENT

By *ELBERT HUBBARD*

them impress good people and great, with the truth, beauty and desirability of the thing advertised.

"No sane man could read your advertisements for 'The Equitable Life' without wishing he had a half-million dollars on his life," thus wrote to me a certain eminent Railroad President.

And here is something a good woman said: "I could love any man with a million dollars' life-insurance, because only a decent, brave, healthy and manly man could secure such an honor."

The woman who made this remark had been reading THE FRA and had gotten a brand-new view of life and life-insurance.

¶ She could not now imagine a man with a nice big policy on his life, who kept bad hours, had a bad breath, used bad language, fell into downhearted moods, or lost his buoyant smile of faith that life, love and work are good.

¶ The chief value of life-insurance seems to be that it gives the man insured an increased capacity for meeting the natural and inevitable trials, difficulties and obstacles of life.

¶ We fight the cussedness of inanimate things, the stupidity and inappreciation of the public—also, we fight our own limitations. But to meet these things with faith and fortitude and know in advance that you are victor—this is to live.

¶ That is the big thing at last—to live!

And all that which helps us to live is good.

The man who lives rightly will die gracefully when his time comes.

And he'll not die a hundred deaths before.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

of the United States

"Strongest in the World"

The Company which pays its death-claims on the day it receives them.
PAUL MORTON, President. 120 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY
AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend to us some good man—or woman—to represent us there? Great opportunities today in Life-insurance work for the **EQUITABLE**

was complete for work, they let the water into the race during the night.

By morning the waters had washed the bed clean of the loose dirt. James Marshall, the builder of the mill, saw in the sand little lumps of yellow like gold. And it was gold.

General Sherman, then lieutenant, carried a can of it to Washington, crossing the Isthmus of Panama on horseback.

"Gold discovered in California!" was the announcement that went out to every part of the country. "Gold in abundance!"

San Francisco went to the mines almost to a man. To get rich quickly was better than to toil slowly and then get merely a living.

The gold fever was epidemic. East, West, North and South poured men into California, all hunting gold.

They came on foot, horseback, mule-team, oxcarts, by the first steamer that entered the Bay of San Francisco, and by sailboat. Many a man left father, mother, wife, child and followed the setting sun. Westward ho, went miners, Forty-niners. It was said that more than eighty thousand people came to California in the year Eighteen Hundred Forty-nine.

A knife, a pick, a pan and a cradle were all the tools needed for placer-mining, and everybody could go to work as soon as he arrived. The element of chance, the eternal hope, kept men prospecting, digging, eternally expectant.

The history of the hardships, the suffering, the pain and death attendant upon this stampede for gold can not be written, for much of it lies buried in the desert, in the trackless forest, in the pathless mountains. ¶ But California was really discovered now, explored and appreciated. It was a great sum of gold that was taken out from California, but the real wealth which makes a State was brought in.

Out of the mass, the sifting process of time left to California the best blood of America, people of great energy, enterprise and worth.

A Mighty Nation

WHEN Cæsar conquered a country, the first work he did to make a Roman settlement was to build good roads, make transportation possible, then easy. California needed good roads and she needed a quick postal service.

The Pony Express was the beginning. From Saint Joseph, Missouri, to San Francisco in eight days was made possible for telegrams. Letters were carried in ten days.

This work could develop any of the heroic qualities for which war or football are said to be so valuable. Ten miles an hour on horseback for eighty miles, through a wild and often dangerous country, does not evolve mollycoddles nor useless citizens. Many a hero carried mail to San Francisco in Eighteen Hundred Sixty.

But the Pony Express was quickly outgrown. The long cry was for a railroad. California looked to the United States Government for help.

A young engineer named Judah went to Washington to urge that a railroad be built connecting the East with the West. From Washington to San Francisco by way of Cape Horn was farther than to go around the earth. By way of Panama was more than half that distance. The North wanted a Northern route; the South naturally wanted a Southern. ¶ But Congress was busy with war questions and could do nothing.

However, in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-one, five young men organized the Central Pacific Railroad Company. The President was Leland Stanford; Vice-President, Collis P. Huntington; Treasurer, Mark Hopkins; Engineer, Theodore D. Judah, and Charles Crocker was one of the directors.

Judah again went to Washington and proffered plans to Congress. A bill was presented, passed both Houses and was signed by Abraham Lincoln in July, Eighteen Hundred Sixty-two.

¶ It provided that two roads should be built: one from the Missouri River Westward, the Union Pacific; one from the Pacific coast Eastward, the Central Pacific; and that these two should meet forming one line. The Government gave the right of way and much public land and other aid. Stanford took the West, Huntington the East.

It was a race between the two. The lifeblood of these men went into the building of this road. They met at Promontory, fifty miles Northwest of Ogden, May, Eighteen Hundred Sixty-nine, two trains, one from the East, the other from the West—"Facing on a single track, Half a world behind each back." Thus was united the Atlantic and the Pacific, overland, San Francisco and New York.

Only a few months more, and the waters of the Pacific shall mingle with those of the Atlantic, not only joining remote parts of our own country, but uniting nations into one family.

San Francisco

By William Marion Reedy



RISCO it was called in that affection which prompts expression in diminutives.

Shaken to shards in the dawn, gulped in part by a mad sea, swept by flame. Ruin covering agony, crowned by hunger, thirst, fever, pest. Death over all ❧❧

Beautiful, soft 'Frisco, luscious as a great pear or a cluster of grapes. City of romance, splendor, strife, where the strange odors of the East come in to sweeten the winds of the West.

Town of wild, strange, tumultuous memories to one who saw its streets or sensed its paradisaical bay or felt the subtle, passionate stirring of its more than Italian, curiously blent "quattrocento" and ultra-modern atmosphere.

There gathered the seekers of the Golden Fleece to scatter their shearings, to gamble, carouse, steal, murder and build a mighty town. The village a hell, and then—the Vigilantes. Judge Lynch was its first lawgiver—more rigorous than Draco.

Croesus came in and builded banks, his palaces rising in uncouth ostentation, setting up insane speculation, developing rivalries that flowered into duels and into remorseless combines to drive one man, thinking himself broken, into the sea. Names were heralded from there that meant gold in mountains: Flood, O'Brien, Mackay, Fair, Sharon—and a score more ❧ They leagued with or fought one another. They plundered one another and the public. They died ❧❧

Business, politics, the law, all life was picturesque and blood-color. Then out of the aureate din and dust came the constructives—Stanford, Crocker, Huntington, Hearst, Sutro, taking mighty chances on building railroads across the continent, dazzling the world with their daring, buccaneering the plains, piercing the mountains and grabbing subsidies that made imperial domains look like kitchen-gardens ❧❧

Out of 'Frisco came the gambler Keene to teach lessons to Gould and Fisk and Daniel Drew, to break and be broken, to win and fail, and win and finally hold his own and

much more against the most frenzied of frenzied financiers of a third of a century later ❧❧

The daughters of rough-and-tumble barkeepers and wrangling washerwomen married the sons of princes whose lines ran back to the time of Michelangelo and beyond.

The woman of the camp queened it in London, and offered to buy the Arc de Triomphe in Paris because it obstructed her view of a parade. The grubstake prospectors built palaces filled with the spoil of Italy on Fifth Avenue ❧ Their daughters set the pace for the Four Hundred. The contests over their wills by wives they forgot to mention clogged the courts. Supreme justices of the nation were assaulted by the champions of these wives, and the United States marshal slew Sara Althea Hill Terry's attorney husband to save a justice who had decided against her.

There came from the sandlots the cry that "the Chinese must go." It stirred the country fiercely, was forgotten only to revive again thirty years and more later as a result of the war with Spain.

Out of golden 'Frisco came the raucous voice of Dennis Kearney, an agitator to live in history with Wat Tyler and Jack Cade, to inspire the thinking of statesmen who would not have wiped their feet on him. Dennis Kearney's mad, snarling, obscene mouthings are translated today into profound, statesmanlike argument against the Yellow Peril.

Stormy men and sudden wealth and growing cosmopolitanism with all the colorful low life of a great port, the poetry of ships from strange seas, the babel of all earth's tongues, made the world forget the good old mission times "before the Gringos came."

Burst from 'Frisco the tender-tough singer of the "Heathen Chinee," the historian of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," the wildly luxuriant genius of Bret Harte. He gave us the West fixed forever, as Scott and Burns gave us Scotland; Dumas, France; Cervantes, Spain. ❧ With the romance that headquarters in 'Frisco, Mark Twain savored his message of fun to the world and developed his talent until he became, not perhaps, but undoubtedly—our chiefest man of letters, his gift immortalizing "Tom Sawyer" and "Huck Finn," classicizing "The Jumping Frog," vindicating "Ariel" Shelley and interpreting for us the sanctity of Joan of Arc.

In 'Frisco, Richard Realfe sang a few songs unforgettable, and, harassed by misfortune, slunk away to die to the music of "De Mortuis Nil Nisi Bonum," a poem ranking surely with "Thanatopsis."

And then a little man, poor, unknown, a printer, almost starving, meditating in this city of the Golden Gate on the problem of the House of Have and the House of Need. ¶ This printer wrote a book. It set the economists by the ears. It challenged the theologians. It shook Mammon in his temple, the Pope on the throne of Peter. It made men realize the sense of brotherhood. It created a religion of the here and now, with a remedy for want, a curb on human greed. The book was "Progress and Poverty." The man was Henry George—the greatest social scientist since Buckle, the profoundest economist since Adam Smith, the ultimate perfection of antithesis to Nicolo Machiavelli.

In 'Frisco uprose the "Argonaut," the country's greatest weekly newspaper. Its editor was another Voltaire—Frank Pixley. His cry was "crush the infamy"—the Catholic Church—and so splendid and multifariously expressive was his hatred that even the Catholics read it with joy.

For 'Frisco had the esthetic atmosphere. It was another Florence. The urge to poetry was in its air. Today the author who came from 'Frisco is omnipresent. Markham of "The Man With the Hoe" is claimed by 'Frisco. Frank Norris of "The Pit" flourished in that town of horrors and magnificences. Gertrude Atherton first moralized there or thereabouts. Gelett Burgess here conceived "The Purple Cow," and then an odd little man named Doxey issued "The Lark," sui generis, an epoch-making publication that will live in history with "Frazer's Magazine," the "Anti-Jacobin" and the "Yellow Book." Ambrose Bierce, the most vitriolic of American writers, there wrote tales that for terror in artistic imagination challenged the supremacy of Poe. The "Overland Monthly" was a 'Frisco enterprise that lives today. Joaquin Miller went red-shirted to London and told them in his "Songs of the Sierras" of what would come to be in the city that, "serene, indifferent to Fate," as Harte said, "sitteth at the Western Gate." And then there is dear old lovable John Mimi! ¶ In 'Frisco, the greatest modern romanticist, Robert Louis Stevenson, hungered and wrote

one line immortal—"it was a clear, cold night of stars"—in "The Silverado Squatters." In 'Frisco, they erected the first monument to the creator of Prince Florizel of Bohemia, John Silver, and the reincarnation of Francois Villon ♫ ♫

Hundreds of our later stage's best actors come from 'Frisco, where the theater rose early and flourished exotically. Lotta came from 'Frisco and became our first "ingenue." Its early stock companies vitalized our stage. ¶ In 'Frisco, Kipling's manuscripts were turned down by editors, and he avenged himself somewhat on the town, though before he closed his depreciation he had to be little less than just to the place, if for no other reason than that had there been no Bret Harte and "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and "M'liss" and "Tennessee's Partner," there had been no "Soldiers Three," and perhaps no "Kim" and eke no "Recessional." In 'Frisco, William Kieth had his studio—Kieth, who has something of the mastery of dark color of Diaz—Kieth, undoubtedly one of the greatest of American artists. Artists, poets, novelists, scientists, teachers lent the population a tone of devil-may-care.

This town of less than half our population had more and better daily papers than Saint Louis. It sent a boy to New York to challenge the supremacy of Pulitzer journalism, and to frighten Wall Street with a red flag having just a touch of yellow, and to compel by sheer audacity attention to his intention to be President—Mr. William Randolph Hearst.

'Frisco was world-wide known and loved next to New York and Chicago.

A 'Frisco-built battleship, the "Oregon," made a world-wondering run around the Horn to Santiago and into the fight that broke Spain's power on this hemisphere forever.

'Frisco was loved by its citizens as no city is loved in this land. It was a city that cared for the beautiful, that took to ideas.

It had the only Bohemian Club in the world in which Bohemianism was fumigated of its disreputability, and stood for the true as distinct from the perverted tawdriness of Murger's "Vie de Boheme." It supported at least four excellent weekly papers, the "Argonaut," the "News-Letter," "Town Talk," J. H. Barry's "Star"—periodicals individual, high-class, cosmopolitan. George Stirling wrote there the best book of verse of the last four years, "The

Testimony of the Suns," and from 'Frisco Jack London, with his gospel of beauty in brutality, captured men's imaginations and awoke in their hearts echoes of "The Call of the Wild" and the snarlings of "The Sea-Wolf." The literary center of 'Frisco boasted of the finest bookstore in the country West of New York, and the output of Paul Elder and Company, publishers, was almost a new revelation in some respects of the art preservative.

¶ Life was lived in 'Frisco. It was a little of Paris, of Rome, of Florence, of Pekin. It was a town of temperament in which lightness blended with a native beauty sense. Winds of the sea came in and met with winds of the desert. The fog, mostly pearl-gray, but often sun-tinged to opaline, hung over the town and gave it rare values to the esuriently artistic eye.

Naval officers brought there as wives the daughters of Ah Fong, Hawaii's Chinese millionaire. Sport flourished in all its forms, square and vertiginous. The climate made for love-making. The wines and fruits and flowers and the mysterious sea mists and the wonderful sunsets and the blend of odors of East and West made life a picture, a poem. The world turned to 'Frisco and California as it turned in earlier ages to Rome and Florence and Italy. There the singer, the sculptor, the painter, the novelist, sought the sky and air that freshened hearts and fecundated mind. It chained the sensitive of soul, and it invited the merely sensual lovers of luxury. Always and ever about one was the conjugating of the verb "enjoy"—not always conjugally.

It was opulent and of a mighty oriency of brightness, but with darkness to heighten the picture ♪ ♪

Its citizens gave to the city more gracefully than other citizens of other towns gave to them. An ignorant miner, Lick, gave to the city a great miners' hotel, and to the State the world's finest observatory. San Francisco is gladdened with many fountains and parks. It is a city which the rich decorated and loved and inconceivably disgraced in the early orgies, but never wholly ruled. Its king was the head of a seaman's union, Andrew Furuseth, and union labor controlled its activities and elected a fiddler mayor twice in the face of all the interests and wealth of the community. Its glamour always had a sort of hidden

foreboding in it. There was ever the same suggestion of lethal malefic genius behind all the story that was told of its curiously "morbidezza" amorousness of the day, and its childlike desire to forget the night. It was too fair, as it sometimes seemed, and in the glory in which it lay, and in which it lingered in thought, there seemed something of a light that held pale tone of bale back of all its bliss. Its people loved it with that intensity with which we love what we are like to lose.

There would be a great gap in the history of American life, letters and character and achievement with 'Frisco's story omitted ♪ There ran through and beneath the town many a little tremor that the town personified might have superstitiously interpreted as does the individual the slight shudder as he talks with a friend—some one walks or dances over my grave. But the gongs and mad fiddles kept going in Chinatown, and the orchestras in the multitudinous, gorgeous, "risque" restaurants never ceased a strain, and the women walked with an added lure in their motions and a deeper softness in their eyes, and, as in the old fable, Love and Soul blended to make the climax of Pleasure, and the town was wrapt in a voluptuous, semi-oriental autolatry, and—

¶ Then the earthquake came. And flood. And fire. And death in his most fantastic disguise burst in on the dream that came through the ivory gate of dawn. The passion city learned to pray. Suffering paid in a flash for each pulse of joy.

But the men of the city met in their ruined forum and said, "The city shall rise again more beautiful than before." The hungry, the tatterdemalion crowd, shelterless, wan, haggard, smoke-grimed, joked the soldiers over their dole of bread and water. The women rallied each other on their bizarre, bisexual garniture. Life had been pleasure. Ruin was fun. Death—well, to have died in the fall of 'Frisco was something like coming home from battle on the Spartan shield.

Will 'Frisco stay fallen? No! A new 'Frisco shall uprear itself and laugh at the sea, and when old Atlas again shifts the globe a little on his shoulders it will laugh and dance and fight and drink and make love as before, and be proud that among its other claims to greatness is that of having met and conquered a calamity that stilled and chilled the whole world's heart for a day.

Before the crash and flame 'Frisco was beginning to protest at being called anything but San Francisco. Yet 'Frisco clung; it held some winking, sly hint of frisky. Even the great black headlines over the evil news used the diminutive abbreviation—like a touch of light in the cloud, a sort of fresh, smiling rose on the pall, speaking of resurrection. The foundations of the city went wobbling at the end of the Easter feast almost. 'T was and 't is an omen. ¶ 'Frisco fallen shall flower again from disaster and desolation and death, and it shall realize the dreams not only of those who have vowed their dreams shall not be defeated, but the unfulfilled ambition of those lovers of the city who went down in the ruin to the realm where is not light, nor laughter nor song nor weeping nor dreaming more.

It will be a great city, for it is a great city even today. It has given, it still gives us the joy of life, the throb of passionate story, the sense of love and beauty in all forms, the thrill of an unparalleled catastrophe, the inspiration of indomitable cheerfulness before the most implacable fate. There's something in it of the spacious older world, and yet something, too, that is unforgetably American in its people's recovery to a mood of readiness, as the poet said, "To match with Destiny for beers."

"Vale et Ave," 'Frisco the beautiful, the glad, the strong, the stricken, the invincible! Down with her went our hearts, up with her will go our souls. The country's hope and faith and love are more fixed than the shuddering earth, and all these are in the tear-brightened eyes of 'Frisco looking out from the wreck over the Pacific, where lies the future big with mighty fates for her beyond all prophecy.

A man possessing Initiative is a Creator.

The Lady Poverty

By Jacob Fischer

✱ MET her on the Umbrian Hills,
Her hair unbound, her feet unshod;
As one whom secret glory fills
She walked—alone with God.

I met her in the city street;
Oh, changed was her aspect then!
With heavy eyes and weary feet
She walked alone—with men.

Principles of Plant-Breeding

By Luther Burbank



ONLY the most limited view of plant-breeding can be given in an ordinary thesis. It would be necessary to extend the subject through many volumes to give even a general view of what has already been demonstrated, and that which the clear light of science has yet to bring forth from the depths is too extensive even for the imagination to grasp, except through a full knowledge of what practical fieldwork has already accomplished.

The fundamental principles of plant-breeding are simple, and may be stated in few words; the practical application of these principles demands the highest and most refined efforts of which the mind of man is capable, and no line of mental effort promises more for the elevation, advancement, prosperity and happiness of the whole human race.

Every plant, animal and planet occupies its place in the order of Nature by the action of two forces—the inherent constitutional life-force with all its acquired habits, the sum of which is heredity, and the numerous complicated external forces or environment. To guide the interaction of these two forces, both of which are only different expressions of the one eternal force, is, and must be, the sole object of the breeder, whether of plants or of animals.

When we look about us on the plants inhabiting the earth with ourselves, and watch any species day by day, we are unable to see any change in some of them. During a lifetime, and in some cases perhaps including the full breadth of human history, no remarkable change seems to have occurred. And yet there is not today one plant species which has not undergone great, and to a certain extent constant, change.

The life-forces of the plant in endeavoring to harmonize and adapt the action of its acquired tendencies to its surroundings may, through many generations, slowly adapt it to the necessities of existence, yet these same accrued forces may also produce sudden, and to one not acquainted with its past history, most surprising and unaccountable, changes of character.

The very existence of the higher orders of plants which now inhabit the earth has been secured to them only by their power of adaptation to crossings, for through the variations produced by the combination of numerous tendencies, individuals are produced which are better endowed to meet the prevailing conditions of life. Thus to Nature's persistence in crossing do we owe all that earth now produces in man, animals or plants; and this magnificently stupendous fact may also be safely carried into the domain of chemistry as well, for what is common air and water but Nature's earlier efforts along this same line, and the foods that nourish our bodies but the result of myriad complex chemical affinities of later date?

Variations and Sports

NATURAL and artificial crossing and hybridization are among the principal remote causes of nearly all otherwise perplexing or unaccountable sports and strange modifications, and also of many of the now well-established species. Variations, without immediate antecedent crossing, occur always and everywhere from a combination of past crossings and environments, for potential adaptations often exist through generations without becoming actual, and when we fully grasp these facts there is nothing mysterious in the sudden appearance of sports; but still further intelligent crossings produce more immediate results and moreover of great value, not to the plant in its struggle with natural forces, but to man himself, by conserving and guiding its life-forces to supply him with food, clothing, and innumerable other luxuries and necessities.

Plant-life is so common that one rarely stops to think how utterly dependent we are upon the quiet but magnificently powerful work which they are constantly performing for us. ❧

It was once thought that plants varied within the so-called species but very little, and that true species never varied. We have more lately discovered that no two plants are ever exactly alike, each one having its own individuality, and that new varieties having endowments of priceless value, and even distinct new species, can be produced by the plant-breeder with the same precision that machinery for locomotion and other useful purposes is produced by the mechanic.

Evolution of Plants

THE evolution and all the variations of plants are simply the means which they employ in adjusting themselves to external conditions. Each plant strives to adapt itself to environment with as little demand upon its forces as possible and still keep up in the race. ❧ The best-endowed species and individuals win the prize, and by variation as well as by persistence. The constantly varying external forces to which all life is everywhere subjected demand that the inherent internal force shall always be ready to adapt itself or perish.

The combination and interaction of these innumerable forces embraced in heredity and environment have given us all our bewildering species and varieties, none of which ever did or ever will remain constant, for the inherent life-force must be pliable, or outside forces will sooner or later extinguish it. Thus adaptability, as well as perseverance, is one of the prime virtues in plant as in human life.

Plant-breeding is the intelligent application of the forces of the human mind in guiding the inherent life-forces into useful directions by crossing to make perturbations or variations and new combinations of these forces, and by radically changing environments, both of which produce somewhat similar results, thus giving a broader field for selection, which again is simply the persistent application of mental force to guide and fix the perturbed life-forces in the desired channels.

Plant-breeding is in its earliest infancy. Its possibilities, and even its fundamental principles, are understood by but few; in the past it has been mostly dabbling with tremendous forces, which have been only partially appreciated, and it has yet to approach the precision which we expect in the handling of steam or electricity, and, notwithstanding the occasional sneers of the ignorant, these silent forces embodied in plant-life have yet a part to play in the regeneration of the race which by comparison will dwarf into insignificance the services which steam and electricity have so far given. Even unconscious or half-conscious plant-breeding has been one of the greatest forces in the elevation of the race. The chemist, the mechanic have, so to speak, domesticated some of the forces of Nature, but the plant-breeder is now learning to guide even the creative forces into new and useful channels. ❧ This knowledge is a most priceless legacy,

making clear the way for some of the greatest benefits which man has ever received from any source by the study of Nature.

Equipment Necessary

A GENERAL knowledge of the relations and affinities of plants will not be a sufficient equipment for the successful plant-breeder. He must be a skilful botanist and biologist, and having a definite plan, must be able to estimate correctly the action of the two fundamental forces, inherent and external, which he would guide.

The main object of crossing genera, species or varieties is to combine various individual tendencies, thus producing a state of perturbation or partial antagonism by which these tendencies are, in later generations, dissociated and recombined in new proportions, which gives the breeder a wider field for selection; but this opens a much more difficult one: the selection and fixing of the desired new types from the mass of heterogeneous tendencies produced; for, by crossing, bad traits as well as good are always brought forth. The results now secured by the breeder will be in proportion to the accuracy and intensity of selection, and the length of time they are applied. By these means the best fruits, grains, nuts and flowers are capable of still further improvements in ways which to the thoughtless often seem unnecessary, irrelevant or impossible.

When we capture and domesticate the various plants, the life-forces are relieved from many of the hardships of an unprotected, wild condition, and have more leisure, so to speak, or, in other words, more surplus force, to be guided by the hand of man under the new environments into all the useful and beautiful new forms which are constantly appearing under cultivation, crossing and selection. Some plants are very much more pliable than others, as the breeder soon learns. Plants having numerous representatives in various parts of the earth generally possess this adaptability in a much higher degree than the monotypic species, for having been subjected to great variations of soil, climate and other influences, their continued existence has been secured only by the inherent habits which adaptation demanded, while the monotypic species, not being able to fit themselves for their surroundings without a too radically expensive change, have continued to exist only under certain special conditions ♪ Thus two important

advantages are secured to the breeder who selects from the genera having numerous species: the advantage of natural pliability, and in the numerous species to work upon by combination for still further variations.

The plant-breeder before making combinations should with great care select the individual plants which seem best adapted to his purpose, as by this course many years of experiment and much needless expense will be avoided.

¶ The differences in the individuals which the plant-breeder has to work upon are sometimes extremely slight. The ordinary, unpractised person can not by any possibility discover the exceedingly minute variations in form, size, color, fragrance, precocity and a thousand other characteristics, which the practised breeder perceives by a lightning-like glance. The work is not easy, requiring an exceedingly keen perception of minute differences, great practise and extreme care in treating the organisms operated upon, and even with all the naturally acquired variations added to those secured by scientific crossing and numerous other means, the careful accumulation of slight individual differences through many generations is imperative, after which several generations are often, but not always, necessary to thoroughly "fix" the desired type for all practical purposes.

Reproduction by Division

THE above applies to annuals, or those plants generally reproduced by seed. The breeder of plants which can be reproduced by division has great advantage, for any valuable individual variation can be multiplied to any extent desired without the extreme care necessary in fixing by linear breeding the one which must be reproduced by seed. But even in breeding perennials the first deviations from the original form are often almost unappreciable to the perception, but by accumulating the most minute differences through many generations the deviation from the original form is often astounding. Thus by careful and intelligent breeding any peculiarity may be made permanent, and valid new species are at times produced by the art of the breeder, and there is no known limit to the improvement of plants by education, breeding and selection ♪

The plant-breeder is an explorer into the infinite. He will have "no time to make money," and his castle, the brain, must be

clear and alert in throwing aside fossil ideas and rapidly replacing them with living, throbbing thought followed by action. Then, and not till then, shall he create marvels of beauty and value in new expressions of materialized force, for everything of value must be produced by the intelligent application of the forces of Nature which are always awaiting our commands.

Possibilities of Plant-Breeding

THE vast possibilities of plant-breeding can hardly be estimated. It would not be difficult for one man to breed a new rye, wheat, barley, oats or rice which would produce one grain more to each head, or a corn which would produce an extra kernel to each ear, another potato to each plant, or an apple, plum, orange, or nut to each tree.

What would be the result? In five staples only in the United States alone the inexhaustible forces of Nature would produce annually, without effort and without cost, five million two hundred thousand extra bushels of corn, fifteen million extra bushels of wheat, twenty million extra bushels of oats, one million five hundred thousand extra bushels of barley and twenty-one million extra bushels of potatoes. But these vast possibilities are not alone for one year, or for our own time or race, but are beneficent legacies for every man, woman and child who shall ever inhabit the earth. And who can estimate the elevating and refining influences and moral value of flowers with all their graceful forms and bewitching shades and combinations of colors and exquisitely varied perfumes? These silent influences are unconsciously felt even by those who do not appreciate them consciously, and thus with better and still better fruits, nuts, grains and flowers will the earth be transformed, man's thoughts turned from the base, destructive forces into the nobler productive ones which will lift him to higher planes of action toward that happy day when man shall offer his brother man, not bullets and bayonets, but richer grains, better fruits and fairer flowers.

¶ Cultivation and care may help plants to do better work temporarily, but by breeding, plants may be brought into existence which will do better work always in all places and for all time. Plants are to be produced which will perform their appointed work better, quicker and with the utmost precision. Science sees better grains, nuts, fruits and

vegetables, all in new forms, sizes, colors and flavors, with more nutrients and less waste, and with every injurious and poisonous quality eliminated, and with power to resist sun, wind, rain, frost, and destructive fungus and insect pests; fruits without stones, seeds or spines; better fiber, coffee, tea, spice, rubber, oil, paper and timber trees, and sugar, starch, color and perfume plants. Every one of these, and ten thousand more, are within the reach of the most ordinary skill in plant-breeding.

A Noble Undertaking

FELLOW plant-breeders, this is our work! On us now rests one of the next great world movements: the guidance of the creative forces are in our hands.

Man is slowly learning that he too may guide the same forces which have been through all the ages performing this beneficent work which he sees everywhere above, beneath and around him in the vast, teeming animal and plant life of the world.

These lines were penned among the heights of the Sierras, while resting on the original material from which this planet was made. ¶ Thousands of ages have passed, and it still remains unchanged. In it no fossils or any trace of past organic life are ever found, nor could any exist, for the world-creative heat was too intense. Among these dizzy heights of rock, ice-cleft, glacier-plowed and water-worn we stand face to face with the first and the latest pages of world creation, for now we see also tender and beautiful flowers adding grace of form and color to the grisly walls, and far away down the slopes stand the giant trees, oldest of all living things, embracing all human history; but even their lives are but as a watch-tick since the stars first shone on these barren rocks, before the evolutive forces had so gloriously transfigured the face of our planet home.

So long as millions of men gain a living by evolving the machinery of war and training for war we will occasionally have war.

Easy Street

By Bramley Kite

DIDST ever live on Easy Street,
And wake up some fine morn
To find yourself as minus
As the day that you were born?

Good Roads

By Hon. William Sulzer



GOOD roads mean progress and prosperity, a benefit to the people who live in the cities, an advantage to the people who live in the country. Good roads help every section of our vast domain. Good roads, like good streets, make habitation along them most desirable; they enhance the value of farm-lands, facilitate transportation, and add untold wealth to the producers and consumers of the country; they are the milestones marking the advance of civilization; they economize time, give labor a lift, and make millions in money; they save wear and tear and worry and waste; they beautify the country—bring it in touch with the city; they aid the social and the religious and the educational and the industrial progress of the people; they make better homes and happier hearth-sides; they are the avenues of trade, the highways of commerce, the mail-routes of information, and the agencies of speedy communication. They mean the economical transportation of marketable products—the maximum burden at the minimum cost; they are the ligaments that bind the country together in thrift and industry and intelligence and patriotism; they promote social intercourse, prevent intellectual stagnation, and increase the happiness and the prosperity of our producing masses; they contribute to the glory of the country, give employment to our idle workmen, distribute the necessities of life—the products of the fields and the forests and the factories—encourage energy and husbandry, inculcate love for our scenic wonders, and make mankind better and broader and greater.

Good roads have a money value far beyond our ordinary conception. Bad roads constitute our greatest drawback to internal development and material progress. Good roads mean prosperous farmers; bad roads mean abandoned farms, sparsely settled country districts, and congested, over-populated cities, where the poor are destined to become poorer. Good roads mean more cultivated farms and cheaper food-products for the toilers in the towns; bad roads mean poor transportation, lack of

communication, high prices for the necessities of life, the loss of untold millions of wealth, and idle workmen seeking employment. Good roads will help those who cultivate the soil and feed the multitude, and whatever aids the producers and the farmers of our country will increase our wealth and our greatness and benefit all the people. The farms are the heart of our national life and the chief source of our material greatness. Tear down every edifice in our cities and labor will rebuild them, but abandon the farms and our cities will disappear forever.

The South and West

NE of the crying needs in this country, especially in the South and West, is good roads. The establishment of good roads would in a great measure solve the question of the high price of food and the increasing cost of living. By reducing the cost of transportation it would enable the farmer to market his produce at a lower price and at a larger profit at the same time. It would bring communities closer together and in touch with the centers of population, thereby facilitating commerce of ideas as well as of products.

When the agricultural production alone of the United States for the past eleven years totals seventy billion dollars, a sum to stagger the imagination, and it cost more to take this product from the farm to the railway-station than from such station to the American and European markets, and when the saving in cost of moving this product of agriculture over good highways instead of bad would have built a million miles of good roads, the incalculable waste of bad roads in this country is shown to be of such enormous proportions as to demand immediate reformation and the wisest and best statesmanship; but great as is the loss to transportation, mercantile, industrial and farming interests, incomparably greater is the material loss to the women and children and to the social life—a matter as important as civilization itself. The truth of the declaration of Charles Sumner fifty years ago, that “the two greatest forces for the advancement of civilization are the schoolmaster and good roads,” is emphasized by the experience of the intervening years, and points to the wisdom of a union of the educational, commercial, transportation and industrial interests of our country in aggressive action for permanent good roads.

Confidence or National Suicide

By Elbert Hubbard



ARTHUR E. STILWELL has written a book.

Its title is "Confidence or National Suicide?" Following the title is a big interrogation point.

¶ The book can be bought for a dollar, and read in an hour. ¶ But you will probably remember it for a year and more.

The style is impressionistic, rather than realistic or scientific.

¶ Stilwell makes you feel and makes you think. Stilwell brims

with life, joy, hope and good will. He has the red corpuscle, plus. ¶ He does not pretend to say the last word or to tell you all about it. He "reminds you"—that's all.

The Kansas City Southern

ENTHUSIASM is the great hill-climber. ¶ Stilwell has more enthusiasm than any other man I ever saw who was well ballasted with commonsense, and who studies the Main Chance with the eye of an actuary.

Mr. Stilwell's great achievement was in building the Kansas City Southern, a railroad eight hundred miles long, running from Kansas City to Port Arthur on the Gulf of Mexico.

¶ This road follows mostly through a country where the pollywogs, gophers and 'gators once held eminent domain. ¶ Along the line, land which was worth from nothing to ten dollars an acre has jumped to forty dollars an acre, to say nothing of town sites.

It was more and better than Stilwell foresaw.

¶ The increase in land values brought by this one railroad is conservatively estimated at one thousand million dollars. In addition, it has opened up a market for the lumber, oil and coal that exists along its line that will take many years to exhaust.

It took great courage and great persistency to construct this road.

Naturally, the trend of travel is East and West, not North and South. But Stilwell's faith removed the mountains of doubt and the line was built. Now the years have proved the wisdom of the venture.

The Kansas City, Mexico and Orient

MR. STILWELL'S next great undertaking was to construct a railroad from Kansas City to the Gulf of California, in

Mexico. This railroad is the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient.

The belief is that this railroad taps a fairer field and a richer territory than the Kansas City Southern, that now for eight hundred miles teems with wealth and prosperity. ¶ The Kansas City, Mexico and Orient has its Southern terminus on the waters of the Pacific, and so has an outlet to the Far East. It is the shortest possible route to the Orient from Chicago, Philadelphia, New York and Boston. It is, in fact, the true fabled Northwest Passage to India for which Columbus and Henry Hudson battled with wind and wave.

On the route from Kansas to the Pacific it traverses vast coal, lumber, oil, marble and mineral fields. The extent of this wealth is absolutely unguessed. It will take a hundred years to lay bare the possibilities of this wonderful region.

Stilwell is a scout of civilization.

The Mexican Government has been most liberal to Mr. Stilwell in way of franchise, rights of way and general accommodations and concessions. But we all know that the idea is abroad that the United States Government has hampered and in some cases actually made war upon our great vested interests, and thus greatly impaired our credit. The criminal prosecution of railroads has tended to impair confidence. Right or wrong, you can not assail a man with lawsuits without injuring him.

European investors are not sending money this way as they once did.

Mr. Stilwell has suffered in common with all railroad-builders, through these attacks of the business-baiter and the bear-raider. ¶ The demagogue has pretty nearly killed the goose that laid the golden egg. Happily, the people are awakening to the fact that the business-baiter is not a business man. The destroyer is not constructive—admit it. He maintains no payroll, builds no houses, lays out no parks and boulevards, constructs no towns and cities. All he does is to recruit a Coxey's Army of the unemployed.

His hate is directed towards the men who would do away with the problem of poverty by the creation of wealth, and wealth for all.

¶ The business-baiter wants a division of what we have. He looks backward not forward.

¶ This simoon of cloudy criticism directed toward our great industries—the very things

that have given America her supremacy—has been brought about by the politicians, who in this way have sought to thrive.

Mr. Stilwell's Problem

THE corner-grocer economist is a classic. "Why was not this sold and the money given to the poor?"

The question catches the ear of the poor. The idle, the shiftless, the morally halt and the mentally lame want to make a grab—success to them is a crime. "Yes, sell it, and give the money to us!"

And behold, the demagogue waxes eloquent, for every male pauper has a vote, whether intelligent women have or not.

And Stilwell, Creator, Organizer, Builder, is caught in the bear market, beaten sore, but is still alive, very much alive.

At a time when he needs and can use fifty million dollars in opening up an empire, investors are frightened by the business-baiter who talks of "rates based on physical valuation." ❦

To a new railroad this means total bankruptcy. It also means the stoppage of all work under way. You kill enthusiasm and hope of reward, you kill the man and destroy his project. The "water" in stock means the builder's profit above physical valuation.

It symbolizes human effort, the courage that never dies, the hope that never falters. It is the expectation of this profit that makes the fight possible. It is the prize for achievement.

❦ To insist on a physical valuation means no more railroads, and a rapid deterioration of all those we have.

Squeeze out the "water" and you destroy all of that intangible but necessary commodity known as good will. You throttle enthusiasm, destroy initiative, smother originality, just as you would kill a man to let the water out of his body, which by the way is seventy per cent water ❦

You might as well talk of the physical valuation of a work of art—a bronze statue or a landscape-painting. The physical valuation of a painting would be the cost of the frame, the canvas and the color used, plus the cost of convict labor.

This labor, strangely enough, is the effort of genius, and to figure it at day wages is illogical—aye, worse, it is silly ❦ The value of the services of an economic prophet like James J. Hill or Arthur E. Stilwell can not be esti-

mated by the ring-in and ring-out methods. ❦ Can you figure East Aurora and The Roycroft Shop on a physical valuation?

With the demagogue in the saddle, tyranny is supreme, and we get the Dark Ages, when for a thousand years the world did not produce a single inventor, navigator, artist, orator, poet, philanthropist or philosopher.

"Make Way for Individuality!"

STILWELL'S little book is a timely protest against the dangers of a perpetual panic—a return of the Dark Ages. His cry is, "Make way for individuality!"

It is the first frank, friendly, intimate statement to the public from the viewpoint of a great railroad builder and owner.

Prosperity Follows the Railroad

TO picture the value of the land grants given by the Government, and berate the railroads for their alleged rapacity in accepting this land, is to lose sight of the fact that the railroad was the one thing that made the land valuable.

Without the railroad the land was worth practically nothing.

It was only through this liberal policy of the Government toward the railroads that the great and growing West was built up.

Prosperity follows the railroad.

Are we now to reverse the policy that has made us as a people passing rich and listen to the voice of the carper and the critic?

Stilwell says, NO!

Railroad Publicity-Bureaus

THE railroads have been so hammered and placed on the defensive that they have assumed an apologetic, hangdog air. In many instances the silence has been construed as proof of guilt.

It is always the buyer's privilege to kick. And moreover he will complain, in many cases, no matter how well treated. The very fact that he has to pay for something he wants, and the further fact that he wants it, puts him in bad humor ❦

But let him protest—it tends to put the seller on his good behavior.

But in order to hold the balance true, the seller in the face of accusation should come out from under the counter and define his position ❦

Every expression, printed or oral, on any subject tends toward the education of the public. It is all making Public Opinion.

And that truth and right may prevail it is every man's duty to be a witness to what he thinks is right. ¶ The railroad publicity-bureaus are a brand-new thing. They should have been inaugurated thirty years ago.

"We are advertised by our loving friends," says Shakespeare. And he might truthfully have added, "also, by our rabid enemies."

¶ And just remember this, that any man who is anybody or is doing anything great and worthy is going to have enemies. Safety lies in being nothing, and in doing nothing.

The very fact that you are doing something that the many can not do, is going to bring down upon your head the harsh criticisms of the carping and the jealous. Having no special business of their own, they will dissect yours with envious scalpels.

To neutralize the virus, you must advertise. Because advertising is simply the proper education of the public as to who you are, what you are, and what you have to offer the world in way of service.

All literature is advertising—an advertisement of your opinions, if nothing more.

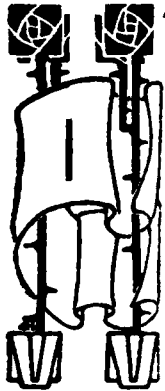
Stilwell's book is an advertisement of Stilwell's mental attitude toward certain very important social and economic questions that are just now perplexing this nation.

It is a move in the right direction. It will help tint the Zeitgeist, and is bound to do good.

I will not lighten your burden—I would instead give you increased strength to bear it.

The Need of an Ideal

By E. Elmer Keeler, M. D.



It has been shown that freedom alone does not mean advancement; that the liberal thinker should not only be one who is capable of thought, but also of action; and that it is only the man with an ideal who reaches after his own possibilities.

The human ideal must be formed by human hands. For centuries we have been taught the exact opposite: that a god must give us our ideal, and very slowly

have we learned that orthodoxy has no suitable ideal to offer to any but the lazy, ignorant or indifferent. Orthodoxy simply tells

us that if we grovel here we will glory there; that now we are worms of the dust, but if we believe the orthodox creeds we shall become angels in heaven. Belief in creeds and financial support of the church are always placed ahead of character. Honesty, purity, love, truth, honor, tenderness and helpfulness may be component parts of our character; we may enjoy kindly service and spend our lives doing good to others, and yet if we fail to subscribe to the orthodox creed we shall be doomed to "everlasting torment with the devil and his angels"! The idea that we should personally create a high and worthy ideal—this ideal being our very own, untinged with mysticism and unwarped by superstition—is not taught by orthodoxy. They tell us that there has been but one ideal on earth, and that this was one of the gods who, created before the world began, became the child of a certain woman before marriage. We are asked to believe that this very worthy carpenter-street-preacher-god is the only possible ideal that mankind can ever expect to have, and that some time or other he is coming back to earth, and if we are not wearing robes washed white in his blood, "the devil will be to pay."

A Low Ideal

CAN one imagine a lower ideal than that offered by the Church? It certainly appeals only to cupidity, credulity, selfishness and the childish idea of reward and punishment. Nowhere are you told to do right because it is the right thing to do. It gives you the "easy way." You are promised something for nothing. You are to be given a ticket good for millions of years of doing nothing in a paradise. If you will only subscribe to a certain formula, supposed to have been evolved from Biblical statements, you are to get a reserved seat "on the right hand."

All thinkers agree that science has revealed to us many of the laws by which human beings may rid their bodies of disease. We do not need to be told that idiocy, insanity, scrofula and syphilis are to be prevented by the observance of health laws. We are coming to understand that laziness, drunkenness, viciousness and ignorance are all to be ousted from the earth by an intelligent application of the laws of science. That the truth is the only thing in the world that will never change. That right is the only possible shortest line between two points. And yet in the face of all

this we find orthodoxy declaring that you may steal from your friends, slander your neighbors, trample justice, tenderness, truth and mercy under your feet, sneer at purity, virtue and love, and lift your hand in murder against your brother man, and yet this god-man—the highest ideal of the Church—will welcome you to a seat in heaven if you “repent and believe” just before you die. This is the orthodox ideal of the Twentieth Century. Is it one to command the respect and consideration of the thinker? The gray hairs you malign, the women you rob, the man you murder will probably go to hell, but you, by that one cowardly, orthodox act, are railroaded straight to heaven. Is this ideal ever going to redeem mankind?

What is Redemption?

ORTHODOXY offers “a plan of redemption” beautifully adapted to the needs of the tyrant, the libertine, the rapist, the thief and the murderer. It gives them the chance to indulge in the foulest iniquities as long as they choose and then “beat it” for heaven. It is the religion for the lazy man, the selfish man who is always anxious to save his own soul, the vile, contemptible man who continually disgraces mankind and who would find no suitable companionship among the animals we call brutes. Is there anything to admire in this theory of theology?

We are told that Jesus Christ—the only ideal of the church—“went about doing good” for three years. Granting that the story of His life as told by His enthusiastic admirers is credible, is there anything so very wonderful about this? Does this place Him upon a throne where He is to stand for an eternity as the only ideal? Do we not know true-hearted men and splendid women who go about doing good, not for three years, but for a lifetime? whose every thought is to uplift the sick, the crime-stained and the weak, and thus to add to the glory, splendor, beauty and health of humanity?—whose one object in life is to hasten the day when co-operation, fellowship, brotherhood and love shall rule, in place of competition, rivalry, strife, hate and disease? Men and women by the thousands, are doing this today and yet they do not pretend that they are gods, but simple, honest, earnest, thoughtful people, with a high ideal. According to orthodoxy many of these true-hearted people will never “get to heaven when they die,” but they

are not troubled with insomnia. They do not lie awake nights worrying about how they are “going to save their own souls.” The one thing troubling them is how want, cruelty, suffering, crime, selfishness and disease may be speedily removed from humanity. They are banding together, not to worship a god of their own or of others’ creation, but to admire truth, right and love, and to hasten the day when these shall be the only trinity recognized on earth.

Initiative, not precedent, has made America what she is. There was no precedent for discovering America.

No Unemployed Problem

By George E. Littlefield



Of course I know we can not round up a hundred slum families from darkest Chicago or a herd of peons in Arkansas or a bunch of Boston wage-slaves, and megaphone our good news to them and, presto! see them hop, skip and jump back to the land. Though any organized group of earnest, honest and determined people can, by pooling their mites and starting on a six or eight years’ co-operative land purchase, get this economic basis of a secure job, a landlordless home and an opportunity for soul and social growth—though all this, and heaven, too, are within the reach of most men and women—nevertheless, such is the myopia of the working class, the squint of reformers and the blindness of leaders of the blind, that only now and then one in a thousand has ears that hear and eyes that see and a heart that dares venture landward for self-employment and freedom. But it is this Socialist pioneer (hail! Comrade!) who by his success, independence, happiness and nonchalant doing the thing others are deaf and blind to that best answers inquirers and rebukes the doubters. He and comrades here like him prove that any willing worker can easily have half a dozen good-paying jobs of his own within a year if he half tries. The opportunity is open.

The nine hundred and ninety-nine toilers, dreadsomes, shirkers and flabbywills—together

with their brethren, the easysnappers and smarties—when caught sleep-talking, mutter the confession that they fear they are not capable of getting a living from the land. “Wee Wuill may do it because he’s a crofty lad,” or “Miss Gladdy can do it ’cause she can do most anything, anyhow,” or “Hal is the man for such a life—he was bred on a farm—I can’t.”

Can’t. Incapable!

A charity problem rather than an unemployed problem, it seems.

Agriculture is the natural basic occupation of man. A plot of ground and a handful of seed and a man—this is Reality, Adam and Eve in a Garden—the workers and their job, universal!

An Educational Problem

WHO who is incapable of self-support where an acre is within reach and his neighbor willing to teach, needs a factory and an overseer, a mill and a boss, a mine and a master, a shop and a foreman, a poor-house and a keeper, yes, poor wage-slave, you need a capitalist to provide jobs for you, though you curse him for his providence. And when he is “up against it” and must withhold the jobs, which is it—an unemployed problem or a charity problem?

It is more an Educational problem than any other, I should say.

Lambie says (she is our Fellowship Farm Froebelian): “The workers lack self-reliance, self-initiative. The children are book-crammed and rigmaroled and never allowed to make even a paper star after they have parroted its spelling. And when they get into our industrial mill, what little impulse to create that survives is smothered. Their will is paralyzed. The workers can not do unusual things because they think they can’t. But they can when they wake up and think they can.”

Ah, yes! When they awaken.

Of all the factors in human progress, over heredity, over environment, over luck or opportunity, the conquering ideal and will of man is supreme.

Like the machines they operate, the workers (with exceptions) do but one monotonous, ordinary thing. A wheel in the rut, they think (?) they can’t do anything else. Self-deluded with the dampfool notion that he can’t do inspiring extraordinary things, auto-suggested that he is only a capitalist’s tool,

the average wage-slave is in a deplorable condition of hypothesis. And all his social circle, even the unions, the labor press and blathering praters of “economic determinism,” conspire to deepen the hypnotic spell and darken his self-delusion. “A little more wage, a softer job,” he mutters, as he is driven into the treadmill, and with the ominous chorus of his fellows joins the refrain of Poe’s Raven, “Only this and nothing more!”

This is the psychic dope that needs a caustic antidote—the “I can’t” icon before which superstitious wage-slavery bows its benumbed brain and bends its neck—the inert coma into which the followers of the red herrings of capitalism fall.

Getting the Right Start

X TAUNT you—red herringers!—to break your spell. Arise from your “can’t” posture! Know your power and exert it! Learn your freedom and take it!

This is the right start in your education. Throw away mere textbooks, abhor newspapers, read only the most virile articles in the magazines, even lay “Ariel” aside a while and do some new thing—do it now, for only by doing the thing in mind can one truly learn, as a child learns what b-u-i-l-d is when he puts his blocks together: only by applying ideas do we get real education.

Call yourself to action! **Q** When Lazy puts his strangle-hold on your spirit, shake him off! **J** If others lull you with a hashish counsel, say “No!”

Their tottering talk is not the expression of a Cook or a Peary dashing for the North Pole. **K** Knock-kneed brains never venture toward any goal.

Though the Poles may be frigid Death, and explorers spoil their exploits by jabberwocking each other, nevertheless once more is proved the mighty fact that the indomitable will of man is supreme!

Even an Esquimo gets there.

We all can achieve the things we will.

Here’s Hal and I, two “poor-’n’-no-account preachers” who, the past year, have added two new arts and crafts to our repertoire, either of which will yield us a living, so that now we are farmers, printers, bookbinders, and are taking up carpentry and stone-masonry as sport—just to prove that “Unemployment” is an hallucination, and that, with a little land and a self-made cottage, any man

can do as much and more if he wills. There are others here on Fellowship Farm who sing with us Emerson's noble verse:

"So near is grandeur to our dust,
So nigh is God to man,
When duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
The youth replies, 'I can.'"

The Imperative Need

TO teach this Truth to the workers—to educate all souls in this can-and-will curriculum—is the imperative need of our time. It will prepare Socialists for Socialism. Educated, self-reliant, self-initiative, poised revolutionists are the only sort fit to inaugurate the Co-operative Commonwealth.

Educate! Educate yourselves!

Get wise, O croakers! Don't whimper about "The System"—have a revolution of your own! Get wise and you will get up and get: An acre and live on it;

A spade and dig;

Off the backs of the workers;

The shirkers off your back;

Busy;

Honest.

Get wise! O workers—summon your pluck and purpose and you will get your own job and other good things. And like the dispelled fog at sunrise, the "unemployed problem," and its shadow, the "charity problem," will vanish.

¶ Get wise, O soul invincible! Dare and Do! And your quiet triumph will be the eloquent taunt, a-yearning for all deluded sluggards to arouse themselves to like achievement.

✽

If I were a woman, I would cultivate the fine art of listening. No woman can talk as interestingly as she can look.

✽

The Peaks of the Ideal

By Joseph I. C. Clarke

HIGH to our lifted eyes the tall peaks seem;

But when by rugged pains with toil extreme
And one sharp struggle we have reached the crest,

Another rises higher far whose breast,
The while we struggled up the first ascent,
Lay all unseen with clouds and shadow blent.
Then fiercely set, we ceaseless strive and climb,
But ever, ever higher far, Sublime
Ideal, do thy tow'ring ramparts rise,
And as we climb, still lift to higher skies.

Gold Nuggets

By W. E. Jacobs



HAT is a business without a boss—Nothing ✽ ✽

Catch the American spirit and say "I will," or die trying.

It's all right to boost your own stock, but it's worth more when the other man boosts it.

An overdose of optimism will hurt your business. See that you get just enough.

Some men think—most men think they think.

Don't think your business has nine lives—just because it is said a cat has.

¶ You may think you are wise enough to stand still on slippery ground—but you are not ✽

"He who is afraid of failure is afraid of success."

Don't use the other man's backbone for a leaning-post—remember you have one of your own. ¶ Take care of the little things—for remember they grow to be big ones.

Have a "thinkery shop" of your own—things borrowed have to be returned.

Don't take advice when you can't use it. It's like buying a bargain because it is cheap.

¶ The World will put up with a young fool, but be careful you are not an old one.

No one as yet has ever been able to think one way and live another very long.

The only difference between some men's success and others' failure is—nerve.

A good reputation may keep you awake, but a good character never does.

See that your advertising men know how to "juggle the truth." They call that "tact" nowadays ✽ ✽

Remember, every man puts a label on you when he meets you—see that he gets the right one.

Beer—booze—and bums—always go together.

¶ The only difference between some men and boys is—long pants.

Watch the good—the bad tell on themselves.

¶ Some men are made—others were accidents.

¶ If you have such a bad case of the "grouches" that nothing will cure it—stick your head in a barrel of water for ten minutes; and the World will do the rest.

✽

LOYALTY IS THE THING—FAITH!

THE FRA

NOT · FOR · MUMMIES

■ A JOURNAL OF ■
■ AFFIRMATION ■

VOL. VI

DECEMBER, 1910

No. 3



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"THE FARM"

JONES DAIRY FARM SAUSAGES

By your leave, my worthies, and here is a treat fit to set before a king and you. Whet your appetites and strain your nostrils; for here are sausages—the tenderest, sweetest, daintiest, purest ever made.

Good in the making; good in what goes into the making; good in the way they are sent; good in the tasting—*all good*.

Picture what is writ herein. A farm, old-fashioned and homelike with overhanging elms and maples—that's the place where we make Jones Dairy Farm Sausages, the same as we've been making them for years—the same recipe we used way up in New England, and which came with the Puritans on the Mayflower.

¶ This is the manner of the making of Jones Dairy Farm Sausages:

The choicest parts of little, home-raised, milk-fed pigs from our own farm and the farms of our neighbors are carefully ground up with the purest spices and salt.

No preservatives, adulterants or fillers. We would n't do it if we could, because we don't believe in it—and we act according to our doctrines. We only make just enough to fill each day's orders, and ship them the same day received. So a good plan is to leave standing orders at your grocer's to supply you on certain days. Then you will be sure to have them.

That's the reason we seem a little behind the times in the way we do these things.

And now, my worthies, can't you imagine the fragrant aroma as you smell them cooking for breakfast; can't you imagine the delicious flavor of the meat, melting in your mouth! Think of the Holidays—nearly here!

And think of the Jones Dairy Farm Hams and Bacon made in the same way as the sausages.

Ask your grocer—your butcher—or write to us.

Good worthies all, write soon, too—for the sooner you'll enjoy yourself.



Milo C. Jones, Jones Dairy Farm

Post Office Box 622

Ft. Atkinson

Wisconsin



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Heaven Consists in Going There

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Elbert Hubbard, Editor and Publisher, East Aurora, New York, U. S. A.

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THE OPEN ROAD

A FOOT WITH THE FRA

Maurice Maeterlinck



HERE is a fourth dimension of thought. There are rare moments in life when the latencies of the soul converge and blend in a transient state of consciousness; when the trickling stream of thought gushes over the obstructing delta of Space, Time and Circumstance and mingles with the Infinite Sea beyond. It is at such moments that we catch glimpses of things that threaten sanity. We are dazzled by an influx of light, of feeling, of knowledge. Personality dwindles to an infinitesimal point. We see ourselves objectively, as independent objects in space and

time, like the clock ticking on the shelf or the moon in the sky. We have a feeling that we have been everywhere, but no particular where. We grope back to the terrestrial, glad to perform the most humble task, rejoicing that the ego has not been lost in that momentary vision of Infinite Being.

In that shining ether-world whose pulsing waves flow through the brain-cells like light passing through crystal, dwell the gods of life, the Fates that dominate our lives. Inflexible, imperturbable, seeing but not feeling, holding within their grasp the threads of human destiny—the silken threads that hold our souls in leash—these mute gods rule for aye. They understand and mock. They hear, but their lips are curled in scorn. The Greeks placed them on Olympus, the Scandinavians in Asgard, and the modern mystic places them

in the fourth dimension of thought. ¶ There are some choice spirits who seem to have lived all their lives in this subtle sphere. They walk the earth and their feet are clay, but their heads are ranged with the stars. Their lungs are forever inflated with a divine ether. We little workaday beings who run around their legs, like mice around the base of the Colossus of Rhodes, draw in the miasmatic vapors of planetary life and are content. We sit in chairs and stare at a blank wall; they sit before an open door. ✽ Our vision is bounded by the horizon; for them there is no horizon. We listen to the guttural of external life; they catch the vibrations of Law, and report the ebb and flow of eons.

The Mystic

THE materialist places his mind in the universe; the mystic places the universe in his mind. Plotinus, Schopenhauer, Emerson, Maeterlinck, we can hardly think of as ordinary mortals. They seem with us, but not of us. To come under the influence of their clairvoyant gaze, to follow them in their vertiginous flights above the striated world of matter and motion, is to experience simultaneously those sensations of exaltation and depression which one feels in rising in a balloon—a sinking at the heart, a lightness of the head. There is a sundering of the ligatures that bind us to the familiar. The centripetal forces tug at our feet, and the centrifugal forces tug at our head. The clogging clay wars against the smiling, sneering stars that summon from overhead. ✽ The welding Relative is lost in a solvent Absolute. The individual withers, and his soul is more and more. As a particle of salt is dissolved in water, so is a particular fact dissolved in its eternal Idea in such hours. The succession of days and nights collapses like a portable drinking-cup. Time dwindles to a point, matter runs to fluid wastes, the stable unmoors and drifts away like cloud-fleece over a level summer sea.

"Wisdom and Destiny"

THE world is my thought, is the message of "Wisdom and Destiny." The Belgian's being has been touched by some divine despair. But he has found surcease within. He has diked his soul against the encroaching, flooding days, and reclaimed from the wild and lawless sea of circumstance a verdant land of beauty. Like Kubla Khan, he has decreed a lordly pleasure-house in a mystic Xanadu. From the granite

wall of limitations he has hewn a castle with turrets forever bathed in an opiate moonshine, and around which the eagles circle and call. ¶ The world passes through his brain and even the dross is purified. He will see beauty in a beetle on the wall.

He will catch the days with their griefs and the nights with their lamentations, and extract the beautiful as gold is extracted from the mud in the pan. For the soul of the seer is alchemic. He will turn compost into beaten gold. He will refine smudge and smut. From the lees of the wine of pleasure he will brew a heady wisdom. He has an elfin band at his beck and call. They labor by day and night in the smithy of his unconscious being. There they forge the weapons for his conscious hours. There they mold helmet and shield and panoply. His mind is a dragnet, and all is fish that comes to it. ¶ We are bolder than we know, and our actions ride us to the zenith of the Invisible. We are wiser than we know, and our wisdom outruns the centuries. Each man is an epitome of all men. Every bottom is a false bottom. What we call limitation is lack of perception, and when we say we are undone we mean we have capitulated. For the seer—for Maeterlinck, Plotinus and Emerson—there are no limitations, and capitulation they do not know. They build the world anew every day. Each night they slough off a limitation. Each day they build a house, but they move perpetually. They baffle the best-laid plans of demons and gods by meeting demon and god halfway. The slings and arrows of fortune pierce their souls, but the tips are anointed with chrism of wisdom. They dice with life-in-death, as does the grief-crazed mortal, but they play with loaded dice. They have lived imaginatively all men's lives, and fear no disaster.

The Future

MAETERLINCK would have us know we can not escape the predestined. Tomorrow is a curtained seduction, but it stands sure. The last day shall reveal what the first day purposed. The years walk a lockstep. Each thing breeds its own manner of death. And the trump of doom shall reveal the meaning of the prelude in Chaos. The individual is held in the rigid grooves of fate, and what is to be will come. Any other doctrine is blasphemous, or worse, ridiculous. We are gibbeted on Law. ✽ We are spitted on the Inevitable and our souls dangle over Death.

¶ It is good that to most of us the future is a sealed book. The past is ever changing in the kaleidoscope of memory; the future alone is irrevocable. The day of our passing is appointed; and life itself is but an oblation to death. On the altars of the Hours we offer ourselves up. The soul is but an eddy in the great world-stream, and the eddy has its appointed end as surely as the stream. A mind that could have grasped the links in the chain of causation of which Lincoln, the Civil War and Wilkes Booth were but the shadows, could have predicted, at Lincoln's birth, the tragedy in Ford's Theater.

History is Force dressed up. The curvetings of Law are beyond the individual stay, and the manner of the death of nations is dependent on the manner of their birth. We are puppets on an unknown stage, infusoria gyrating aimlessly in an unsounded sea, midges sporting our day in the sun of thought, atoms of desire, motes of the Eternal Energy. And Man bloweth where Law listeth. So says Maeterlinck.

Problem of Evil

THE great problem of human evil has confronted Maeterlinck, as it has confronted Tolstoy and Ibsen. But the demands of the Sphinx can not ruffle the feathers of the Belgian as it has those of the Norwegian and the Russ. A mild but effulgent serenity swims from the pages of "Wisdom and Destiny" and "The Treasure of the Humble." The misery, the evil, the injustice of the world trouble him as the winds trouble the wave. They may lash the surface into huge, tumbling billows, but in the depths there reigns a tense placidity. Serenity is born of insight, and insight must beget a contempt of the temporal order—that order begun in desire and which is destined to end in despair.

"Today, misery is the disease of mankind, as disease is the misery of mankind," says Maeterlinck. Man tosses around on his bed of pain, and his prayers are hurled back as echo from the stars. He builds and he builds, and his work is swept away like the beaver's dam. His soul, impounded in clay, wriggles toward freedom only to discover that it has been wriggling out of a straitjacket into a winding-sheet. He builds a grandiose tomorrow on the ruins of today, and when tomorrow has come and gone and turned ghost he builds again. His Golden Age always lies in the future. He builds altar and capitol, and dedicates his

soul to prayer. He skulks and begs and defies and grovels, and Death circles like a kite above his carrion-clay. He believes he is going straight to his goal, straight to that far-off divine event which Hope has builded in the azure future. But there is no forward or backward in life. Nature has no straight lines. Rhythm, undulation, periodicity are the laws that govern motion. The history of one day is the history of all days, and he who builds on the shifting sands of the temporal builds futilely ❧ ❧

A Transcriber of Visions

✱ T is this Heraclitean vision of human life that has obsessed the mind of Maeterlinck. It is this Horla that has gripped his soul in its lean and icy fingers. In those strange little dramas that he has given us, and which are a fitting introduction to his "Wisdom and Destiny," we read the rending conflicts that have cleft the soul of this transcriber of visions.

Are they human, these peaked and emaciated figures that he has silhouetted on his background of night? The moral world is but a thin crust that has formed over the rolling lava-streams of elemental passion. The wan, drawn figures of the plays sport upon this dangerous surface unmindful of the intoning flood beneath. Is it play? Or are the antics of these creatures the death-squirmings of a decadent race? A dank and fetid air blows from the surface of life. Is this endless and purposeless gambol in Being an illusion, a dream in the mind of a fallen god who sates himself with sleep while his brain-puppets play out the farce? The wilful days, that image our despair, bring no answer. Those pallid lights set in a naked, frosty heaven have no word for us. The soul of man preserves a cryptlike silence. His heart weathes Hope with the bay-leaf and crowns Memory with thorns ❧ But it has no answer. Our brain-cells are catacombs where lie our ancestors embalmed in silence. They answer not.

The web of life is woven of contingency and necessity, and the inevitable and the unknown ambuscade us at every turn. This endless willing, this eternal upswirl of souls from the abysses of non-being into the glare of a frowsy day; this ceaseless regalanizing of corpses; these ambling, jiggling mummies that are tossed from Eternity into Time and from Time back into Eternity; these sweating pack-mules saddled with the rubbish of decayed

cycles and ancient durations; these crumbling tabernacles of clay—some demons, striated with their sins; some saints, dragging ball and chain of ancestral crime up the steep Cordilleras of aspiration; young gods with unexpanded wings, predestined for Walhalla, toiling in the galleys of this Toulon; Calibans wallowing in the gutters that rut their imaginations; and never an end—the same, the same and ever the same—how shall we fend ourselves 'gainst this wreckful siege asks Maeterlinck ✱ ✱

The City of Refuge

✱ T is in his soul that he has found the refuge against the world of circumstance. The problem is individual. Social schemes for the regeneration of mankind only aggravate the disease from which mankind is suffering. The deep-rooted ills of mankind can not be cured by a poultice. "We suffer little from suffering itself; but from the manner wherein we accept it overwhelming sorrow may spring." This is the keynote of his message. Mental attitude is everything. The gale that wrecks the sneak-box fills the sails of the barkentine and drives her toward her goal. The trifles of the day unnerve most of us. The wise man quietly ignores them. Suffering is one-half self-love and one-half hallucination. Hallucination is the normal state of man. He makes up his mind in youth to whimper, and whimper he does to the end of his days. It is the future that affrights him; he puts into a hypothetical tomorrow all the ills that flesh is not heir to. From the murk of his dreams he weaves strange and lurid imps of evil. What is this future we fear? Is it anything but a psychic jack-o'-lantern? The future is the avatar of the past, yesterday resurrected and expanded, Old Time with a visor on his cap to hide his identity. ¶ For the seer there is only an eternal Present that canopies both the past and the future. What didn't happen yesterday never can happen. What is not feared never comes. He drains the minutes of their contents as they pass. He substitutes the abstract for the concrete, and splashes in generalizations. No time, nor place, nor circumstance can hold him. He knows that, like Faust, he will be lost if he bid any one thing stay.

Cosmic Vision

✱ HE vision of Maeterlinck is cosmic ✱ He does not contend against evil; he rejects it by accepting it. He lives above the

stews. From his citadel of spiritual power he sends forth his doves and they come back laden with precious secrets. His soul paces the ramparts of Time and Space. He will partake of all things, but nothing shall claim him. He is receptive, but unallied. There is in the soul of each of us, Maeterlinck tells us, a repellent center, a magic flame 'round which the moths of circumstance circle only to singe their wings or be consumed. Gusty Change but flings the fire that burns in the chalice of the soul farther and farther into the encircling gloom. The wise man stands upon the marge of the great ocean of life, and fixes his gaze upon the tumbling, seething, undulating waters that stretch away to an illusive horizon. His ear catches the hoarse callings of expectancy and the deep gutturals of defeat, and at his feet there circles and surges the wrack of an endless futile labor. He is not disturbed. He sees, as no other sees, the tragedy, the comedy, the inutility of it all. Darkness he sublimates to light, despair he transmutes into a stoic defiance. The average person sees from an angle of personality. The sage sees from an impersonal center. This world will fawn at his feet when he calls.

The Emancipated Mind

✱ N the august and significant silences of the soul, says Maeterlinck, is born the wisdom that baffles destiny. Physical pain itself must cower before the emancipated mind. Was it not Socrates who discoursed on immortality while he was stiffening in death? Did not Epicurus in his mortal agony preach the summum bonum to his disciples? These silent refuges that disease and death stormed in vain were wrought out in the spirit-sweat of cloistral hours; it is here, in these darkling recesses of the soul, in the encelled silences, that the real work of freedom is done; it is here that rest is won from the clangorous days, and the balm that was not in Gilead is found. We reach these uplands of the spirit by infinite petty exertions, by threading our way through the labyrinthine passes of whim and impulse. All things conspire against the individual. There is a Nemesis that seeks continually to level us to the mediocre. Those ancients, the vulgar and the familiar, would scythe us to their own standards. We are kneaded in the common image, and our days are gross. We are relics of the dead, effigies of the past, playthings

of ancestral tendency. All things pay tribute to the sheeted, slumbering dead. Yet there is within us the spark that will not be snuffed out. It is the I, the resistant center, the undying defiant. It is by developing the Ego, by an insistent coddling of Me, that we attain to a sort of Buddhahood. The adolescent Homunculus of Faust was Nietzsche's Overman in the ovum. The Infinite is hidden in an atom, and the freeman lies quiescent in the slave. Housed and kenneled in our brains there is a cosmic Self, a greater, grander, universal Self, distinct and other than the hallucinated microcosm that skulks and whimpers through the bogey-bogus days of life.

Maeterlinck's Message

MAETERLINCK gives us no coward's message. Flight is not self-mastery, and the world can not be subdued to the individual's will by shunning its blows. We master fate as the Japanese wrestler bests his opponent—by giving way at every point. We should not battle; we should absorb. There is no way yet found of escaping the ills of life. The world is a counsel of imperfection. The trammel and the bond are not rejected by the seer. He must have ballast. There is no backstairs to the seventh heaven of spiritual complacency. He knows the crepuscular mood, and the whirring pinions of the Black Bird have brushed his soul. Recomposition is the law of life, and from remorse and despair we compound the nectars of wisdom. Fear is a brigand, but he carries a torch. Snatch the torch, and turn it on his face. Beneath the visor which has frightened you there is a smile. And scuttle the past! In the measure that a man allows the past to dominate his life, in that measure will the future obsess him. To sit down by the stream of Time and weep over the gone-by is worse than tragic; it's comic. ¶ Embalm the past in a smile.

Spinoza said, "Nothing shall disturb me," and nothing did. Pyrrho said, "Nothing is true; nothing is untrue," and he died in peace. Marcus Aurelius said, "Nothing matters," and nothing did. "The world is divine," chanted Emerson, and he was right. "The world is evil and smells of grave-mold," said Schopenhauer, and he was right. "Life is like a comedy by Moliere," said George Meredith. And Meredith was right.

Each brain is a premise. Everything depends on the point of view. The message of Maurice

Maeterlinck, like Walt Whitman's, is whatever you choose to read into it. We know him for a great spiritual scout.

To associate only with the sociable, the witty, the wise, the brilliant, is a blunder—go among the plain, the uneducated, the stupid, and exercise your own wit and wisdom. You grow by giving.

Human Nature



THE article in which I deal, as a specialty, is human nature. ¶ I picture traits, moods, actions. ¶ Viewed from the moon, with a powerful telescope, all our deeds would be straight comedy. ¶ Lovers, for instance, are all unconscious comedians. Nothing in life is so funny, so absurd, so tragic as are the antics of humanity.

Lawyers in deadly earnest trying cases, and lovers in the park are always amusing—unless you happen to be mixed up in the lawsuit, or are seated on the bench by the side of the girl. If so—then, bless my soul! that's different.

But because I laugh at human traits is no sign that I am indifferent to the woes and joys of mankind. I love people, but some of the actions of some people I may dislike. ¶ I may smile at folks and laugh, and yet feel a pity and a love for the individual.

Charles Dickens was perhaps the greatest dealer in human traits that the world has ever seen.

Dickens' characters are personifications of traits, not men and women. Yet they are a deal funnier—they are as funny as a box of monkeys, as entertaining as a Punch and Judy show, as interesting as a "fifteen puzzle," and sometimes as pretty as chromos. Quilp munching the eggs, shells and all, to scare his wife, makes one shiver as though a Jack-in-the-box had been popped out at him.

Mr. Mould the undertaker and Jaggars the lawyer are as amusing as Humpty-Dumpty and Pantaloon. And I am sure that no live lawyer ever gave me half the enjoyment that Jaggars has. Doctor Slammers' talk is better medicine than the pills of any living M. D. ¶ Because the burnt-cork minstrel

pleases me more than a real "coon" is no reason why I should find fault.

Dickens takes the horse, the eagle, and the elephant and makes an animal of his own. He rubs up the feathers, places the tail at a fierce angle, makes the glass eyes glare, and you are ready to swear that the thing is alive.

¶ By rummaging over the commercial world you can collect the harshness greed, avarice, selfishness and vanity from a thousand men. With these sins you can, if you are very skilful, construct a Ralph Nickleby, a Scrooge, a Jonas Chuzzlewit, an Alderman Cute, a Mr. Murdstone, a Bounderby, or a Gradgrind at will.

¶ A little more pride, a trifle less hypocrisy, a molecule extra of untruth, and flavor with this fault or that and your man is ready to place up against the fence to dry.

Then you can make a collection of all the ridiculous traits—the whims, silly pride, foibles, hopes founded on nothing and dreams touched with moonshine—and you get a Micawber. Put in a dash of assurance and a good thimbleful of hypocrisy, and Pecksniff is the product. ✱ Leave out the assurance, replacing it with cowardice, and the result is Doctor Chillip or Uriah Heap. Muddle the whole with stupidity, and Bumble comes forth, proud and pompous.

Then for the unco gude collect the virtues, and season to suit the taste, and we have the Cheeryble Brothers, Paul Dombey or Little Nell. These characters have no development, therefore no history—the circumstances under which you meet them vary, that's all. They are people the like of whom are never seen on land or sea.

Little Nell is good all day long, while live children are good for only five minutes at a time. The re-occurrence with which these five-minute periods return determines whether the child is "good" or "bad." In the intervals the restless little feet stray into flowerbeds; stand on chairs so that grimy, dimpled hands may reach forbidden jam; run and romp in pure joyous innocence, or kick spitefully at authority. Then the little fellow may go to sleep, smile in his dreams so that mamma says angels are talking to him; when he awakens, the five-minute good spell returns.

Grown-Up Children

MEN are only grown-up children. They are cheerful after breakfast, cross at night. Houses, lands, barns, railroads, churches

books, racetracks are the playthings with which they amuse themselves until they grow tired, and Death, the kind old nurse, rocks them all to sleep.

So a man on earth is good or bad as mood moves him. The devils are not coal-black, nor the saints pure white, but generally we are all a sort of a steel-gray.

Caprice, temper, accident, all act upon man. The North wind of hate, the simoon of jealousy, the cyclone of passion beat and buffet him. Pilots strong and pilots cowardly stand at the helm by turn. But sometimes the South wind softly blows, the sun comes out by day, the stars at night; friendship holds the rudder firm and love makes all secure.

Such is the life of man, a voyage on life's unresting sea; but Dickens knows it not. Esther is always good, Fagin is always bad, Bumble is always pompous, and Scrooge is always Scrooge. At no Dickens' party do you ever mistake Cheeryble for Carker, yet in real life Carker is Carker one day and Cheeryble the next—yes, Carker in the morning and Cheeryble after dinner.

There is no doubt that a dummy so ridiculous as Pecksniff has reduced the number of hypocrites; and the domineering and unjust are not quite so popular since Dickens painted their picture with a broom.

And now if I laugh at folks, or at certain traits which certain folks possess, just remember that I do not laugh in scorn.

In very truth, how would I know the man was absurd, if I did not look into my own heart and see the man reflected there? The thing I see, I am. All we behold in life is the picture we throw upon the screen.

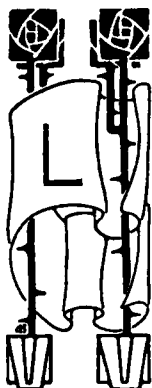
That which is not akin to you, you do not know exists.

Man is the only animal in creation that marches proudly in life's procession and yet sits high in the grandstand and watches himself go by. And a very good way to cure a fault is to give it the merry ha-ha. "O wad some power the giftie gie us to see oursel's as ithers see us! It wad frae monie a blunder free us, and foolish notion." ¶ So sang Bobbie Burns, and the curious fact is that in great degree we do see ourselves as others see us, otherwise we would be ram, jam, stark, staring mad, a-sprint for Bedlam at the speed limit.



TASTE IS THE TEST OF THE MIND.

The Passing of the Doctor



IFE is a matter of combustion. ¶ A man's body is a boiler. The food he eats is fuel.

If he overstokes, or if there is not a perfect draft, he will get full of slag and clinker. This will interfere with the dampers, and perhaps kibosh the water-supply. Eventually, there will be too much caloric in one place and not enough in another.

The result will be functional disorder ♪ ♪

And functional disorder, continued, becomes organic disease. Disease is a result of Nature's effort to bring about a remedy. When Nature fails to obtain the desired result, she puts her man back in the melting-pot.

Whether one man dies or not, is n't much difference to Nature. She has plenty left, and more are coming along about as fast as they can be fed. The difference is only to the man, his family, creditors and the life-insurance company ♪ ♪

The party full of slag and offended Nature is sent to the hospital, put on the table, given ether, and his walletoski removed.

And he dies or gets well—as the case may be.

Tiddy-Iro Operations

AS a proof that the medical profession is progressing comes the news of tiddy-iro operations ♪ That is to say, instead of really cutting into the patient's abdominal cavity—a most dangerous procedure—the wise modern surgeon often just cuts the skin, so as to make a rather unpleasant but not dangerous wound. ¶ The patient is then duly bandaged, nursed and cared for. Sometimes, if there is danger of the wound healing too soon, by the use of simple irritants known to all doctors, a sore can be kept on the gentleman's cosmos for a month or so.

And here is the point: Two days or more before the operation the patient is put on a very spare diet, say of mutton-broth or bread-and-milk. Possibly all food is taken away, and this is continued for a week or more after the operation ♪ ♪

The result is what you call a quick recovery. And this patient still has his topic for conversation which lasts him the rest of his life.

¶ The bread pill and flour powders used to be

considered non-ethical. But Hahnemann came with his sugar pills and medical attenuations. ¶ Then the pill was tried without the attenuation. It proved quite as efficacious. Besides, it was not so dangerous if the baby found the bottle and ate a hundred.

Since then the blank tablet has become popular. In time we will accept the fake operation; and the only thing we will kick on will be the bill.

¶ So the world grows, but just now the lula surgeon lies low and only the trusted ones about him know. They keep their jobs by closing their gobs.

And even if they should tell, the great man would only have to brand them as candidates for the Ananias Club.

A Dietary Regimen

AN Illigan is a sanitarium looked after by a great man. This man may operate on fifty patients a day. He is as rapid as the pig-sticking artists at Armour's. Many miraculous cures trace to this lord of Lourdes. He is noted for quick recoveries. And rightly, too. His plan is to scare, scar, diet, encourage—and charge. ¶ But with it all he does know a deal about right living. He realizes that over ninety per cent of all diseases come from malnutrition, or food-poisoning.

With him as with most physicians the end justifies the means. So he gives the man a fast and a rest—the first fast or rest, perhaps, he ever had. For many people when they rest, only rest their muscles, and not their digestive tracts or nerves. Anyway, the woozy operation is a cheerful and encouraging sign of the times.

The Drug Idea

THE philosophy of the Drug Idea is to give a sick person some deadly poison that causes another kind of sickness, or makes the man ill in another way. So the patient is given a disease in order to cure him of another, or make him immune from one. Vaccination is the injection into the system of a virus—or poison—which gives the person a disease in order to keep him from catching one: the drug idea in another form.

The whole scheme of swallowing poisons or inoculating the body with a virus had its rise in the belief that disease was caused by a devil, and in order for the man to get well you had to drive the devil out. The casting out of devils was a literal proposition. We were told that God had provided a remedy for every disease. They did not tell us that

God had first supplied the disease. It was assumed that the devil sent the disease, and then God in His love sent the remedy. Our belief is now that Nature never contemplated disease, but that constant health is the most natural thing in the world. If we live rightly we are proof against disease. What we want is resisting power or resiliency. All drugs first excite, and then reduce vitality, laying you open to disease. There is really no immunity except through health. Drugs, virus and poisons always mean danger. Many so-called diseases are the results of the drug habit.

The Medical Trust

UNTIL very recent times the Poison Doctor was looked upon as the last and final authority on matters of health. The fact is, he never did know much about health—his specialties were disease and drugs.

All laws on the subject of who should practise the healing art and who not, were formulated by doctors. And it is a curious fact that medical laws all pretend to be for the protection of the people. The actual fact is, they are for the protection of the doctors.

These doctors decided who should practise and who should not.

Naturally they decided that any one differing from them, or educated in another way, or in other methods, was not fit to practise.

Hence we find the Osteopath has only been permitted to hang his shingle in the breeze after a ten years' fight, during which time he was branded as an ignoramus, a charlatan and a quack.

It took the Homeopaths twenty-five years to show the world that they knew almost as much as the regulars and did quite as much good. Mental Healers and Christian Scientists were arrested for "practising medicine," when the one point in their philosophy was that they never prescribed or administered medicine in any form. So not to drug was made a crime.

If you advised your friend to take a bath or go chase himself around the block, you were in danger of being thrown into jail. What for?

Why, you were interfering with the Medical Monopoly.

The New York Medical Society used to hire detectives, men and women, who would go to mental healers or dietetists and feign illness in order to get evidence against them.

And when, as was usually the case, the State failed to convict the accused, it simply congratulated him on the fact that he was n't hanged, and kicked him down the courthouse steps. In the meantime the Goddess of Liberty was supposed to look the other way.

I expect that the day will come, and ere long, when the great universities of the world will have to put the Tuskegee Idea into execution in order to save themselves from being distanced by the Colored Race.

Wagner and Nietzsche



AMONG men of worth, no one of his time was more thoroughly hated, detested and denounced than Richard Wagner.

Before he became an anarch of art, he was singled out for distinction by royalty and a price was placed upon his head. He escaped, and for ten years lived in exile, his sole offense being that he had lifted up his voice for liberty.

That is the only thing worth lifting up your voice, or pen, or sword for. The men who live in history are the men who have made freedom's fight—there is no other.

Instead of dying for us, Wagner lived for us, but he had to run away in order to do it.

There, in exile—in Switzerland—he wrote many of his most sublime scores, and these he did not hear played until long years after, for although the man could compose, he could not execute. The music was in his brain and he could not get it out at his finger-tips—for him the piano was mute. So now and again, Franz Liszt would come and play for him the scores he had never heard, and tears of joy would flow down his fine face.

Then he would stand on his head, walk on his hands and shout for pure gladness.

All this, I will admit, was not very dignified. Ostracism, exile, hatred and stupid misunderstanding did not suppress Wagner. In his work he was severe, stern, tragic, but the man himself bubbled with good cheer. He made foolish puns, and routed the serious ones of earth by turning their arguments into airy jests. If in those early days he had been caught and carried in the death-tumbrel to the Place of the Skull,

he would have remarked with Mercutio, "This is a grave subject."

Finally, public opinion relaxed, and Wagner found his way back to Germany. He settled at the town of Bayreuth, and very slowly it dawned upon the thinking few that at Bayreuth there lived a Man.

Among the very first who made this discovery was one Friedrich Nietzsche, an idealist, a dreamer, a thinker and a revolutionary.

¶ Nietzsche was an honest man of marked intellect, whose nerves were worn to the quick by the pretense of the times—the mad race for place and power—the hypocrisy and phariseism that he saw sitting in high places.

¶ He longed to live a life of genuineness. He wished to be, not seem. And so he had wandered here and there, footsore, weary, searching for peace, scourged forever by the world's displeasure ¶

The trouble was, of course, that Nietzsche did n't have anything the world wanted.

In Wagner, Nietzsche felt that at last he had found the Moses who would lead the people out of captivity, into the Promised Land of Celestial Art ¶

"Wagner at Bayreuth"

NIETZSCHE came and heard the Wagnerian music and was caught as flotsam in its whirling eddies. He read everything that Wagner had written, and having come within the gracious sunshine of the great man's presence, he rushed to his garret and in white heat wrote the most appreciative criticism of Wagner and his work that has ever, even yet, been penned. ¶ This booklet, "Wagner at Bayreuth," is a masterpiece of insight and erudition, written by a man of imagination, who saw and felt, and knew how to mold his feelings into words—words that burn. It is a rhapsody of appreciation.

The book had a wide circulation, helped on, they do say, by the Master himself, who confessed that in the main the work rang true.

The publication of the book sort of linked these two men, Wagner and Nietzsche. The disciple sat at the feet of the elder man, and vowed he would be in literature what Wagner was in music. He gazed on him, fed on him, quoted him, waiting in patience for the pearls of thought ¶

Now Wagner was a natural man. He had the desires, appetites and ambitions of a man. If he voiced great thoughts and wrote great scores,

he did these things in a mood—and never knew how.

At times he was coarse, perverse, irritable. The awful, serious, sober ways of Nietzsche began to pall on Wagner—he would run away when he saw him coming, for Nietzsche had begun to give advice as to how Wagner should regenerate the race, and also conduct himself.

Now Richard Wagner had no intention of setting the world straight—he wanted to express himself, that was all, and to make enough money so he could be free to come and go as he chose ¶

Once, at a picnic, Wagner climbed a tree and cawed like a crow; then hooted like an owl; he ate tarts out of a tin dish with a knife; a little later he stood on his head and yelled like a Congo chief. When Nietzsche tearfully interposed, Wagner told him to go and get married—marry the first woman who was fool enough to have him—she would relieve him of some of his silliness.

Shortly after this the great Wagner festival came on and Bayreuth was filled with visitors who had read Nietzsche's book, and bought excursion-tickets to Bayreuth.

Wagner was over his ears in work—an orchestra of three hundred players to manage, new music to arrange, besides the humdrum, but necessary, work of feeding and housing and caring for the throng. Of course, he did not do all the work, but the responsibility was his.

In this rush of work, Nietzsche was dropped out of sight—there was no time now for long conferences on the Over-Soul and Music of the Future. Nietzsche was snubbed. He went off to his garret and wrote a scathing criticism on the work of Richard Wagner. This divine music was not for the intellectual few at all—it was getting popular and it was getting bad. Wagner was insincere—commercial—a charlatan, in fact. Nietzsche was no longer interested in Wagner—he was interested only in Nietzsche.

¶ Literary men do not quarrel more than other men—it only seems as if they did ¶ This is because your writer uses his kazoo in getting even with his supposed enemy—he flings the rhetorical stink-pot with precision, and his grievances come into a prominence all out of keeping with their importance.

"The Fall of Wagner"

IT was in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-eight that Nietzsche issued his little book, "The Fall of Wagner."

After a person has greatly praised another, and wishes to say something particularly unkind about him, one horn of the dilemma must be taken. If you admit you were wrong in the first conclusion, you lay yourself open to the suspicion that in the second you are also wrong—that you are one who gives snap judgments.

¶ The safer way then is to cling close to the presumption of your own infallibility, without, of course, actually stating it, and claim that your idol has changed, backslidden—fallen.

¶ This then lends an aura of virtue to your action, as it shows a wholesome desire on your part not to associate with the base person, and also an altruistic wish to warn the world so it shall not be undone by him.

Of all the bitter, unkind and malicious things ever uttered against Wagner, none contains more free alkali than the booklet by Nietzsche.

¶ Nietzsche not being satisfied with an attack on Wagner's art, also made a few flings at his pedigree, and declared that the Master's real name was not Wagner; this was his mother's name, "he being a natural son of Ludwig Geyer, the poet—the Jew."

What this has to do with Tannhauser, Tristan and Isolde, the Ring, Lohengrin and Parsifal, Nietzsche does not explain. In any event, the information about Wagner's birth comes with very bad grace from an avowed enemy, who practically admits that he got the facts, in confidence, from Wagner himself. Neither does Nietzsche, the free-thinking radical, recognize that good men have long ceased taunting other men concerning their parentage and pedigree, or boasting of their own.

A man is what he is; and the word "illegitimate" is not in God's vocabulary.

Wagner might have said, "Yes, I am a member of that elect class to which belong William the Conqueror, Leonardo da Vinci, Erasmus, the Empress Josephine, Alexander Hamilton, Abraham Lincoln!" But he did n't—he did better—he said nothing. Wagner had the pride that scorned a defense—he realized his priceless birthright, and knew that his mother and father had dowered him with a divine genius. Let those talk who could do nothing else. Silence was his only answer.

Nietzsche the Idealist

A YEAR later Nietzsche was taken to an asylum, dead at the top. He lingered on until Nineteen Hundred, when his body, too, died, died there at Weimar, the home of Goethe

and the home of Franz Liszt—another of life's little ironies.

It is an obvious thing to say that Friedrich Nietzsche was insane all the time. The fact is, he was not. He was a great, sincere and honest soul, intent on living the ideal life. He wrote thoughts that have passed into the current coin of all the thinking world. When he praised Wagner to the skies and afterwards damned him to the lowest depths of perdition, he was sane, and did the thing that has been done since Cain slew his brother Abel.

Take it home to yourself—have n't the best things and the worst that have ever been said about you, been expressed by the same person? The opinion of any one person concerning any man of genius, or any product of art, is absolutely valueless. Whim, prejudice, personal bias and physical condition color our view and tint our opinions, and when we cease to love a man personally, to condemn his art is an easy and natural step.

What was before pleasing is now preposterous.

¶ Of course it is all a point of view—a matter of perspective, and most of us are a trifle out of focus. When we change our opinions we change our friends.

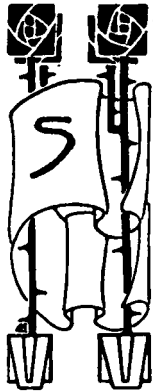
As a prescription for preserving a just and proper view, and living a sane life, I would say, climb a tree occasionally and hoot like an owl and caw like a crow; stand on your head and yell at times like a Comanche. Robert Louis Stevenson says, "A man who has not had the courage to make a fool of himself has not lived."

The man who does not relax and hoot a few hoots voluntarily, now and then, is in great danger of hooting hoots and standing on his head for the edification of the pathologist and trained nurse, a little later on. The madhouse yawns for the person who always does the proper thing. Impropriety, in right proportion, relieves congestion, and thus are the unities preserved. ¶ And so here comes in the great Law of Compensation, expressed by Ralph Waldo Emerson. The sane, healthy man, who occasionally strips off his dignity and hoots like an owl, wears his hair long and defies fashion or rolls naked in the snow, will surely be called insane by the self-nominated elect, but his personal compensation lies in the fact that he knows he is n't.



No man should be blamed for his limitations.

The Philosophy of Philosophy



IGNOR PAPINI has published a book in Italy which he calls "The Twilight of the Philosophers." The book, which is iconoclastic, has created something of a sensation in European literary circles.

Signor Papini fiercely assails all philosophy and philosophers. He has filed their petitions in bankruptcy ❧ ❧

Because philosophers differ he announces their worthlessness.

It would be as logical to say that because literary schools differ in their methods literature is trivial and letters bankrupt.

Yet there are men who can read with great enjoyment the cold, analytical pages of Paul Bourget and still enjoy the "Three Musketeers" of Alexandre Dumas. As there is no definite literary style, as no one will ever say the last word in realism, romanticism or naturalism, so no one will ever say the last word in philosophy and religion. ¶ Philosophy, like literature, is a record of the thoughts of man about the universe in which he lives. It is an attempt to storm the gates of the Unimaginable.

Those gates of ebon will never fall before the battering-ram of Intellect; but the adventure up the rugged steep is the sublimest and most memorable of man's spiritual escapades. ¶ Plato said, "Show me a man who perceives likeness amid difference and I will show you a god." And in this, the Greek thinker defined philosophy. What the average man drops by the wayside as useless, the philosopher picks up, seeks in it its hidden relations to other things, and so melts down the particular single object in the great law or laws that govern its appearance, growth and disappearance. Cast a lump of salt into the sea ❧ It melts and disappears. It is there and it is not.

The mind of the philosopher may be compared to the sea, and the details of life to so many lumps of salt that are melted in it.

Herbert Spencer was the Beethoven of science. Nietzsche was the Richard Strauss of philosophy ❧ ❧

The first two combined, unified, synthesized.

¶ The latter two analyzed, and destroyed.

One process does not exclude the other. We can listen to Beethoven and listen to Strauss. We

can read Spencer and Nietzsche with equal enjoyment. As in music, the divergences in philosophy spring from the divergences of Nature itself. The eternal laws are paradoxical; nature is self-contradictory. There are no two brains alike. Each brain records its impressions. Therefore, no two philosophers will agree. Only Omniscience could give us a definite philosophy. In the presence of the Unknown one man's thought is as good as another's.

The Philosophic Method

¶ PHILOSOPHERS, indeed, merely formulate our own every-day unconscious thoughts. The humblest man—the man who can not spell the word philosophy itself—has a philosophy of life. The very will to live from day to day in each of us is carried on by an act of philosophic belief.

We prepare for tomorrow, plan numberless things to be done in a distant future, and yet what proof have we that the sun will rise tomorrow? What guarantee have we that this very night, by some sudden monstrous derangement in the machinery of the universe, the whole visible theater of our lives will not be annihilated like the swift canceling of a hundred ants under the boot-heel of a servant-girl going to church!

We do not believe that this will be so, and we plan for time not yet born, because, whether formulated consciously or accepted unconsciously, we believe in the uniformity of natural processes. Experience has taught us that it is not probable that there will be no tomorrow. Out of countless experiences we have abstracted a living principle. That is the philosophic method. It is the very condition under which we live.

Kant, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Emerson, Spencer have, beyond all other philosophers, excited the repugnance of Signor Papini. These names have very little significance to the ordinary man; yet their dreams are living principles. Men who have never heard of them are their disciples. They have revolutionized modern thought, and when you revolutionize thought you revolutionize life.

Kant, the Great Agnostic

¶ KANT, never ten miles from his home in Königsberg, Germany, sent forth to the world his "Critique of Pure Reason." It set the boundaries of our knowledge, constructed for us a cage in which we may dream the mighty dreams of the Sphinx, but beyond

whose ten miles we can not venture. ¶ Kant was to philosophy what Columbus was to geography. ✱ He made of time and space parts of the machinery of thought, thereby making of the material universe an idea dependent on a brain. ¶ He pulled the supports from under the external world, and shoved it into the tiny cells of the brain. He folded up the heavens as one folds up a pocket-handkerchief, and thrust it into his pocket.

From this Prospero of the intellect sprang German romanticism and Werther's green coat. It is from Kant, and not from the superficial French Encyclopedists, that modern rationalism has sprung. He was the first great agnostic, but wisely believed with Voltaire that if God did not exist he should be invented for the lower classes. So, in his "Practical Reason," he expounded his philosophy for the bourgeois, or "the half-baked," according to the phrase of William Marion Reedy, being that large and worthy class to which Reedy, himself, belongs. Kant never left his native town. What reason had he to do so—he who had abolished Time and Space as objective realities? He never visited an art-gallery. What interest had he in Rembrandt or Jan Steen—he whose inner eye reveled in the abysmal nebulae, whose iris caught the rhythm of Orion, whose mind hurtled, like light, through the Louvres of Nature? ¶ He never loved a woman. What had he to do with sex-passion—he whose soul was worked to nymphaleptic frenzy at the touch of those stupendous abstractions that moved about his brain?

He sacrificed, like Diogenes, to all the gods at once, against the church, not in it.

It is true, Kant and his philosophy and his influence will go, like all things, into the Dustbin of Nothing. But a man's life can come to worse issues than that. Philosophy may be inutile, but in its very inutility lies its sublimity. The flight, not the destination, awes ✱ ✱

Hegel, the Poet-Philosopher

HEGEL was abstruse and decked out his system in words. But his core-thought is the most poetic ever conceived by a philosopher. God was the evolving Unconscious, the latency in the seed, the obscure mystical Dreamer in the soul of man, the embosomed principle in light.

God is the Great Becoming. His syncopated soul clambers through worm and weed.

Untrue? No matter. The thought was worth thinking; the idea was worth a book.

Schopenhauer, the Pessimist

SCHOPENHAUER came to announce the vanity of existence. It was nothing new. Buddha and Christ had announced it long before him. ¶ The world is an illusion. ¶ Pain is the only reality. The heart of man is an inferno of lusts. Only the Intellect retrieves, ameliorates and saves. ✱ How can there be progress in indefinite motion?

"All is vanity!" cried Schopenhauer; and he proved it—if you are of the Schopenhauer temperament. If you are not, well, there are your toys. Play, child! If the philosopher of Frankfort did not tear the veil from Isis, he at least ripped it—ripped it just over her mouth, where mankind can see her white teeth and her ironic smirk.

Nietzsche, the Idealist

NIETZSCHE was the philosopher of force. Schopenhauer's Will-to-Live he translated into a Will-to-Power.

He lacked ballast. He winged his way far out of eyeshot of the groundlings, who squat around the dead fires of the Past, munch their dried herrings and sleep soundly pillowed on their own protuberant complacency.

Nietzsche fought face to face with the sun. It blinded him and burned his brain out. But he left us the only authentic psychology of Christianity, and one of the mightiest dramatic poems ever written by man, "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

His philosophy, misinterpreted, is the most potent force in the world today. Papini says Nietzsche's philosophy was the philosophy of a sick man. Yes, a man made ill by the stench of mediocrity and the purulescent drool of altruistic doctrines.

He was stricken with earth-nausea, and sickened and died of the disease that gnawed at the vitals of Christ, Thomas a Kempis and Amiel—Idealism.

Spencer, the Materialist

HERBERT SPENCER, whose gigantic cosmic survey goes under the name of "The Synthetic Philosophy," was probably the sanest brain of which the world has any record. Like Darwin, it is not necessary to read him. His philosophy of evolution is as much a part of our tissue of thought as the Copernican system of astronomy or the Newtonian law of gravitation.

Spencer was the lungs of the Nineteenth Century; it respired through him. He fixed the latter half of the century's place in philosophical history.

When he came he found a universe of caprice; he left it a universe of law.

He was the spy of the Spirit of Unity. His brain was the retort of the stars.

Hegel was the Holy Eremite of philosophy; Renan the Holy Innocent; but Spencer was the Holy Menstruum—for he philosophized on philosophy. He may have been wrong, but he was one of the glories of the race. Some day, in the uttermost reaches of yet unwombed time, we, dwellers on another planet, may point with pride to this little sickly splotch of green, going its last orbital round, and murmur, "I lived on that dead world with Herbert Spencer."

Emerson, the Universal

APINI regarded Emerson as the "Universal Sponge." It is a great compliment, although the Italian did not intend it as such.

Emerson gave us the thought of Kant, that the only world you possess is the world you carry in your heart. The only things you see are the reflections of yourself thrown on the screen of time. ¶ Fused with the pessimism of Schopenhauer, Emerson reveled in the mystic beauty of Hegel.

The sublime correspondences and compensations of Swedenborg were made his own in Concord woods.

The calm courage and sublime faith of Charles Darwin were his priceless possessions.

Read Emerson's "Each in All," and behold the Synthetic Philosophy of Herbert Spencer set to moving, melting strophes.

The Trend of Philosophy

AND that is the great uplift of philosophy. ¶ The truth of philosophic systems does not matter. The exaltation that they bring to the soul is their sole value.

The existence of God does not matter; the pursuit of Him is sublime. In philosophy, it matters not whether Platonism war with Aristotelianism, or Paganism with Buddhism or Protestantism with Catholicism—or Baptist with Methodist, or Mrs. Eddy with Mrs. Stetson.

It matters not whether the black crepe of Schopenhauer or the bunched grapes of Aristippus hang on our portals; whether we accept

the God of trevices of Hegel or the open-air God of Spinoza. These are all the various records of one pursuit. You catch what you can. The occupation is noble, but there is no payment for the labor except the exhilaration and stimulus of the work.

Philosophy intellectualizes the soul and refines the passions. It extracts perfume from the rankest mental growths, and slays the slimy, crouching King of Cowards, Fear.

If all the arts tend to music, all music tends to philosophy. Philosophy sets us on the other side of Pain and Circumstance. It is the last thing to evolve; it is the full-blown flower of spiritual growth.

All life aspires to explain itself. Philosophy is its tentacle. It is the "feeler" that the Unconscious puts forth as it moves along the blind alleys of Chance.

Philosophy is the passion of passions, the Thought of all thought, the ultimate Dream of all dreams.

Easy rests the head that wears the crown of Honest Thought.



To undertake to supply people a thing you think they need, but which they do not want, is to have your head elevated on a pike, and your bones buried in the Potter's field. But wait, and the world will yet want the thing it needs, and your bones may then become Sacred Relics.



"Stevie" Crane

By Earl Remington Hines

DEAR child-heart, crying in the darkness

For his mother's hand;

So soon to know if there be yet another land,

Where things are real,

Not shadows.

Oh, I understand—

I, too, have groped and felt

For that to cling to

Which would not melt,

And vanish 'neath the touch

Of one who loved the flesh too much,

And weeping, lay

In torture 'til the day.

Dear God! If there be such,

I wonder if you know

How we writhe to you

From the dust below?

Child Conservation

By Horace Fletcher



N Eighteen Hundred Ninety-eight, I was at a Chicago hotel, enjoying the company of a friend from New Orleans.

It was in the midst of the Spanish-American War, and Chicago was afire with commercio-patriotic excitement. The shopping streets were ablaze with electric flares attracting crowds of citizens and country folk as flame attracts moths and other insects.

It was a time of intense excitement, and the Salvation Army vied with the street tooters and hawkers in drawing together groups of the crowds.

My friend and I soon tired of the glare, the crowd and the confusion, and turned off into a side street, the street wherein is the great Pullman Building with its imposing portal. Opposite the portal of the Pullman we saw a huge six-footer of a policeman lecturing a mite of a lad who could not have been more than two feet tall nor more than four years of age.

Just as we came near, the policeman pushed the mite into the street, and, with a pretended kick, uttered this kindly benediction: "Now git, ye little bastard; and to hell wid ye!" The incident was so unusual and impressive that we stopped to question the policeman as to the cause of his action. We found him a good-natured Irishman and ready to explain. He told us that, taking advantage of the excitement and the crowds, gangs of youngsters from the slums came to the excitement centers and played all sorts of mischievous or piratical pranks. One favorite game was to go in a body into candy-shops, mix with the crowds, and, at a given signal, all would "swipe" some of the candy on the counters and dodge out to the sidewalk, leaving one or two tiny kids to be pounced upon by the shopfolk. And these "catches" were satisfactory to the busy shop-people. They dragged the little miscreants out to the sidewalk and sought the nearest policeman, to whom they turned them over, giving an account of the misdemeanor at the same time.

And this is where the Law, through its officer, had a chance to show its inefficiency as

explained by the policeman: "There ain't no place to lock up the little devils of this sucking age, and all we can do is to lecture 'em, sting 'em a little and let 'em go; the older ones of the gang knows this all right, and so they use the kids as scapegoats and get off scot-free themselves."

That this was so was evidenced by the fact that the group of older lads was lined up on the opposite curb, ready to run if chased, and they were so confident and impudent that while the policeman was chiding the scapegoat mite of their gang, they put their fingers to their noses and shouted derision at the farce of the Law.

The kidlet offender had a speech of his own ready for the occasion, and we heard this too, as well as the policeman's benediction. I had seen the face of the little criminal under an electric light, and it was a good face, one that would attract the sympathy and love of any child-lover. He plied his little legs to the utmost after he had been released, and in a jiffy was across the street, taken in charge by his older brothers in crime, and was at once lost in the crowd.

While talking to the policeman and getting the facts as stated, I all at once was seized with an intense desire to follow that sweet-faced baby and find out the conditions of life into which he had been condemned, to give him a chance to know what good was and the profitableness of it. "Why had I not thought quicker and followed the mite home, and done what I could to give him a fighting chance for respectability in the world?" thought I, but when the thought came it was too late. A huge city with three separate slum areas had swallowed him up as in a whirlpool of slime, and the individual quest was hopeless.

My friend and I walked along the Lake Front until long after midnight, working off our disappointment at having let the babe in crime slip through our fingers, but with only increasing regret, and then retired to bed, but not so immediately to sleep as usual. What would I not have given to have followed that angel of pristine purity and rescued him from an inevitably horrible fate!

The Vision

BUT sleep finally came to the rescue of my disappointment; and it was profound, as it always is, no matter what the excitement

of the moment. And the precious Morning Thought, which has been my treasured, trusty monitor for nearly twenty years, was equal to the emergency.

Before I was conscious of being awake, I had a vision, a dream if you like, but "old men have visions and young men have dreams." I was already an old man according to the estimate of youth, and it was a vision. The vision was of a bag of shot which I held before me. I was examining a single pellet which interested me; I do not know for what reason, but I was deep in interest in that one shot pellet.

Suddenly the shot slipped out of my fingers and fell back into the bag; when, presto! my visionary thought changed from contemplation of the single pellet to the question, "What is the significance of this vision?" There is significance in all visions coming with awakening, and they are always intimately pertinent messages "out of the blue."

I was not yet sufficiently awake to be conscious of my surroundings, but the memory of the waif still haunted me as a background for the vision of the loss of the shot. The shot which I so much wanted was there in the bag, but I could not identify it. Also, my lost waif was still alive, perhaps, but I could not find or even identify him surely. The two thoughts parallel each other. The only way to be sure of the lost shot was to hold possession of the whole bag. The only way to find the lost waif was to get them all, the very last one of them, perhaps not before my especial waif had grown up and suffered his condemnation, but he was typical of his class. "Catch all the waifs, round them up, feed them good pabulum of health-giving suggestions, and give them a fighting chance for respectability. Give the very last one of them, all of them, a chance, at least, to choose between the good and the bad." Thus counseled the Morning Thought Monitor.

Social Quarantine

THAT very day I sat down to write my book, an appeal for the waifs, and entered into correspondence with Hastings H. Hart, the Honorable William J. Van Patten, many kindergartners, and others whom I knew, and who were intelligently interested in child-saving and culture. I visited Hull House, and many leading kindergartners, and met only with encouragement for my hopes of

saving all the children, through co-operative and thorough effort, beginning with those most in need first, and so on to completion.

¶ The book was crude, but it met with favor. I began speaking publicly on the subject at Omaha, at the International Conference of Charities and Corrections, which was being held during the Omaha Exhibition. ¶ There were assembled there the most eminent child specialists and criminologists of the United States and Canada, and they all endorsed my optimism relative to the possibilities in the case if the public conscience could be aroused, and wished me godspeed in the quest.

¶ From Chicago and Omaha I went, by invitation of Golden Rule Jones, of golden memory, to Toledo, and then to New Orleans and Atlanta, Washington, Philadelphia, Burlington (Vermont), Brooklyn, and in all, some forty places, on progressive invitations from one place to the other, with always the same encouraging results. ¶ All those who were informed of the needs and the conditions said that it was only a matter of multiplication of the effort, with the thoroughness of quarantine, to effect a really effective Social Quarantine, through whose cordon of care not one single microbe of neglected childhood could possibly pass, to form around himself a culture center of future crime.

And they all said, "See what Barnardo and Brace and Kellogg have accomplished in reclaiming seemingly hopeless material and turning it into the best of wealth-productive citizens!"

And it was just becoming apparent to the social savants that there was no necessity for a "submerged tenth" of population. In some communities, and even in nations, there were no such dregs of disgrace to civilization. And heredity, too, was beginning to lose its terrors. Some said that heredity was but an insignificant incident of environment, a present state of accumulated characteristics, but entirely amenable to reform under the care and influence of a counteracting environment. The celebrated family in New York State (I do not mention the name that we may sooner forget it) which had furnished twelve hundred convicts in three or four generations, and to whom the hereditary partisans had pointed with pride for the proving of their case, had come to be viewed differently by men like Brockway, Hart and the rest, as victims of

'Gene Field Letters

Or Little Messages That Uplift

THE Reformers tell us that this country needs this, that and the other, to save it from dire dissolution.

These things are true, or not, as the case may be, but to my mind the one vital thing needed in America is an increase in the 'Gene Field Letter.

We are suffering from epistolary elephantiasis.

Every college should have a 'Gene Field Chair. Very few folks know how to write a letter, what to say or when to stop.

A 'Gene Field Letter always contains an element of joy.

Next, it bears a message of wisdom.

Third, it has a jigger of wit that gives the wisdom flavor.

Fourth, it closes when it is done, and there is no postscript.

A 'Gene Field Letter breathes kindness, appreciation, friendship, love, truth. The owner clings to it, shows it to friends, preserves it. If you own an original, you'll not part with it any more than you would sell your mother's portrait.

'Gene Field may not have been a great man, but he had a great heart. He knew the secret of friendship. To live so you will love and be loved is a fine art. Field was a friend.

Now let the world learn at his feet and follow his example.

The age demands it. A long letter robs you of time and thus shortens your life. ¶ A vacuous news-letter does the same.

A long letter of counsel and advice tends to make us do that which we ought not.

The missive that contains a grain of good hidden in six bushels of wordy chaff tries eyesight and temper, turning the milk of human kindness to bonny-clabber.

Sensible people do not go around putting everything straight. Things will not stay put, anyway, unless it is in their nature to do so. ¶ 'Gene Field never called you down. He always called you up—up out of the mire of selfishness and despondency, up into the sunlight.

On the Rialto, where manuscripts and autographs of the great and proud are sold, 'Gene Field—like Abou Ben Adhem—leads all the rest.

'Gene was not as profound as Emerson, not as learned as Greeley of the *Tribune*, nor as flowery as Longfellow, but his letters today command a price that those of the good men just named do not. When 'Gene wrote a letter he always made the recipient pleased with himself, and being pleased with himself he was pleased with 'Gene and everybody. He put you for the moment *en rapport* with the world.

An Advertisement

By *ELBERT HUBBARD*

Never write a grouchy letter—telephone. The grouchy word passes, and if you write in the mood it is fixed, and only the charming should be perpetuated.

A 'Gene Field letter is always brief. It is a lettergram of love.

It is written with the exquisite care that tokens deep respect. 'Gene wrote copperplate, getting the idea from Thackeray, and of all letter-writers, Colonel Newcome alone surpasses our 'Gene Field.

Of all living men no writer's letters are so valuable as those of James Whitcomb Riley. Jim may say foolish things, but he never writes them. Riley's letters are like bunches of violets with the morning dew upon them. Jim caught the idea from 'Gene.

As a relief to pent-up emotion, the writer of a nasty letter has its use and purpose. So, if you must, then write it, fold it up, put it in the envelope, direct it in a bold hand, and mark it *Personal*. Next, stamp the envelope, placing the stamp upside down in the left-hand corner of the envelope. Then tear up the whole thing into bits and throw them into the wastebasket.

Read these four 'Gene Field letters—written man to man, by those who never stopped to think that they were writing in the style of a great stylist. Please note that each one contains the Kosmic Kilowatt.

DEAR JOHN:

Your eyes are bright, your teeth are good, your step is firm. You are a trifle short on hair, but long on joy. That Equitable Policy helps keep your heart young. It stops worry. God is good to me—I know you. 'GENE.

DEAR BROTHER:

I hate you. You said so many wise and witty things last night that I should have said, first. You have a hundred-thousand-dollar life-policy in the Equitable—I guess that is what does it! Have sent my application to 120 Broadway, and I, too, am going to turn the dial back.

Jos.

DEAR BILL:

Mary feels better since my policy in the Equitable came, although at first she "did n't want to think of his dying."

The kiddies and all seem a little closer now. It's a beautiful world, and I am always,

YOUR OLD CRUSTY TOM.

DEAR ELBERT:

I read all your ads. They are for me a Mental Martini.

You made me try the Equitable for another hundred thousand on my life. It went through all right.

Naturally I feel a foot taller, and am more your friend than ever—if it were possible.

BILL.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

of the United States

"Strongest in the World"

The Company which pays its death-claims on the same day that it receives them. PAUL MORTON, President. One Hundred Twenty Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend to us some good man—or woman—to represent us there? There are great opportunities today in LIFE-INSURANCE WORK for THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

the stigma of their birth and the environment into which they had been involuntarily born. Once smirched with the criminal reproach, Society and Suspicion (with criminal persistence) would not let them emerge and lead respectable lives. The hopeless culture was preserved by the condemnation of Society and Suspicion (one and the same thing, in fact), and all those bearing the infamous name were socially tabu from the time they were born.

The Morning Thought Monitor

COINCIDENT with the writing of "That Last Waif," I had been pursuing my studies in nutrition. I had before had glimpses of better possibilities in this regard than had yet been developed, although I had been denied life-insurance, and most of my chums of Boston Club-days, in New Orleans, and elsewhere, had "cashed in their checks," and had paid the penalty of too much "good living." ¶ I had reformed in a way, but was not yet in possession of a clean bill of health and efficiency. I was obese and logy, and suffered frequent spells of the ordinary preventable diseases. To influenza, I was always a very easy prey.

Yet I had a faith in Mother Nature, which made me believe that she intended only good for her children, and if anything ailed them it was either accident or their own perverse faults, or the result of ignorance of the beneficent natural requirements which were the personal responsibility.

It was Midsummer while I was in Chicago, and all my friends were away in the country, so that it was easy to pursue experiments in nutrition undisturbed. I was hard at work on my book and had no interruptions.

I set about to apply business principles, principles which I had learned in my association with great business combinations, sometimes called trusts, and which showed that a physical equipment or "plant" must be examined for its best possibilities of utility and managed with the strictest economy in order to get the best results out of it.

My initial hypothesis was that Nature intends we shall be healthy and efficient, but she gives us certain license of abuse which we are apt to cultivate into habitual excesses, following the tendency of the so-called "vicious cycle or circle," to the end of a distinct body protest and of disease.

In my own case, I knew that the disabilities I suffered were due to lack of care in following the natural requirements, and it was my business of the moment to learn wherein I was sinning, and quit. I believed that my discomfitures and weaknesses were due to malnutrition, and the sequential inquiries proved that I believed correctly.

My second hypothesis, or premise, was that if Nature has given us any personal responsibility in regard to our nutrition, she has not hidden it away in the blind intricacies of the alimentary canal, but has placed it where we have control, and, obviously, before food is swallowed.

Hence, my faults, if any, were committed in the mouth, before my food was swallowed. And I concentrated on that very important three-inch area of the alimentary canal. The result is told in my books: "The A B C of Our Nutrition," "The New Glutton or Epicure," and in many newspaper and magazine articles * *

Ten years of study of the subject along different lines of research, mainly carried on without communion or knowledge of each other's quest, by Doctor Professor Cannon, of Harvard University Medical School, using the X-Ray; and Doctor Professor Pavlov, of Saint Petersburg, using a wonderful skill in surgery to assist his researches; and myself, applying business principles and "horse-sense" to learn the natural requirements, have given us a beautiful and clear picture of the digestive processes, and such as we may take down to the kindergarten, as did the Marquise de Chamberay into our East Side Party School (account of which is given later on in this article), with most gratifying results.

Thus, after ten years of experiment and nearly two years of test of application among a variety of children we have secured an authoritative license to teach any children we may come in contact with, the perfect chauffeuring of their own little corpomobiles, and through them, more effectively than in any other way, their parents, as will also be described later on * *

We are now ready to help extend kindergartens, creches, refuges and playgrounds as extensively as we extend water-mains and hydrants, and furnish pure character and health-giving instruction in all departments of education. Fountains of good influence are more important, in fact, than facilities for

quenching thirst, especially for children; for while acute thirst will cause a child, as well as animals and alfalfa, to go long distances to reach water, the more subtle yearnings for knowledge, culture, refinement and gentlemanly and ladylike deportment (the necessities of self-respect and good citizenship) are not so acute in their insistence, nor are they so essential to the mere animal life which Mother Nature preserves first and most persistently. They are the refinements of Nature delegated to man by Nature.

Cultivation is an exotic, so to speak, and it is the province of Man in his partnership with Nature to carry culture to the object or subject in need. Nature creates and safeguards life, but leaves to Man selection, cultivation and the refinements of evolution.

As to Application

FOLLOWING still the business method relative to the application of our perfected knowledge in regard to cultivation and competent auto-chauffeurage, let us use "horse-sense," the teachings of accomplished examples of successful procedure, and Co-operation, Concentration and Consecration, to build the perfect health and educational structure. Elsewhere in this number of "THE FRA," in the advertising pages, so as to use paper suitable for reproducing cuts, we have prepared a design to give vividness to a plan of solid procedure. We call it The Solid Life Structure, and it has its solid foundation on Dietetic Righteousness.

In passing, it is appropriate to accentuate more particularly the value of dietetic righteousness in any scheme of solid reform.

At Chautauqua in July of the present year (Nineteen Hundred Ten), Doctor J. H. Kellogg, in an address on Health and Efficiency, made the statement that he believed that the finding of a way to attain and maintain an Automatic Equilibrium of Nutrition from any available, palatable foods through care in eating, and the incidental discrimination of the appetite, was the most important discovery ever made in the interest of human Vital Economics. And Doctor Kellogg spoke wisely.

A year or more ago, the Reverend Father Higgins, of the Germantown Seminary, Pennsylvania, issued an appeal to the leaders of the Roman Catholic Temperance Societies and to those of the Knights of Columbus, urging them to teach and practise fletcherism in its

various applications, as a means of health, and economy in many directions.

He averred, on the experience of several of the Roman Catholic clergy and also of astute, influential laymen of the Faith, gathered from experiences covering from three to eight years, that not only did the practise of fletcherizing reduce the expenses of the domestic exchequer, so much so as to install comfort in the place of poverty, but that it effected a condition which was a principal cause of poverty; "for" (and the accentuation is Father Higgins' own) "no fletcherite can be intemperate in the use of alcohol."

This is also true, as evidenced by the experiences of thousands in several countries. The attainment and maintainment of an Automatic Equilibrium of Nutrition, as noted by Doctor Kellogg, does remove all desire for stimulation of an artificial sort, and the taste and desire for any of the Unprofitable Indulgences, outlined in our diagram of The Solid Life Structure, disappears as mist before the sun. Even smoking, the most enticing and soothing of the unprofitable indulgences—that is, of the habits which do not build up, but cost always more than they give in energy and strength—has been known to "slough off" from persistent fletcherites, but not so immediately as the desire for alcoholic stimulant.

¶ Virility is in no way impaired; on the contrary, it is strengthened enormously; but abnormal, morbid cravings are suppressed. Many confessions, made by sufferers rescued from the enslavement of morbid, never-satisfied desires, to many physicians and myself, during the past ten years, attest to the normalizing effect of sensible, epicurean and in every way agreeable eating and thinking.

Hence we are now able to go down to the most neglected of children, set out our life-saving and character plants, or equipments, and be able to teach perfect chauffeurage with ease and effectiveness. There are now no gaps in our fences, no flaws in our logic. We can lay the foundations of a Solid Life Structure.

As to the Means

WE must have organization, means (money), co-operation, concentration, and we must consecrate ourselves to the thorough accomplishment of our task. ¶ That the time is ripe is evidenced by the great interest now being taken in Child Conservation expressed in different ways and

approached by different organizations from different points of view.

That the needy ones are ready and eager to meet us halfway has been proven by the experiment before mentioned, which was suggested by the Marquise de Chamberay, and which was continued for a year and a half with most gratifying results.

We opened up quarters in the Phipps Model Tenement (Palazzo Phipps) in Thirty-first Street, between First and Second Avenues, in New York. In one six-room apartment, Number Thirteen (for good luck), we removed two or three partitions and made a room thirteen feet by twenty-six feet in size. It contained a gas-stove and a sink, and we used a small adjoining room for a miniature gymnasium. The splendid bathroom served a good purpose also. With a piano, camp-stool, and common board table-tops, resting on wooden horses, all portable, the furniture of the "plant" was complete.

The object of the trial was to learn how best to teach an indiscriminate group of children how to become little ladies and gentlemen, regardless of clothing or of home conditions. Polite eating and politeness to little folks as well as big folks, and even to the chairs and tables and stove and everything, was the game to be played, and the children learned it very quickly and did not forget.

The function was not called a school. The children, ranging from four to twelve years of age, half girls and half boys, were invited to a party. The selection in the first place was made by a superhuman collie-dog, the pet of Madame La Marquise. He had a scent for good children, and he was commissioned to pick out ten, five girls and five lads, and his selection was respected. The children whom Bruce made love to, and who made love to him in return, were asked if they would like to come to a party. They all accepted the invitation, and after getting the consent of their parents, the time was named. It was at ten o'clock on a Saturday morning.

Before nine o'clock, fifteen children, instead of the ten invited, were hovering around the door of apartment Number Thirteen, and occasionally rang the bell to ask what time it was ♪ ♪

All fifteen of the comers, however, were entertained at the party. First, they were turned loose in the gymnasium and given

something to do in the way of testing their strength on several ergographic instruments. Each had his name put down in a book, wherein his weight, grip, lung-capacity and whatever else we could think of were recorded. This was for two purposes: first, to give them a suggestion of expected improvement, and second, to vary the interest in the function.

After half an hour of this new sport, with trials of the wall parallel-bars and other apparatus, the larger girls were set to work helping the hostess to prepare the party repast on the gas-stove. In the meantime, the boys arranged the tables and camp-stools and the little girls set the tables.

When all was ready, some of the girls and boys acted as waitresses and waiters and the feast was on. After a blessing, which is a moderating check on excitement and a good preparation for calm digestion as well as a polite suggestion, a few words of instruction were given in kindergarten language to the effect that food was the source of strength, endurance and health, just as gasoline was the source of power in an automobile. If the food was properly taken, the best results were obtained and there would be no "tired feeling," no sick Saturdays, no nasty medicine, and the boys or girls thus properly fed would be strong and well and would get their lessons easily, play heartily, win races and have all the fun that was coming to them.

If, on the contrary, they gobbled their food like pigs, they would not only not be little ladies and gentlemen, but they might be sick on Saturdays and other holidays, have hard work with their lessons, and suffer all along the line, in the same way as would a careless chauffeur who muddles his machine, leaves smoke and smell behind him and finally breaks down in the middle of a trip.

The fathers of several of the children were chauffeurs and all of them understood the parallelism in the case perfectly.

They were instructed to get out all the taste there was in each morsel before swallowing, and the reason for so doing was explained in different ways until it was evident that all understood, the children themselves often raising their hands for a hearing, and furnishing illustrations that were effective.

Intrinsic politeness, to youngers as well as to elders, politeness for politeness' sake regardless of the object or subject, was taught as the first

essential of respectability and of ladylike or gentlemanly conduct.

Even now, after two years, hat-raising by the youngsters is common on the street, although the parties have been discontinued for some time; and a recent visit there, when a large group of the children gathered about me and went for a conference with me to an ice-cream saloon, gave the satisfying report that none of the teachings of the parties had been forgotten, and the wish was expressed over and over again that the "parties" should be continued, as I hope they will be soon, for the friendships formed are too precious to lose.

We found also a great amount of self-respect, which is the best sign of good citizen material. Some of the newspapers, with the best of intentions, but with always a desire to make a "good story," pictured the parties in type and in halftones, making reference to the boys as "gamins" of the street, reformed by the parties to the utmost politeness, and this was resented by the children and their parents. It was disapproved—by us, especially—because when a boy becomes polite he is no longer a "gamin."

"Manners Maketh the Man"

✱T was a wise English Bishop who made this sage utterance, and it was the lamented Dwight Wilcox who called my attention to it in connection with his interest in our Phipps House parties.

The Japanese have always placed politeness and appropriate manners in the forefront of respectability, and it, or they, are the basis of education in Japan.

Not only is deportment taught before letters, but it is the custom of the farmer folk to send their daughters to service, without compensation, to families where culture is most observed and respected, so that they may acquire polite ways.

While deportment is taught in our schools to some extent, it is made more of a task than a competition in respectability.

I can think of no greater pleasure than giving to eager and willing children of less advantages in the way of comforts than ourselves the pleasure of parties. Once a week is often enough and, as we say in the stereotyped parlance of the time, "the pleasure is all ours."

¶ There is something tedious about school and classes, and all that is imposed there is looked upon as a task even by the best, the most

restless and individual, of the little scholars. But who of them is not keen to go to a "party"?

¶ In any community it is easy to select a group of from ten to fifty children who will give their hosts infinite fun in serving as guests, and the cost of it all, if appropriately arranged, need not be more than three cents per guest, including a hearty and delicious meal, some substantial thing like a well-baked potato, milk-toast, or what not of the simple order, eaten so carefully that the little appetites are pretty nearly satisfied with it, and then they may be turned loose before peanut brittle with nuts ad libitum. For, with instruction in careful eating, getting all the good taste out of each morsel, there is not much appetite left when the solid course is done, and it is safe to trust the little guests to finish up royally among the candies and the nuts. It is all a matter of management, and management is a refined and practical form of manners. ✱ It was a revelation to us in our East Side experiment to learn how fond we became of all our children.

Those who came at different times numbered about a hundred. ✱ Many never missed a party, but all were never the same. One day there came a rather biggish boy named Jimmy. That was n't his name, for we do not want to have him identified. Immediately several of the larger girls clustered about Madame La Marquise and said in chorus, "O Madame, Jimmy is a bad boy, and our mothers will not allow us to play with him; if he comes to the parties our mothers will not let us come." ¶ "All right," replied the hostess; "let us inquire into the matter, and if we are in danger we will not let Jimmy come any more."

Here was a chance to read a new lesson in manners. "How can Jimmy harm us when we are all together playing the games of politeness and good conduct? Jimmy must play the game, too, and instead of Jimmy hurting us we may do him good; he may become a little gentleman instead of a little tough or a rogue. You need n't keep up the acquaintance outside the party. ✱ In polite society it is not incumbent on participants in open social functions to continue the acquaintances made there. But let us give Jimmy a chance."

And Jimmy was among the best-behaved of the boys, as might be expected of a dynamic prodigy with environmentally misdirected energy.

Let me right here relate a story which is instructive relative to this way of reforming manners and getting the best out of citizens as well as apprentice citizens.

The story was told me by one of Major-General Wood's staff while he was Military Governor of Cuba, and afterwards the General himself confirmed it and fully discussed the matter of management of so-called bad men with me when we were in the midst of the most savage of them in Moroland in the Philippines.

When the purifier of Santiago was ordered to Havana to clean up the situation there, he encountered a great number of outlaws who had been attracted to Cuba by the unsettled condition of affairs and who were the product of the general disorder. I, myself, encountered such riffraff of unsettled conditions after the opening up of communication with Japan and also at the close of the Taiping Rebellion in China, and hence know the sort of material General Wood had to deal with. And some of these adventurers in China and Japan were my personal friends, and I know that bad men are good men on occasions, and when a chivalric opportunity offers.

The General needed forceful men for special service, and among the bad men was to be found the most likely material for the jobs in hand.

He made careful inquiry about them, secured their names and addresses, and as much of their life history as was possible to learn. He laid especial emphasis on knowing any good traits or qualities they might possess: were they good husbands or fathers, were they "dead-game sports when it came to a show-down," to as complete a round-up of qualities and characteristics as possible.

Then he sent for them, one by one, for a personal interview. They met the summons with either trepidation or bravado, for they thought that it meant deportation or some other punishment or discipline.

The General met them alone and shook hands with them heartily. Then he beckoned them to a seat beside him and began in some such way as this: "I have need of some good men of force and courage for special services in cleaning up the situation here in Havana, and you have been recommended to me as a likely person to fill the bill. They tell me that you are a good and kind husband and father, and I believe that this is the best characteristic

any man can possess. They tell me also that you don't know what fear is, and such command of self, coolness and courage is necessary in times like these. If you will accept a commission I will give you occupation and good pay according to how much you 'make good.'

¶ "Incidentally, I hear that you have been misdirecting your energies during the confusion of things and are branded as one of the 'bad men' of Cuba. All have been more or less affected by the disorder, and I don't lay much blame on what has been. Of course, you will have to cut that out in the future. There is not going to be any more disorder, so there will be no excuse for lawlessness. If men continue to be bad men after we have removed all excuse for their being bad, we will see that they are put where they can not disturb us, underground if necessary. Are you on? Yes? All right, I trust you; hold yourself ready for orders."

This was a grown-up application of the way Madame La Marquise treated the bad Jimmy case. This is the way the problem of "That Last Waif" will be easily and permanently settled. Constant vigilance is the price of freedom, or words to that effect.

We must organize, concentrate, co-operate, and consecrate ourselves, to the end of thoroughly cleaning up the present desperate situation of child neglect, until we have secured a perfect care-quarantine in the protection of which no single child can breed criminal habits without early correction, and wherein every last baby shall be given a chance, at least, to choose between the good and the bad, a chance many do not have now in the midst of our half-measure methods of doing things.

A Semi-Summary

THUS the evolution of the campaign for securing a thorough Social Quarantine has progressed through several distinct stages of progress.

The efficacy of making thoroughness and completeness the chief and necessary aim in practical social reform has been taught by yellow-fever quarantine in New Orleans. Contact with many nations and races and small communities has shown that practically pure citizenship is merely a matter of the teaching of generally accepted ideals, and largest encouragement to all to become good citizens, often through using the frown, or the smile, of women, to encourage the purity of things.

The incident of the lost waif has put the needs of more thorough child care so much on my conscience that I can not rest until the last waif has been rounded up and rescued.

Coincident with the placing of this responsibility, my Special Providence has showed me the faults in the nutrition standards which make perfect reform impossible, while auto-intoxication of the body, and consequently of the mind, is prevalent as the result of plethoric conditions of food-supply, aggressive hospitality, and academic false teachings. ♪ To become competent chauffeurs of their own little corpomobiles is the first requisite of teaching the waifs when we have found them and essay to teach them. I have learned the way to attain and maintain "Automatic Equilibrium of Nutrition," as the perfect chauffeur-ing is called by Doctor Kellogg, and it has revealed many possibilities—among them a suppression of desire for alcoholic drink. An additional proof of this preventive resource occurs to me here ♪ In my experiment in Chicago, I had employed a number of the veriest "tramps," feeding them for the price of eating as I requested them to do, chewing solid food until all the taste had been extracted and swallowing only when swallowing was done of its own volition; and sipping liquids which had taste to the same end. They found it no hardship, and satisfied the conditions as readily as did the children in our East Side Experiment. But here was a revelation. One day when I gave one of the men a silver dollar, as a premium for good attention, he said to me: "Boss, think of me with a dollar in my pocket and not wanting beer!"

In the course of a few weeks this man had cleared up his own complexion to a marvelous extent. When I secured his services he was bleery, beery, mottled and greasy, but this condition was greatly modified, and I thought to myself, and have ever since thought, that the true solution of the drink curse, and the most secure way to close saloons, is to teach folks how not to want to drink. Since then abundance of evidence has accumulated to show that "Automatic Equilibrium of Nutrition" removes the desire, and even the toleration, for alcoholic stimulants, as averred by the Reverend Father Higgins of Germantown, before referred to, in a circular addressed to the leaders of the Knights of Columbus, the Father Mathew Temperance Society, and the clergy and laity

generally of the Roman Catholic Faith. This distinguished advice was given as the result of experiences of clergymen and laymen extending over periods varying from three to eight or nine years.

It required ten years of persistent urging to bring academic authority to endorse the practise of fletcherizing as a means, available to all, of securing for the body "Automatic Equilibrium of Nutrition," even in the midst of the most luxuriant food-supply and aggressive hospitality, but it came at last with an accumulating number of endorsers like Father Higgins. The press of America and Europe gave especial attention to the spread of the knowledge, and the reason for this was that there is scarcely a periodical published in the world, on the staff of which there is not some heretofore sufferer from indigestion and auto-intoxication, who has not derived benefit from the suggestions involved in fletcherism, and who is not doing more work more easily as the result. As years roll on, and the progressive, persistent benefits accumulate, these formers of public opinion become more and more reverential of the goods the gods have given them, and more and more earnest in their advocacy of that normal temperance which is also the most delightful epicureanism.

The free advertising which Mother Nature has secured through the agency of the fletcheristic agitation has been estimated to be worth, in money, more than two millions of dollars a year, and the result attained in all countries is conservatively stated to be not less than half a million dollars a day in savings to domestic exchequers alone, to say nothing of the increased energy and optimism, immunity from illness, increase of working-days and ease of work ♪ But this is merely incidental to the Last Waif and Quarantine (crime and idleness quarantine, if you like) quest and campaign.

The next step after securing academic endorsement was to learn if right nutrition and manners were teachable generally, especially to the most needy ones. Then again came a Special Providence in a woman who suggested the "social party" method of inculcating, with only pleasure attending, the principles of politeness as an intrinsic merit and careful auto-chauffeurship as the first necessities of respectability—not only suggesting the way, but demonstrating the easy possibility, as before related.

Means and Methods

WE are now all ready equipped for Co-operation, Concentration, Consecration and Completeness; a wonderfully significant alliteration of "C's" and more significant still when they join alliteration with CHILD-CONSERVATION CARNIVAL as a method of securing, spontaneously, voluntary support for the campaign.

Dear little Denmark, great in all but square miles and military prestige, has given us the cue for a special child day consecrated to child interests, and, by six years of successful trial, she has made it easy for us to copy. The Seventh of June is given over to "Child-Help Day," and it is made both amusing and instructive, and joyous as well, by use of carnival features such as draw thousands and thousands of people annually from far away to New Orleans, Nice, Rome and other places every year. It is not a legal holiday, and business proceeds as usual. Bank clerks, on business errands bent, carry one of the little tin banks provided by the committee while on their business errand, and give admiring maidens a chance to drop therein the tiny coins of the realm called ore. The favorite clown of the circus dresses himself in his best costume, and mounts a landau for touring the streets, holding his little tin bank on the end of a fishing-pole to make it more easy for the people who crowd about him to drop in their ore.

Servants and children save up their money for weeks ahead so as to be able to drop in as many coins as possible where and when their fair fancy directs. It is a day of frantic giving by all classes of society, and, as needy children and mothers are the recipients of the gifts, every mother's son and daughter of the populace, from the oldest to the youngest, are, for the moment, of one generous mind.

As a result (without any loss to any one, any more than paying one's way into a very compensating show is loss), upwards of ten millions of separate gifts are made in a population of half a million in Copenhagen, most of the small change is withdrawn from the banks and circulation and is cached for the moment in more than ten thousand of the little tin banks provided by the Committee for the purpose. It takes a week to count it all and publish the result.

As a personal experience, so creditable to the

Danish people that I can not help mentioning it whenever there is an excuse, I began the day with five hundred of these small coins, representing one hundred thirty-five American cents. But these melted like snow in the pocket and I was soon on the quest for more. At the banks they "sized me up" as an Englishman or an American and would not give me ore coins, giving me the alternative of taking the smallest of the silver coins, ten-ore pieces. Perhaps they had given out all their copper coins, or perhaps it was a high-finance way of helping me to contribute in ten-ore doses.

But at Strawberry Anderson's, and at the largest department-stores, they accommodated me most trustfully by shoving out trays of all denominations of copper coins—ones, twos and fives—and asking me to help myself and make my own change, as they had no time to do so.

Later on, the civic firemen, a magnificent body of men who paraded all day in uniform in the interest of their own needy mothers and children, showed business instinct by selling the copper coins they had gathered, at ten per cent premium, and thus added that accretion to their general fund.

I managed to dispense between twenty and thirty dollars in the course of the day, and it might have been fifty or a hundred, without any regret the next morning, if I could have begged, borrowed or stolen the means of giving.

The rich and blase, as everywhere, simplify matters by giving a certain sum in lump, and then hieing themselves to the woods to avoid the trouble and pain of actual giving, but then it is ever and eternally thus where plethora paralyzes. The fun of the thing is in the multiple separate responses to the needs of the babies and mothers in childlike coins.

Here we have a perfected model of Co-operation, Concentration, Consecration, Child Conservation, and a Carnival, for easily and joyfully raising the means of Completeness in purifying society through complete Child Care, beginning with those most in need first, and working outward in the purifying process, from core to circumference, a method new in America, and yet the least expensive in the end.

It is estimated that in twenty years we can reduce the cost of our corrective government seventy-five per cent and bring security where danger now ever lurks.

In that time a new generation of children will be the citizen voters of the time, and those of the elders who have not reformed, in sympathy with the ideals set aloft, will have sloughed off and cleared the atmosphere. Under such thoroughness of attention and foster-care, no "white slavery" can exist, and the saloons, which now occupy every expensive corner of most of the streets in cities and even villages, will go out of business for want of customers, and co-operative industries, and co-operative living, like many of the successful models in existence, will bring wealth to the present "submerged tenth," which abject poverty now smothers.

Business Procedure

THERE are two departments of conservation which can be cultivated by universal co-operation, regardless of competition, politics, religion or any other vested or special interest. Even the worthy doctors who are the victims of the pathological atmosphere in which they are now smothered will prefer to become well and efficient, and able to work above ground, rather than to serve in the sewer of disease and misery, subject to call at any hour of the night, and, if decently conscientious, never masters of a moment of their precious time.

How much better to serve as sanitary consultants and advisers than emergency necessities after the fault has been committed. Herein is a chance for the spiritual and the sanitary adviser to merge, and to couple their usefulness with that of such surgical skill as is necessary in cases of accident.

Business procedure demands organization around an ideal or ideals, similar to the Japanese Bushido, but modifying it to our American or other local needs.

And after much consideration of the subject, furnishing a solid foundation stone for the Conservation Structure, the idea and ideal of an Order of Intrinsic Merit suggests itself and persists in enlisting the favor of maturing thought.

Health and the highest efficiency are the core of radiating efficiency, and we have now the information relative to Nature's requirements in this regard.

The Attainment and Maintainment of "Automatic Equilibrium of Nutrition" in connection with any palatable foods (whether found in the hut of an Igoroti, in the camp of a lumber

Jackie, in a three-dollar-a-week boarding-house, in Valparaiso University Commons, where they feed one sumptuously for five dollars a month, or in the midst of the sumptuousness of the Waldorf-Astoria or in Sherry's in New York) is the foundation of the Solid Life Structure desired.

Primitive conditions for which the main equipment was furnished compelled following the natural requirements, and with this natural protection we find skeletons of primitive people, very, very old, perhaps as old as Methuselah is reputed to have been, with all their teeth intact, though well worn, giving evidence of sanitary conditions not existing today.

It is not necessary for us to go back to primitive conditions of life, before cooking was discovered and when all foods required following the natural requirements favorable to digestion. But we do need to know how to overcome the menace of our luxuries, and to learn what is good in them, leaving the waste to rot outside our bodies.

There need be no constitution but Good-Health Constitution. Members of the Order of Intrinsic Merit may elect themselves, and all they need promise to do is first, perfect their own bodily health and efficiency to the best of their knowledge (and we will furnish them the knowledge). But the general obligation, accepted by all, will be to devote their best efficiency and one day of the year, and the income of one day (average), to Child-Conservation service, beginning with the ones they know who are most in need, and so on outwards to the end of the end of completeness; and that one day of the year be devoted to searching out the most needy within the field of their ken, so as to most efficiently serve the first principles of Child Conservation. They will naturally be especially interested in encouraging the Child-Conservation Carnival-Day celebration in their locality, as a means of enlisting spontaneous giving for the needy ones.

Imagine yourself a dual personality, which you are. Imagine your body equipment as a machine, an automobile, if you like, which it is, and your intellect as the chauffeur of that auto. Your intellect is also the guardian, superintendent, trustee, of that bit of divine mechanism, and it is given to you, as a sacred trust, to do the best possible with for what it is capable of doing in the world.

My own idea in this important matter is to assist the agencies now in operation to extend their usefulness in the way they deem best, regardless of point of view and direction—the playground associations, the child-saving societies, free kindergartens, creches and the like—and supplementing all with agencies for the purpose of delving deep into the most abjectly desperate conditions and applying the teachings of Dietetic Righteousness and Character as needed ❀

If I were not assured by my own observations throughout the world, and by the confirmation of those who best know the worst conditions, that there are no hopeless ones, I would not speak so positively of possible results.

If I had command of means similar to those of any of the great philanthropic estates which are being returned to the world and the nation through "Foundations for Specific Purposes," I would start an insurance scheme, offering to turn over to the nation a wealth-earning citizen for every incorrigible child given to me for treatment, and at the cost of a first-class mule only.

Only think of a dividend, in health property, equal to at least five hundred dollars a year, for the capital investment of less than five hundred dollars, and with a profit to the insurer ❀

Besides this, a saving of thousands upon thousands of dollars for police protection, court procedure and jail maintenance if the thing were extended to a finality of thoroughness ❀

An Example

A CERTAIN judge in Chicago who commended my crude suggestions, as outlined in my book, "That Last Waif, or Social Quarantine," and who is a student of sociology as well as of criminology, told me of a case of great excitement in Chicago caused by two juvenile burglars less than twenty years of age.

❑ A burglary was committed on the West Side one night, and the following night there was another on the South Side. The night following, the North Side was favored with a burglarious visit, and so on without any symmetry or continuity, until two hundred police officers had been added to the force to protect the property of citizens with unusual thoroughness.

❑ Finally, the youngsters were caught and brought to court. The judge inquired into the history of their cases and as to the previous life-

history of the youthful miscreants. He found that they were born into environments where, like my little lost waif, they never knew what good was until they were already steeped in crime and branded as criminal, forever after tabu and hopeless as respectable citizens.

Such environments are the field of search and research of the Order of Intrinsic Merit, and the remedy is inexpensive and easy if Co-operation, Concentration, Consecration and Practical Child Conservation are secured.

Administrative work can always best be done by men accustomed to productive work. Manual labor gives decision to the mind and brings out the strong, primitive instincts.

Commerce in Life

By Alice Hubbard



MERSON has given us many definitions that have become classic. Here is one: "Commerce is carrying things from where they are plentiful to where they are needed."

You can easily imagine circumstances in which the individuals who transported produce from where it was abundant to where others were starving would be called benefactors, angels of mercy, saints sent from God.

❑ For example, when Clara Barton loaded a steamship with food, ice, fruits, bandages and soothing lotions and carried them into the swamps of Cuba to the sick and wounded there, she was recognized as a savior by those who received these benefactions.

We do not, however, use these complimentary terms to all people who distribute produce, yet this fact remains: the human race has evolved through commerce. The white wings of the first ship that sailed the seas carried a cargo of exports as it glided from our shore, and it brought imports as it returned.

How anxiously did the people at home watch for a sail, and with what joy did they hail its entrance into the harbor. Because this ship was sure to bring news from the unknown. Its commerce was not alone in merchandise—it brought ideas.

The first commerce was conducted on a barter basis. In the country, now, the farmer carries

eggs to the general store over which is the sign, "Cash and Barter Store." For his eggs he receives in exchange factory-cloth.

But if he needs his horses shod a medium of exchange is necessary, and the farmer receives money for his eggs, and then pays cash for his blacksmithing.

The introduction of this acceptable medium of exchange which we call money has simplified the transactions, and made the selling of products easy and profitable. Also, the producer is not compelled to purchase things he does not want.

In time, this work of exchange of produce for money became a business. When every farmer, every producer, hunted out each his own buyer, many days were consumed and much energy wasted.

Out of the necessities of this natural condition, transportation became a business.

The Fundamental Necessities

SO here are the fundamental necessities of life: first, production; second, transportation. The transaction involved in either or both of these is called commerce, which means intercourse.

A person who produces wheat, corn, cows, shoes, cloth, books, pictures, statues, jewelry, labor, skill, eloquence, dramatic power, advice, and sells for money is commercial.

Infants, paupers, criminals, defectives, wives and mothers are not, for the most part, commercial. Most wives and all mothers work, but do not sell their work—they give it away.

¶ With a certain class of people the words, "commercial" and "commercialism," applied to people or to products are terms of reproach. And yet, with these same people, no representative of these classes who is non-commercial is considered worthy of political office, nor is she given the highest honor.

The people who use the word "commercial" as a term of reproach are either rich, or very much desire to have money—usually not through their own effort.

These people do not know, however, that wealth is produced only through commerce.

¶ You have heard the expression many times, it or he is "so commercial," from people who have an inherited income. And, by the way, these are the only people from whom you do hear it. They love the results of the selling of activities, but do not themselves like to exercise in that way.

An unprejudiced person, I believe, would look at the situation as a whole in this way: The race has evolved because of commerce. All that we are and have, above and beyond what an isolated band of savages has, is due to commerce.

And the unprejudiced person would know, too, that the money one gets for his product, no matter what the product, is not the highest good he gets from the exercise. No one can do good work without having his heart full of love and without joy in his work. Also, no one can do continued good work if depressed by the thought of dependence, or if hungry, cold or physically miserable.

A degree of personal independence is absolutely necessary to good work, no matter what kind the work may be.

Mother's Work

NO arduous labor that I know of can compare in effort and time with the work a mother has to do, the mother whose work is that of a mother and who gives to the State citizens of whom any nation may be proud—I do not mean physical or mental defectives. ¶ There are several such mothers, for we have quite a number of men and women in the United States who are fairly good people—quite superior, in fact.

But these mothers are for the most part paupers, non-commercial. They have not sold their life's blood, time, talent and energy for money. They have given it.

And so, when a mother wants to go on a little journey, buy anything, sell anything, think and express anything, she must first ask her husband at home and get his consent, and then the money.

Thus do we honor those who give themselves, their love and ambitions, that there may be men and women on the earth.

The country is run on a commercial basis. Many people think that if business men were at the head of the government and used strictly business principles, the people would be greatly benefited.

We make our estimate of art on what the product will bring in a market of dollars.

"Is he a great poet?"

"Oh, yes; he can sell everything he writes at ten dollars a line."

"Is he a great sculptor?"

"Certainly he is! He has a commission for a seventy-thousand-dollar statue."

"He is not a great painter. Nobody buys his pictures."

Now, beautiful things, works of art, should be appreciated in terms that represent values to the mind of man. And our record is that we are a commercial people, and the value that most appeals to us is currency, gold or silver ❦❦

In the country, the farmer folk used to talk of rich men with bated breath, and question, "What is he worth?" The answer was in terms of dollars, always.

Nothing is of much intrinsic value except what affects our living. That which gives us better control of our brain, our nerves, our muscles, and that which helps us to adjust ourselves better to life is of the most worth.

¶ But we give little thought to developing such values.

Naturally we cultivate what sells in the market. But along with the production and transportation and selling is an exercise which develops qualities which make for civilization.

The Greatest Good

THE teaching of civilization for many centuries has been that, if a person wants independence and freedom, the thing to do is either to inherit money or to develop earning power ❦❦

Man learned the lesson first. It was easier for man. He had fewer family cares.

Women have valued affection and love more than independence and freedom. Nature made it so. Women have been slow in learning that love is good, but that love is not enough.

Woman has a natural desire for freedom and for independence. Her hope and the trend of her present life is to have these and keep the love and affection, too.

There is a way, and we are approaching it.

¶ A prominent business man said the other day that if a man wanted to do his best work he should not encumber himself with a family. Nobody criticized him. Monks said it long ago. Priests say it now—also nuns. A few business women have said it, too, but did not escape censure ❦❦

I am not sure that business men, monks, priests, nuns, or business women have lived better or done more unencumbered by a family, for such people always have the burden of themselves, which burden often grows unbearable ❦❦

But a too heavy burden of unhappy family

does encumber. Mothers know this. In lifting and trying to carry too great a load, many women have gone down to death.

A woman sacrifices herself easily. She risks her life so often that it becomes a slight thing to her ❦❦

Free schools gave to mothers a great degree of freedom.

The woman's first interest is for her children. She would deprive herself of necessities that her son might go to school. (It did n't matter so much about the daughter.) Free tuition and then free books were in the direction of liberty for the mother.

And now there are schools such as Miss Simmons' school in Omaha, and the H. H. Rogers School of Fairhaven, Massachusetts, where the midday lunch is provided for the children. ¶ Who provides free schools, free books, free lunches? The people.

Some of you well remember when the school tax was paid by the people who sent the children to school. The poor man who had six children paid six times as much as the rich man with one. The man who owned half the town and had no children paid no tax at all.

But it finally dawned upon the intelligence of man that the children were a part of society at large, and that it was for the well-being of the State for all children to be educated. And the result was that the State made this possible ❦❦

The people are carrying this thought logically forward. Equip the children for citizenship. Bad citizens are the most costly extravagance a State can have.

The children are far more dependent upon and far more influenced by the mother than by the father.

Women slaves and women in servitude or in bonds do not bear noble sons and noble daughters.

The well-being of society depends primarily upon the freedom and well-being of the mothers ❦❦

One step more and the State will make mothers economically free.

Who pays for the children? Society at the last. The entire town is blessed if the children are great. The entire State suffers if the children are rogues and criminals.

Would it not be good business to make mothers economically free, and thereby receive directly the civilizing benefits of commerce?

The Cherry Settlement

By J. E. Williams

[Note by the Editor:—The man who wrote the following article is J. E. Williams, of Streator, Illinois.

Williams is a business man by accident, a laborer by prenatal tendency, a Fabian Socialist by nature, and a Roycrofter by the Grace of God ❄️

He takes an earnest, active interest in all economic and social betterments. He knows history, literature, philosophy, better than any college professor I ever saw.

He is a workingman who has improved his time ❄️

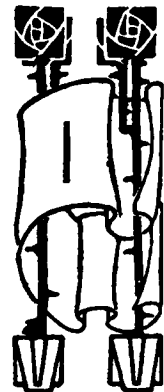
He is the friend of working men and women, and he is a business man.

For many years he was a coalminer, a day-laborer, and he knows the heart of the toilers—those who go forth to their labors until the evening—better than any other man I ever met, and I've known quite some few—for my name is not Simeon Stylites.

Williams has knowledge plus, and a charity that suffereth long and is kind. He is so big that he fully realizes that any man who devotes himself to aiding the proletariat will get gross ingratitude and stupid misunderstanding for pay ❄️

And yet he sides always and forever with this man that he knows will rend him if he ever gets close enough to clutch his throat. Blind, blundering humanity that fails to be a friend to even itself needs a friend—and Williams is that man.

He is as tender as Clara Barton, as gifted as John Ruskin, as practical as William Morris, as hopeful as Whitman, and as brave as Jim Bludsoe, who "held her nose to the bank until every galoot was ashore," and then perished in the wreck.]



IN the many articles urging mediation in the Cherry disaster, one of the chief points insisted on was that it would furnish a precedent for the future. In the light of present developments the argument seems prophetic, for hardly has the Cherry settlement taken effect when its principle is adopted by one of the largest corporations. The International Harvester Company, employing twenty-five thousand people, has voluntarily come forward and offered its employees an indemnity contract based on practically the same terms as the Cherry settlement—namely, three times the

annual wage in the event of accidental death. The Harvester Company waives all questions of "negligence," or legal liability, and makes the simple fact of death or injury sufficient ground for indemnity.

Following Cherry Precedent

❄️N this, the International Harvester Company follows the basis of the English law, which was also the basis of the Cherry Settlement. But the influence of the settlement does not end here. The press dispatches bring the news that the Wisconsin Legislature, through its committee, has recommended a bill containing the same essential features—three times the annual wage as indemnity for accidental death ❄️ And I have reliable information that the commission which was appointed by Governor Deneen, one of whom was a mediator in the Cherry Mine disaster, is seriously considering the same, or a similar measure ❄️

Honor to the Right Man

❄️T seems a fitting time to publicly give credit to the man who, more than any other, gave the impetus to this movement which now promises to spread over the country. That man is A. J. Earling, who is the President of the Chicago, Milwaukee and Saint Paul Railroad, and is the executive head of a four-hundred-million-dollar corporation. I suppose I am the only person living who knows the inside history of that remarkable transaction, and unless I make it public the story will probably never be told.

First, it should be understood that it was Mr. Earling's belief, in which I fully concurred, that beyond the available resources of the Saint Paul Coal Company there was no legal liability for the Cherry disaster. It was equally clear to us that if left to long years of litigation these resources would be largely consumed by lawyers and courts, and little would be left to the claimants but disappointment and grief. Eliminating the question of legal liability as being inadequate, the mediators had to face the problem: "What other recourse have we?"

Acknowledges "Moral Obligation"

❄️R. EARLING met this important question squarely by saying:

"We acknowledge a moral obligation."

This statement, made in the first interview, was the keynote of all the subsequent proceedings. From this time on, all our efforts

were to find out how we could transmute a moral obligation into its financial equivalent. It was by no means a simple matter. For if we took any arbitrary sum as the measure of indemnity, just as good arguments could be urged for a larger sum. If we suggested \$1,500, the largest sum up to that time paid in a large disaster, some one with equal force could urge \$2,500, or \$3,500, or \$5,000.

A Two-Sided Obligation

AND then the obligation was not all on one side. The powerful head of a four-hundred-million-dollar corporation is by no means a dictator. He is allowed his power only because his stockholders believe he will use it to their mutual advantage. If he acknowledges a moral obligation it must be such a one as they can be brought to sanction and approve. And so Mr. Earling was placed in a difficult position. He must satisfy his own sense of right, he must meet the reasonable moral expectation of right-thinking men, and he must do it in such a way as to secure the approval and support of those who paid the bills, and received neither publicity nor reward for their contribution.

An Interview With Earling

I SHALL never forget the memorable interview at which the many angles of this complicated question were made clear to me. It was at an interview with President Earling. It was my part to urge with all the fervor and eloquence at my command the moral demands of the situation: it was his to listen and decide. In two hours of sincere, earnest and fervent discussion I presented my cause from every conceivable point of view. Mr. Earling listened, weighed, and considered patiently, and met every point with a sincerity, an earnestness and a fairness equal to my own. Where he agreed, he admitted it frankly and gladly; where he differed, he did it courteously, kindly, almost regretfully. I felt I was in the presence of a man who felt the grandeur of a great moral issue, and who was weighed down by the burden of a heavy, an almost tragic responsibility. But he could not at that time reconcile himself to my solution of the moral problem. He had fixed his mind on a sum that was one hundred thousand dollars less than my plan called for, and it seemed to him that the claimants should "take the property" rather than grant the sum that my proposal seemed to demand.

He Adopts English Precedent

I LEFT his presence chastened and discouraged, but not the least doubting the sincerity and moral earnestness of the man whose responsibilities were so much greater than mine. The interview was not without its fruits, however; for a few weeks afterwards I was summoned to a conference of representatives of the various interests, at which Mr. Earling adopted in substance the principle of the proposal I had previously made. That principle is well known to readers now, being the principle of the English law which gives for each accidental death the equivalent of three years' earnings. The proposal was accepted by consular and other interests, and settlements with the Cherry claimants are now in process of being effected on this basis. Mr. Earling did me the honor to say that my words had been the means of convincing him of the wisdom of adopting the English precedent in the settlement of the Cherry problem, and I am proud of the honor; but it is his own broad mind, big heart and strong will that has put the plan into execution, and given it a reality in the world of fact that will make it go down into history as the most potent and significant result of the greatest mining tragedy in history.

The Great Human Factor

I AM tempted to add just a word of an impression left on my mind as the result of my unusual contact with one of our great overlords of commerce. It is this: That corporations are endurable or possible only because of the great humans who are behind them. In themselves they are soulless abstractions, existing only for their economic purpose. But they must have men to run them—big men, strong men—and you can't find a man big enough for the job unless he has a great human heart and plenty of rich, red blood in his veins. Down below you may find automata, man machines; but up at the top you must have a live wire, a real man, and not all the corporation machinery in the world can grind the human sympathy, the human interest, out of him. Without him, the barricades, the red flag, the reign of terror; with him, perhaps the evolution of the corporation into the Hope of the Ages. Let us dare to have faith. At least so much has my brief contact with President Earling enabled me to do.

No man ever did or can do a great work alone.

Test of American Resources

By Ewing Herbert



T last James J. Hill—the silent railroad king of the Northwest—has given us his full and free opinion on the business policy of the United States. Throughout his long career it has been his plan to “say nothing and saw wood.” He has been too busy to talk. The man who plunges into a dense wilderness, as he did, and transforms it into half a dozen prosperous States, has no time to run a public-opinion factory. **B**ut recently, while at a gathering of his friends in Saint Paul, J. J. Hill unlocked his tongue and spoke out. It was a remarkable address, made by a remarkable man, and the meat of it was as follows:

The nation at large feels that it is immensely prosperous. We are cutting a wide swath; there is no doubt about it. But if we will get closer and examine what we are doing, we will find that we are living profligately and squandering our heritage in every possible manner.

We should insist upon better cultivation of the land. For on that one item depend your future growth and prosperity, and there is no other item to which you can look—no other source of wealth than that which comes out of the cultivation of the soil.

If the soil is protected, if it is intelligently handled, if your crops are properly rotated, if the land is fertilized and rested and intelligently handled, you have a mine in the soil that will never be exhausted—quite unlike the other mines.

The money coming into the Northwest from the annual crops—while running into the hundreds of millions of dollars—is not half as great in amount as it should be.

Our Free Lands Are Gone

OUR public domain is exhausted. Last year over a million people came from across the Atlantic to the United States, and the natural increase certainly is a million and a half more. What is to become of these people? They are to be driven fairly into the factories and workshops and no place else.

They can leave our country and go to the Canadian Northwest, as many have gone. But that country will be populated to its

extent very soon, much sooner than you think. It has not an unlimited area.

Try to cast your mind twenty or twenty-five years ahead. At that time we should have one hundred fifty or one hundred sixty millions of people. Where are they going? Who is going to feed them? They can manufacture. We have the raw material. We have the coal and the iron and the copper and the lead. They can manufacture. Who will buy it?

We have got to a point where we are selling our heritage; we are selling our rich deposits of iron and our coal and our rich soil, and exhausting it as well.

People of other countries are exercising the utmost, closest intelligence in everything that pertains to economy in production. Take, for instance, the German nation today, and they lead the world or any period in the history of the world in industrial intelligence and industrial management.

I was in England in November, and observed a sad sight—Trafalgar Square filled with idle people asking for bread up around Hyde Park. Why? The men who carried on the work, who met the payrolls, are no longer engaged in the business. What they had they have turned into money, and have bought securities or something else, trying to save what they have. **I**n the West of England, which was a great center of broadcloth manufacturing and of woolen goods, their output is less than quarter of what it was twenty-five years ago. Germany is selling cutlery in Sheffield.

And I took pains to look around London, and to walk into the shops and find out. I could n't find a pair of lisle-thread gloves that were not made in Germany. **U**nder-clothing, stockings, cloth, almost everything made in Germany. They have a system of education in Germany. They educate their men.

We Want Our Natural Wealth

NOW I am not going to undertake to say that their way is better than ours, but I want to impress this on you, that when this country has one hundred fifty million people, they have got to do something; they have got to earn a living.

Who will buy the goods? Who will employ them? In what shape are they to meet the competition that England is meeting today? And a million and a half idle men asking for bread in England and no bread for them except such as charity doles out! They have got to be

carried out of Great Britain and a new place found for them. There is no other solution. It is all well enough to talk about what we are doing. Examine it closely and you will find that we are doing nothing except selling our natural resources and exhausting them. When you dig a ton of ore out of the ground you can't plant another ton, as you could potatoes; it is gone. And when the fertility of our fields, the fertility of the soil is gone, where are we going to replace it from?

Teach the Boys to Work

I AM not going to find fault with education; it never hurt anybody. But if in place of spending so much time and so much money on languages and higher studies, we fitted them for the life that they are going to follow, for the sphere in which they are going to move, we would do more for them.

I know that in the two or three (more or less) railroads in which I am interested, the pay-rolls cover eighty thousand to ninety thousand people. We have tried all manner of young men, college men, high-school men, and everything else, and I will take a boy at fifteen years old who has to make a living—his chances will be better if he has to contribute to the support of a widowed mother—I will take him and make a man of him, and get him in the first place, before you would get most of the others to enter the race with him; simply because he has to work. He has to work; he has the spur of necessity; he must work.

If there be anything that you can do, I feel sure that you will all put your hands to the plow and help; but you will never build a city faster than you have a country to support it. And that is the first and the most important thing.

It is a good policy to leave a few things unsaid.

The Eternal Quest

By James Ball Naylor

MAN whimpered and crouched in his rocky cave
In the heart of the lonesome wild,
For just without was a shallow grave
Containing his wife and child;
And Man, a primitive, untamed thing,
Cared nought for the silence drear,
But he heard the flap of an owlet's wing—
And he shuddered in nameless fear.

And—"avaunt!"—was the timid cry he gave;

"Are ye living—ye who died?"
But only the wind swept o'er the grave—
And only the wind replied!

In the dewy dusk, from his shepherd's tent,
Man glided with sandaled tread,
And led by the rising moon he went
To the place of his silent dead;
And there, on the lone, rock-girdled plain—
As the night-breeze loitered by,
He lifted his voice to his heart's refrain—
And his face to the starry sky.

"Oh, gods of my fathers!" he wailed aloud,

"Are they living—these who died?"
But the moon hid under a fleecy cloud—
And never a god replied!

At dawn of day, in a temple grand,
Knelt Man—with his head low-bowed;
And above and about him, on ev'ry hand,
Were the works of his genius proud:
Paintings and sculptures of fabled beasts,
Demons, angels and gods,
And—most insignificant, lowliest, least!—
Himself, as the king of clods.

"Thou Almighty One!" was his anguished moan,

"Shall they wake again—the dead?"
But the Great One nodded upon His throne—
And never a word He said!

And today Man delves into science, deep—
In a futile effort to gain
A hint of the life that shall follow sleep,
A glimpse of the soul's domain;
But, as fruitless always has been his quest
And groundless his hopes and fears,
The riddle today remains unguessed—
Unsolved by his toil and tears.

And Man yet cries to the Powers that be:
"Oh, grant that my pray'r be heard!
Is a future existence in store for me?"
But never an answering word!

No man is to be pitied except the one whose Future lies behind, and whose Past is constantly in front of him.

THE LITTLE FELLOW, TOO

An Advertisement By Elbert Hubbard



HERE is a world of misconception regarding the adding-machine's usefulness.

Some small dealers seem obsessed with the idea that this modern appliance is for the Big Fellow alone.

Not so, never, not at all—or words to that effect.

The Little Fellow—the man who has a small business and waits on customers himself—is the individual who really needs the Burroughs bookkeeping machine—say the Number Six.

Big concerns, of course, take advantage of every time-saving and labor-saving device.

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A man who has all the details of his business safely corraled at the close of each day has a firmer grip on Life and is always ready for the dawn of a tomorrow. He knows when to be conservative and when to plunge. He knows his standing to the ultimate dime and knowing this he is in a position to instantly do the right thing when forced to make a quick decision.

Don't get the idea that banks, railroad offices and the like are the only ones who need adding-machines—no indeed. The groceryman, the shoe dealer, the jeweler, the druggist, the butcher, the baker, the general merchant, all will find that the Burroughs banishes blunders, decreases costs, increases profits. Convincing literature and specific information regarding the adaptability of the Burroughs machines to your particular business will be sent upon request.

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Dealers Everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the

Standard Oil Company
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THE FRA

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■ A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION ■

Vol. VI

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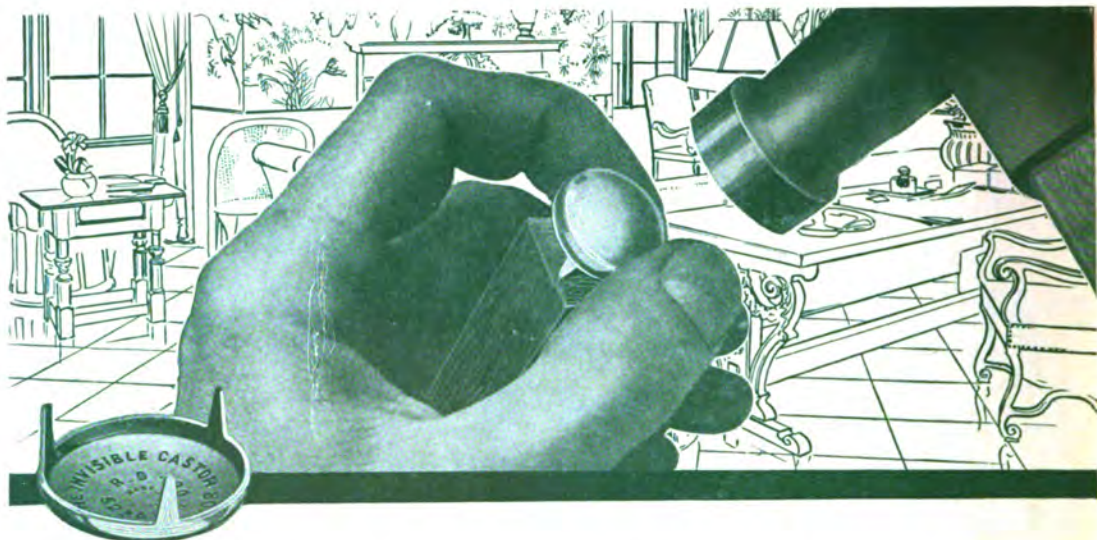
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THE WOMAN'S NUMBER



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THE FRA

A JOURNAL OF AFFIRMATION

Vol. 6

JANUARY, 1911

No. 4

WOMAN SHOULD BE ECONOMICALLY FREE.
SHE SHOULD NOT HAVE TO DEPEND UPON
HER HUSBAND FOR SUPPORT.—Charles Zueblin.

Single Copies, 25 Cents; by the Year, Two Dollars; Foreign Postage: 75 Cents Extra

Elbert Hubbard, Editor and Publisher, East Aurora, New York, U. S. A.

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THE OPEN ROAD

A FOOT WITH THE FRA

Elizabeth Fry



ORWICH has several things to recommend it to the tourist, chief of which is the cathedral. Great, massive, sullen structure—begun in the Eleventh Century—it adheres more closely to its Norman type than does any other building in England. Within sound of the tolling bells of this great cathedral, aye, almost within the shadow of its turrets, was born, in Seventeen Hundred Eighty, Elizabeth Gurney. Her line of ancestry traced directly back to the De Gournays who came with William the Conqueror, and laid the foundations of this church and of England's civili-

zation. To the sensitive, imaginative girl this sacred temple, replete with history, fading off into storied song and curious legend, meant much. She haunted its solemn transepts, and followed with eager eyes the carved bosses on the ceiling, to see if the cherubs pictured there were really alive. She took children from the street and conducted them thither, explaining that it was her grandfather who laid the mortar between the stones and reared the walls and placed the splendid colored windows, on which reflections of real angels were to be seen, and where Madonnas winked when the wind was East. And the children listened with open mouths and marveled much, and this encouraged the pale little girl with the wondering eyes, and she led them to the tomb of Sir William Boleyn, whose granddaughter, Anne Boleyn, used often to come here and garland

with flowers the grave above which our toddlers talked in whispers, and where, yesterday, I, too, stood.

Coming Into the Light

AND so Elizabeth grew in years and in stature and in understanding; and although her parents were not members of the Established Religion, yet a great cathedral is greater than sect, and to her it was the true House of Prayer. It was there that God listened to the prayers of His children. She loved the place with an idolatrous love and with all the splendid superstition of a child, and thither she went to kneel and ask fulfilment of her heart's desire. All the beauties of ancient and innocent days moved radiant and luminous in the azure of her mind. But time crept on and a woman's penetrating comprehension came to her, and the dreams of youth shifted off into the realities of maturity, and she saw that many who came to pray were careless, frivolous people, and that the vergers did their work without more reverence than did the stablemen who cared for her father's horses. And once when twilight was veiling the choir, and all the worshipers had departed, she saw a curate strike a match on the cloister wall, to light his pipe, and then with the rector laugh loudly, because the bishop had forgotten and read his *Te Deum Laudamus* before his *Gloria in Excelsis*.

By degrees it came to her that the lord bishop of this holy place was in the employ of the State, and that the State was master, too, of the army and the police and the ships that sailed away to New Zealand, carrying in their holds women and children, who never came back, and men who, like the lord bishop, had forgotten this and done that when they should have done the other.

Who Are God's Children?

INCE, in the streets of Norwich, she saw a dozen men with fetters riveted to their legs, all fastened to one clanking chain, breaking stone in the drizzle of a Winter rain. And the thought came to her that the rich ladies, wrapped in furs, who rolled by in their carriages, going to the cathedral to pray, were no more God's children than these wretches breaking stone from the darkness of a Winter morning until darkness settled over the earth again at night.

She saw plainly the patent truth that, if some people wore gaudy and costly raiment, others

must dress in rags; if some ate and drank more than they needed, and wasted the good things of earth, others must go hungry; if some never worked with their hands, others must needs toil continuously.

The Gurneys were nominally Friends, but they had gradually slipped away from the directness of speech, the plainness of dress, and the simplicity of the Quakers. They were getting rich on government contracts—and who wants to be ridiculous anyway? So, with consternation, the father and mother heard the avowal of Elizabeth to adopt the extreme customs of the Friends. They sought to dissuade her. They pointed out the uselessness of being singular, and the folly of adopting a mode of life that makes you a laughing-stock. But this eighteen-year-old girl stood firm. She had resolved to live the Christ-life and to devote her energies to lessening the pains of earth. Life was too short for frivolity; no one could afford to compromise with evil. She became the friend of children; the champion of the unfortunate; she sided with the weak; she was their friend and comforter. Her life became a cry in favor of the oppressed, a defense of the downtrodden, an exaltation of self-devotion, a prayer for universal sympathy, liberty and light. She pleaded for the vicious, recognizing that all are sinners and that those who do unlawful acts are no more sinners in the eyes of God than we who think them so.

The Marriage Cure

THE religious nature and sex-life are closely akin. The woman possessing a high religious fervor is also capable of a great and passionate love. But the Norwich Friends did not believe in a passionate love, except as the work of the devil. Yet this they knew, that marriage tames a woman as nothing else can. They believed in religion, of course—but not an absorbing, fanatical religion! Elizabeth should get married—it would cure her mental maladies: exaltation of spirit in a girl is a dangerous thing anyway. Nothing subdues like marriage.

It may not be generally known, but your religious ascetic is a great matchmaker. In all religious communities, especially rural communities, men who need wives need not advertise—there are self-appointed committees of old ladies who advise and look after such matters closely. The immanence of sex becomes vicarious, and that which once dwelt in the

flesh is now a thought: like men-about-town, whose vices finally become simply mental, so do these old ladies carry on courtships by power of attorney.

And so the old ladies found a worthy Quaker man who would make a good husband for Elizabeth. The man was willing. He wrote a letter to her from his home in London, addressing it to her father. The letter was brief and businesslike. It described himself in modest but accurate terms. He weighed ten stone and was five feet eight inches high; he was a merchant with a goodly income; and in disposition was all that was to be desired—at least he said so. His pedigree was standard.

¶ The Gurneys looked up this Mr. Fry, merchant of London, and found all as stated. He checked O. K. ¶ He was invited to visit at Norwich; he came, he saw, and was conquered. He liked Elizabeth, and Elizabeth liked him—she surely did or she never would have married him. ¶

Elizabeth bore him twelve children. Mr. Fry was certainly an excellent and amiable man. I find it recorded, "He never in any way hampered his wife's philanthropic work." With this eloquent testimonial to the excellence of Mr. Fry's character, we will excuse him from further mention in this article and speak only of his wife.

The Sub-Cellar Nursery

CONTRARY to expectations, Elizabeth was not tamed by marriage. She looked after her household with diligence; but instead of confining her "social duties" to following hotly after those in station above her, she sought out those in the stratum beneath. Soon after reaching London she began taking long walks alone, watching the people, especially the beggars. The lowly and the wretched interested her. She saw, girl though she was, that beggardom and vice were twins.

In one of her daily walks, she noticed on a certain corner a frowzled woman holding a babe, and thrusting out a grimy hand for alms, telling a woful tale of a dead soldier husband to each passer-by. Elizabeth stopped and talked with the woman. As the day was cold, she took off her mittens and gave them to the beggar, and went her way. The next day she again saw the woman on the same corner and again talked with her, asking to see the baby held so closely within the tattered shawl. An intuitive glance (mother herself or

soon to be) told her that this sickly babe was not the child of the woman who held it. She asked questions that the woman evaded. ¶ Pressed further, the beggar grew abusive, and took refuge in curses, with dire threats of violence. Mrs. Fry withdrew, and waiting for nightfall followed the woman: down a winding alley, past rows of rotting tenements, into a cellar below a ginshop. There, in this one squalid room, she found a dozen babies, all tied fast in cribs or chairs, starving, or dying of inattention. The woman, taken by surprise, did not grow violent this time: she fled, and Mrs. Fry, sending for two women Friends, took charge of the sufferers.

The Horror of Ignorance and Sin

THIS sub-cellar nursery opened the eyes of Mrs. Fry to the grim fact that England, professing to be Christian, building costly churches, and maintaining an immense array of paid priests, was essentially barbaric. She set herself to the task of doing what she could while life lasted to lessen the horror of ignorance and sin.

Newgate Prison then, as now, stood in the center of the city. It was necessary to have it in a conspicuous place so that all might see the result of wrongdoing and be good. Along the front of the prison were strong iron gratings, where the prisoners crowded up to talk with their friends. Through these gratings the unhappy wretches called to strangers for alms, and thrust out long wooden spoons for contributions that would enable them to pay their fines. There was a woman's department; but if the men's department was too full, men and women were herded together.

Mrs. Fry worked for her sex, so of these I will speak. Women who had children under seven years of age took them to prison with them; every week babes were born there, so that at one time, in the year Eighteen Hundred Twenty-six, we find there were one hundred ninety women and one hundred children in Newgate. There was no bedding. No clothing was supplied, and those who had no friends outside to supply them clothing were naked or nearly so, and would have been entirely were it not for that spark of divinity that causes the most depraved of women to minister to each other. Women hate only their successful rivals. The lowest of women will assist each other when there is a dire emergency. ¶

The Mills of Justice

IN this pen, awaiting trial, execution or transportation, were girls of twelve to senile, helpless creatures of eighty. All were thrust together. Hardened criminals, besotted prostitutes, maidservants accused of stealing thimbles, married women suspected of blasphemy, pure-hearted, brave-natured girls who had run away from brutal parents or more brutal husbands, insane persons—all were herded together. All the keepers were men. Patrolling the walls were armed guards, who were ordered to shoot all who tried to escape. These guards were usually on good terms with the women prisoners—hobnobbing at will. When the mailed hand of government had once thrust these women behind iron bars, and relieved virtuous society of their presence, it seemed to think it had done its duty. Inside, no crime was recognized save murder. These women fought, overpowered the weak, stole from and maltreated one another. Sometimes, certain ones would combine for self-defense, forming factions. Once, the Governor of the prison, bewigged, powdered, lace-befrilled, ventured pompously into the woman's department without his usual armed guard. Fifty hags set upon him; in a twinkling his clothing was torn to shreds too small for carpet-rags, and in two minutes by the sand-glass, when he got back to the bars, lustily calling for help, he was as naked as a cherub, even if not so innocent.

Visitors who ventured near to the grating were often asked to shake hands, and if once a grip was gotten upon them the man was drawn up close, while long, sinewy fingers grabbed his watch, handkerchief, neckscarf or hat—all was pulled into the den. Sharp nail-marks on the poor fellow's face told of the scrimmage, and all the time the guards on the walls and the spectators roared with laughter. Oh, it was awfully funny!

One woman whose shawl was snatched and sucked into the maelstrom complained to the police, and was told that folks inside of Newgate could not be arrested, and that a good motto for outsiders was to keep away from dangerous places.

Every morning at nine a curate read prayers at the prisoners. The curate stood well outside the grating; while all the time from inside loud cries of advice were given and sundry remarks tendered him concerning his personal

appearance. The frightful hilarity of the mob saved these wretches from despair. But the curate did his duty: he who has ears to hear let him hear.

Waiting in the harbor were ships loading their freight of sin, crime and woe for Botany Bay; at Tyburn every week women were hanged. Three hundred offenses were punishable with death; but, as in the West, where horse-stealing is the supreme offense, most of the hangings were for smuggling, forgery or shoplifting. England being a nation of shopkeepers could not forgive offenses that might injure a haberdasher.

And They That Were in Darkness

LITTLE Mrs. Fry, in the plainest of Quaker gray dress, with bonnet to match, stood outside Newgate and heard the curate read prayers. She resolved to ask the Governor of the prison if she might herself perform the office. The Governor was polite, but stated there was no precedent for such an important move—he must have time to consider. Mrs. Fry called again, and permission was granted, with strict orders that she must not attempt to proselyte, and further, she better not get too near the grating.

Mrs. Fry gave the great man a bit of fright by quietly explaining thus: "Sir, if thee kindly allows me to pray with the women, I will go inside."

The Governor asked her to say it again. She did so, and a bright thought came to the great man: he would grant her request, writing an order that she be allowed to go inside the prison whenever she desired. It would teach her a lesson and save him from further importunity.

So little Mrs. Fry presented the order and the gates were swung open, and the iron quickly snapped behind her. She spoke to the women, addressing the one who seemed to be leader as sister, and asked the others to follow her back into the courtway away from the sound of the street, so they could have prayers. They followed dumbly. She knelt on the stone pavement and prayed in silence. Then she arose and read to them the One Hundred Seventh Psalm. Again she prayed, asking the others to kneel with her. A dozen knelt. She arose and went her way amid a hush of solemn silence.

Next day, when she came again, the ribaldry ceased on her approach, and after the religious service she remained inside the walls an hour

conversing with those who wished to talk with her, going to all the children that were sick and ministering to them.

In a week she called all together and proposed starting a school for the children. The mothers entered into the project gladly. A governess, imprisoned for theft, was elected teacher. A cell-room was cleaned out, whitewashed, and set apart for a schoolroom, with the permission of the Governor, who granted the request, explaining, however, that there was no precedent for such a thing. The school prospered, and outside the schoolroom door hungry-eyed women listened furtively for scraps of knowledge that might be tossed overboard.

The Divine Spark

MRS. FRY next organized classes for these older children, gray-haired, bowed with sin—many of them. There were twelve in each class, and they elected a monitor from their numbers, agreeing to obey her. Mrs. Fry brought cloth from her husband's store, and the women were taught to sew. The Governor insisted that there was no precedent for it, and the guards on the walls said that every scrap of cloth would be stolen, but the guards were wrong.

The day was divided up into regular hours for work and recreation. Other good Quaker women from outside came in to help; and the taproom kept by a mercenary guard was done away with, and an order established that no spirituous liquors should be brought into Newgate. The women agreed to keep away from the grating on the street, except when personal friends came; to cease begging; to quit gambling. They were given pay for their labor. A woman was asked for as turnkey, instead of a man. All guards were to be taken from the walls that overlooked the women's department. The women were to be given mats to sleep on, and blankets to cover them when the weather was cold. The Governor was astonished! He called a council of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. They visited the prison, and found for the first time that order had come out of chaos at Newgate.

Mrs. Fry's requests were granted, and this little woman awoke one morning to find herself famous.

The Wave of Reform

FROM Newgate she turned her attention to other prisons; she traveled throughout England, Scotland and Ireland, visiting prisons

and asylums. She became well feared by those in authority, for her firm and gentle glance went straight to every abuse. Often she was airily turned away by some official clothed in a little brief authority, but the man usually lived to know his mistake.

She was invited by the French Government to visit the prisons of Paris and write a report, giving suggestions as to what reforms should be made. She went to Belgium, Holland and Germany, being received by kings and queens and prime ministers—as costume, her plain gray dress always sufficing. She treated royalty and unfortunates alike—simply as equals. She kept constantly in her mind the thought that all men are sinners before God: there are no rich, no poor; no high, no low; no bond, no free. Conditions are transient, and boldly did she say to the King of France that he should build prisons with the idea of reformation, not revenge, and with the thought ever before him that he himself or his children might occupy these cells—so vain are human ambitions. To Sir Robert Peel and his Cabinet she read the story concerning the gallows built by Haman. "Thee must not shut out the sky from the prisoner; thee must build no dark cells—thy children may occupy them," she said.

John Howard and others had sent a glimmering ray of truth through the fog of ignorance concerning insanity. The belief was growing that insane people were really not possessed of devils after all. Yet still, the cell system, straitjacket and handcuffs were in great demand. In no asylum were prisoners allowed to eat at tables. Food was given to each in tin basins, without spoons, knives or forks. Glass dishes and china plates were considered especially dangerous; they told of one man who in an insane fit had cut his throat with a plate, and another who had swallowed a spoon.

Visiting an asylum at Worcester, Mrs. Fry saw the inmates receive their tin dishes, and, crouching on the floor, eat like wild beasts. She asked the chief warden for permission to try an experiment. He dubiously granted it. With the help of several of the inmates she arranged a long table, covered it with spotless linen brought by herself, placed bouquets of wild flowers on the table, and set it as she did at her own home. Then she invited twenty of the patients to dinner. They came,

and a clergyman, who was an inmate, was asked to say grace. All sat down, and the dinner passed off as quietly and pleasantly as could be wished.

Humanity's Friend

AND these were the reforms she strove for, and put into practical execution everywhere. She asked that the word asylum be dropped, and home or hospital used instead. In visiting asylums, by her presence she said to the troubled spirits, Peace, be still! For half a century she toiled with an increasing energy and a never-flagging animation. She passed out full of honors, beloved as woman was never yet loved—loved by the unfortunate, the deformed, the weak, the vicious. She worked for a present good, here and now, believing that we can reach the future only through the present. In penology nothing has been added to her philosophy, and we have as yet not nearly carried out her suggestions.

Generations will come and go, nations will rise, grow old and die, kings and rulers will be forgotten, but by so long as love kisses the white lips of pain will men remember the name of Elizabeth Fry, Friend of Humanity.

Every wise man knows that the thing most worth while is to command the active, willing co-operation of women in the management of human affairs.—E. S. Martin.

Work, Love and Power



NY one taking a trip up the Rhine can not but be seriously impressed with the fact that the chief business of man, until yesterday, was war.

At every bend of the storied river is a castle. Each point of vantage is crowned with a redoubt, or the ruins of one, where men, armed with every known weapon of their time, once bade defiance to other men, and challenged their brothers. No man could travel without an armed guard—every man went laden with the instruments of death.

The history of the race is a history of war and blood. The men who could kill most and quickest were the men who owned the earth,

and those who destroyed most were those to whom all honors were paid.

Very gradually things have changed, until over the fairest portion of the earth, life and property are now secure. Men who mind their own business have nothing to fear, and those are safest who carry no weapons.

The honors are going to men who build up—who can create.

Within proper limits we may express ourselves upon any subject of vital interest—we give men the right to their own opinions, and everywhere it is understood that a man has a perfect right to be wrong in his conclusions as well as right.

Public Opinion

NO more striking proof of change is found than in the fact that recently we have found public opinion forcing arbitration upon men who "had nothing to arbitrate." The men who owned those rock-ribbed fortresses and castles on the Rhine once had nothing to arbitrate.

They took their position and held it—but not forever.

It is the people who rule, for strong men are only strong as they are backed up by the people. When the people feel deeply and think sanely, and vibrate together, "the rulers" quickly fall into line.

And now it has come to pass that people object to being used as stones and sticks to fight the battle of the seeming strong. Their quibbles, quarrels, feuds and selfish struggles for power are none of ours. Helen and Paris may elope for all of us—that is their affair—and all Priam's loud calls of "To arms!" fall upon the ears of men who have work to do at home.

¶ And here is a prophecy: In America conscription will never again be attempted. It has gone and gone forever. Also, we will arbitrate our differences—we both are right, and both are wrong.

Fighting may test which side is the stronger, but not which side is the nearer right.

Calm deliberation will bring us near to truth; but heat, anger, strife and war only drive her far afield.

Facing the Light

THAT the world is fast getting rid of the thought of physical strife is very sure, but let us not plume ourselves too much about it—we have a long way to travel yet. The idea of danger is strong upon us; we have

not gotten rid of the thought of struggle and strife ❄

"Society is in league against all its members," wrote Emerson. And as once every clan was at enmity with every other clan, and every nation at war with every other nation, so yet does man in his heart distrust every other man. Suspicion, hate, jealousy, apprehension—all forms of fear—fill the hearts of men. The newspapers that have the largest circulation are those whose columns bulge with the tales of disgrace, defeat and death. If joy comes to you the news will go unheralded, but should great grief, woe, disgrace, and hopes dashed upon the rocks be your portion, the wires will flash the news from continent to continent, and flaring headlines will tell the tale to people who never before heard of you.

The Misfortunes of Our Fellows

AND all this goes to prove that it is a satisfaction to a vast number of people to hear of the downfall of others—it is a gratification to them to know that disaster has caught some one in the toils. The newspapers print what the people want, and thus does the savage still swing his club and flourish his spear.

Ride in any American city, on the morning cars, or upon any suburban train, and note the greedy grab for the daily papers, and observe how the savory morsels of scandal are rolled beneath the tongue. So long as men glory in the defeat of other men, it is a perversion of words to call this a Christian land.

¶ But as clan once united with clan, and nation with nation for mutual protection, so do a goodly number of people now recognize that men should unite with men—not only in deeds, but in thought—for a mutual benefit. ¶ To hold a thought of fear is to pollute the mind: prejudice poisons, jealousy is a thing to zealously avoid, and hate hurts worst the one who hates.

And the argument is this: So long as the thought of rivalry is rife, and jealousy, fear, unrest and hate are in our minds, we are still in the savage state.

War robs men of their divine birthright, and turns the tide of being back to chaos. You have so much life—what will you do with it? If you use it in pulling down other lives, you shall soon forfeit your own. And even though you do not do an overt destructive act, the thought of hate and fear reacts to your dis-

advantage, honeycombs the will and tends to destroy the tissues of your body.

"A new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another."

If women were granted the franchise they would exercise it whenever any question affecting their rights was at issue.—Jane Addams.

Max Stirner



IN Ralph Waldo Emerson's revolutionary essay, "Self-Reliance"—a passionate call to arms from a mighty soul on fire with the glorified vision of its own individualized destiny—occur, among other memorable sentences, these words: "Society is everywhere in conspiracy against the manhood of each one of its members. The only right is what is after my constitution; the only wrong what is against it."

Walt Whitman and Henry David Thoreau uttered equally radical words. But neither of these men was an anarchist. They were too sane to take themselves literally. What they believed in was the spiritual evolution of the individual, a self-overcoming, a throttling of the ghosts in one's own soul—the ghosts of fear and ignorance, the ghosts that within ourselves stand at the crossroads of every crisis that invites to action, demanding toll of our self-reliance.

Self-emancipation must precede social emancipation. If you want to abolish a mass you must begin by reconstructing the units of that mass. Of course you can blow the mass up with gunpowder, but you blow up the units with it.

If society everywhere conspires against the individual it is because the individual has not yet freed his mind of the fixed idea that he can do without a State. The fault comes back to each one of us. The State is not a thing; it is an organized instinct; one of the skins of evolution not yet sloughed off; a tool that has not yet completed its work in the hands of the World-Ego.

The weaknesses of "society" are the shadows of our individual weaknesses ❄ Its transgressions are the sum of all individual trans-

gressions. Society is no better than the average between the best and the worst individuals living within its pale. ¶ Its crimes against the individual are in exact ratio to the crimes of individuals against one another ✱ Organized society will exist so long as there is an instinct to organize among individuals.

Emerson says, let each one of us fit ourselves to do without society—just as we have outgrown the old monstrous theologies. The State will then be sloughed. "Physician, heal thyself!" Social workers and anarchists today are fighting what they call "general ills."

¶ There are no such things.

There are only individual ills. Be yourself, emancipate yourself, abolish the State by learning to do without it—that is the message of Emerson, Whitman, Thoreau, Ibsen.

The latter cried, "Away with the State!" and, clairvoyant thinker that he was, he added as an afterthought—"of course, I mean by spiritual means."

Nietzsche wrenched man out of his social socket and made him a beatified Cain. He was the poet of the Ego. Had he ever heard of Max Stirner, the War-Lord of the Ego?

"The Ego and His Own"

S TIRNER'S book, "The Ego and His Own," is the last word in egoism—the last word in revolt. It is not the most dangerous book ever written, because its philosophy is hopelessly impracticable. Ibsen and Emerson and Whitman are more dangerous in their teachings than Stirner. The latter has given us one of the most stimulating books ever written, a book that thrills, invites a man to himself; a book that lays all the sacred spooks and ultimately brings the reader 'round.

¶ Egoism makes strange bedfellows!

You shall leave all; the Kingdom of God is within you. Max Stirner makes the Ego of man God, and to serve it you shall leave the State, the home, the family, religion and everything that battens on the aspiring soul of man, though after he has gotten rid of all these "earthly spooks," just what you should aspire toward is not clear, unless it be what Stirner calls man's "Ownness"—a word that Kipling makes comprehensible in his famous injunction, "What you want go and take."

Stirner's Individualism

THE individualism of Stirner is thus founded on the most rational idea in the world—the idea that only the individual

is glorified, that only I matter—with the most irrational implications ✱ Away with State, Church and family!—they prevent my Ego from realizing itself. Crime is my business. Citizenship is slavery. Parents maim their children from the cradle. Society tickets me. Laws prevent me from getting my "own." What I can do, that is right. Evil is failure. Success is the only righteousness. All regulation is emasculation. Only I, myself, am holy. The thing I can use is good; the thing that uses me is bad ✱ Altruism is merely sickness of the will.

All this is not as dangerous as it sounds, for as a matter of fact all strong men—all men who do anything in life at all, all those who differentiate themselves from the mass—act on those principles in one degree or another, generally unconsciously.

Men never like to have their motives to action formulated. They hate even to formulate the matter secretly to themselves.

And Max Stirner's boldness merely consisted in putting what he thought into print. The Albany and Harrisburg legislatures are reeking with men who would no doubt suppress Stirner's book if they ever heard of it—men would long ago have known the book if it had been titled, "Cash; or Grab Your Own." Stirner's anarchy is purely analytic and idealistic. But at Albany and Harrisburg the brand of anarchy is intensely practical.

And to Stirner's individualism there is a rational, majestic, sublime side. His Ego is the hungry animal inside of us all, an animal that has intelligence and imagination, it is true, but an animal nevertheless in that every movement of its psychic, physical and emotional nature is toward its own. Men will only marry and procreate, they will only pay taxes and support churches, as long as they can be made to believe that they are getting something out of these things; they are good so long as the good gives them pleasure—that is, swells their own Ego. They are good and altruistic for the same reasons that they are bad and egoistic: they believe there is a gain somewhere to them. For at bottom when you tear away the rags and tatters of hypocrisy and the moldy crusts of convention that cover the real palpitating core of a man, what will you find? A being that adores itself and loves and worships only where it believes it is loved and benefited by that worship in return. Stirner

asks, "What is good?" And he answers, "What I can use."

Conservation of the Ego

MAN is a warrior. No matter how subtle and complex life becomes, as in New York City today, no matter how highly "civilized" we boast of being, it is our own—our "ownness," Stirner calls it—that we are battling for. We each of us, whether in a "state of nature" or a state of society, are fighting for the conservation of the Ego. Some of us believe that the marriage institution, children, the State, help us to conserve that Ego; others believe that these adjuncts suppress it. It depends on the Ego. A business man, generally speaking, finds it aids him to subscribe to the common plan of life. A thinker like Herbert Spencer or Schopenhauer finds it does not. But both classes of men worship at the shrine of the same god—the Ego. Self was the first law; today, as ever, it is the first virtue. ¶ The Ego is a blood-smeared fact. Man once lived in a perpetual state of war; he brutally struck down whatever stood in his way—if he was not struck down first. Today we are still in a state of war, but for the same reason that we found it necessary to kill in the old time we find it necessary now to preserve. The Ego seeks its own through destruction and construction. There was a time when kindness and goodness and charity would have destroyed the race. Use was God; Use is still God. We, the men and women of today, with top-hats and lorgnettes and tin pails and steam-shovels, are not different in our aims from the caveman and shaggy brute that peered out of the forest brambles. Scratch us and the old ghost walks again. We are still the victims of egomania. Our methods are different—that's all. This warrior instinct can not die. It is our virtue. It is our sap and our virility. We are becoming masters now of the death-dealing forces in us and around us; we have disciplined the things that disciplined us. ¶ It is another mask for Ego. It is on these unquestionable truths that Max Stirner has reared his doctrine of the Ego.

Self-Sacrifice

SINCE it follows that this announcer of Ego does not admit the idea of self-sacrifice into his scheme of life. And here again Stirner thinks boldly and clairvoyantly. For no doctrine has had more adherents and fewer sincere believers than

the doctrine of self-sacrifice. Ego will not be sacrificed. It will lend, but will not vanish. Self-sacrifice should be the prerogative of power; as it is, it is most often the excuse that weakness makes for its inability to live for itself alone. Suppose the doctrine of self-sacrifice became universal! We should have the absurd spectacle of each person living for the good of some other person. That, of course, is unthinkable. Self-sacrifice must, in the very nature of things, be subterranean egoism. ¶ Stirner speaks of the "egoism of the stars." It is a good example. Each star shines for itself; as an incidence of power it throws its radiance into space, giving light to the darkness, shedding warmth. But its giving is incidental. It exists first of all for itself. The good it causes comes out of its surplus. And self-sacrifice should be self-glorification. All gifts should be gifts of power, not a hand-out from Duty. "Everything is for me!" cries Stirner.

Even what he gives is still his. And there can be nothing to give unless one has cultivated his Ego before conferring the gift. Unless the gardener has given his time to raising the most beautiful plants, how can his gift be worthy? Strangle your instincts, throttle your inner nature, stifle the soul's cry for joy and power and its hunger for its "ownness"—and Nature will brand you a sloven in your very gait and secrete the venom of your secret spite in all your "gifts."

The Socialistic Bugbear

STIRNER'S doctrine of the Ego leaves no room for the Socialistic state. He deals sledge-hammer blows at that fallacy. Socialism is to him, as it appeared to Herbert Spencer and Gustave Le Bon, another form of slavery.

Socialism is only that old enemy, the State, popularized. The mantle has fallen from the shoulders of the old gods onto a newer being—the People. The Socialist believes that the State can do what the individual can not do, forgetting that the State is no other thing than the people. As Stirner truly says, there is no such thing as a body; there are only bodies—that is, the State, like all abstractions, is a myth; there are only individuals with Ego. ¶ The Socialist believes there are individuals and a State. He makes a thing out of a word, galvanizes it into a semblance of life, sticks a crown on its head, puts a gilded wand in

its hand, sits it on a throne of theories, and cries, "Behold the Deliverer of Man—the State, the People!"

Always the slave of words—this poor bewildered Man!

Always there is a New Jerusalem—a lazy man's Utopia! Once it was Paradise—now it is Socialism. It is only the latest illusion. There is no short cut to happiness. There is no backstairs to the House of Life. What the individual can not do for himself the State can not do for him. Nothing degrades like dependence; nothing undermines a man like the certain guarantee of a living. The Ego must fight and bleed for its "own"—that makes the Ego godlike.

The Social Slavery

STIRNER foresaw this great Socialistic propaganda that is on us. He foresaw a slavery more terrible than that which ever prevailed in ancient times following the erection of the Socialistic State. By destroying the competitive system, the principle of individuality, the profoundest principle in Nature, would be sapped at the core. Men, always certain of life and the necessities, would lose the one supreme characteristic of their manhood—the ability to struggle and to conquer.

Under Socialism we should be ruled by a gigantic Trust called the State or the People—all names for one thing. The Ego would be regulated as in medieval times, and on the same theory, the theory of all tyrants—"public improvement." Instead of a few politicians we would have a world of 'em.

¶ What should a man be helped to do, then? To make a better fight, to give a deadlier blow, to strike surer, to battle for the preservation of Ego. But he should be guaranteed nothing except death if he fails. What is injustice? The equal distribution of goods—guaranteeing to those who can not fight; preserving the weak at the expense of the strong. All men are born unequal. Socialism—the Social State, Stirner calls it—is confiscation of Ego. It is popular with those who have nothing.

Nature's Unit Value

WHATEVER of great things has been done in the world has been done by the individual.

The individual—not the State or the family—is Nature's unit value.

All that makes for material or mental development has sprung from individual initiative,

lashed by the thongs of Pride and Necessity—lured by the lust for Power. And wherever the State or the Church has attempted to regulate the individual and the activity of the Ego, decay has followed. The Dark Ages were dark because the Ego was dead. The Ego awakened with Dante, Gutenberg, Michelangelo and Martin Luther.

The old autocracy reigned on the theory that one man should rule all men.

The new autocracy is called Socialism; it merely reverses the scheme.

It believes that all men should rule each man.

¶ Socialism abolishes the fear of danger in the Ego of the individual. She smashes his mainsprings, fear and courage. No man is born with a right to a living, or to anything else. Man's only right is a competitive right. The State is always evil, asserts Stirner—and Socialism is merely another gag for our tongues and fetters for our feet.

Max Stirner's dream of an emancipated Ego is futile, but his reasons for dreaming it were sublime. The direction his thought takes is right, but he had visions beyond the reaches of our souls. He imposes on our brains a sublime ideal of human development. It is like the North Star, a great light to steer by, but he who tries to reach it is mad, mad, mad, my lords.

We are legitimate heirs to the common heritage of equal rights.—Marie Von Hahn.

Sympathy, Knowledge, Poise



SYMPATHY, Knowledge and Poise seem to be the three ingredients that are most needed in forming the Gentle Man. I place these elements according to their value.

No man is great who does not have sympathy, and the greatness of men can be safely gauged by their sympathies.

Sympathy and imagination are twin sisters. Your heart must go out to all men: the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the learned, the unlearned, the good, the bad, the wise, the foolish—it is necessary to be one with them all, else you can never comprehend them. ¶ Sympathy!—it is the touchstone to every

secret, the key to all knowledge, the open sesame of all hearts. Put yourself in the other man's place and then you will know why he thinks certain things and does certain deeds. ¶ Put yourself in his place and your blame will dissolve itself into pity, and your tears will wipe out the records of his misdeeds. The saviors of the world have simply been men with wondrous sympathy.

But Knowledge must go with Sympathy, otherwise the emotions will become maudlin, and pity may be lavished on a poodle instead of on a child. Knowledge in use is wisdom, and wisdom implies a sense of values—you know a big thing from a little one, a valuable fact from a trivial one. ¶ Tragedy and comedy are simply questions of value; a little misfit in life makes us laugh, a great one is tragedy and cause for expression of grief.

Poise is the strength of body and strength of mind to control your Sympathy and your Knowledge. Unless you control your emotions they run over and you stand in the mire.

Sympathy must not run riot, or it is valueless and tokens weakness instead of strength. In every hospital for nervous disorders are to be found many instances of this loss of control. The individual has Sympathy but not Poise, and therefore his life is worthless to himself and to the world.

He symbolizes inefficiency and not helpfulness.

¶ Poise reveals itself more in voice than it does in words; more in thought than in action; more in atmosphere than in conscious life.

¶ It is a spiritual quality, and is felt more than it is seen.

It is not a matter of bodily size, nor of bodily attitude, nor attire, nor of personal comeliness: it is a state of inward being, and of knowing your cause is just.

Science of Right Living

AND so you see it is a great and profound subject after all, great in its ramifications, limitless in extent, implying the entire science of right living. I once met a man who was deformed in body and little more than a dwarf, but who had such Spiritual Gravity—such Poise—that to enter a room where he was, was to feel his presence and acknowledge his superiority. To allow Sympathy to waste itself on unworthy objects is to deplete one's life forces. To conserve is the part of wisdom, and reserve is a necessary element in all good literature, as well as in

everything else. ¶ Poise being the control of our Sympathy and Knowledge, it implies a possession of these attributes, for without having Sympathy and Knowledge you have nothing to control but your physical body. To practise Poise as a mere gymnastic exercise, or study in etiquette, is to be self-conscious, stiff, preposterous and ridiculous. Those who cut such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make angels weep, are men void of Sympathy and Knowledge trying to cultivate Poise. Their science is a mere matter of what to do with arms and legs. ¶ Poise is a question of spirit controlling flesh, heart controlling attitude. ¶ Get Knowledge by coming close to Nature. That man is greatest who best serves his kind. Sympathy and Knowledge are for use—you acquire that you may give out; you accumulate that you may bestow. And as God has given unto you the sublime blessings of Sympathy and Knowledge, there will come to you the wish to reveal your gratitude by giving them out again; for the wise man is aware that we retain spiritual qualities only as we give them away. Let your light shine. To him that hath shall be given. The exercise of wisdom brings wisdom; and at the last the infinitesimal quantity of man's knowledge, compared with the Infinite, and the smallness of man's Sympathy when compared with the source from which ours is absorbed, will evolve an abnegation and a humility that will lend a perfect Poise. ¶ The Gentleman is a man with Sympathy, Knowledge and Poise.

Some degree of personal independence is absolutely necessary to good work.

Competition or Emulation



WHEN an ambitious young man from the "provinces" signified his intention of coming to Peoria and earning an honest living, he was encouraged by the Bishop of Agnosticism with the assurance that he would find no competition.

Personally, speaking for my single self, I should say that no man is in so dangerous a position as he who has no competition in well-doing. Competition is not only the life of trade, but of

everything else. There have been times when I have thought that I had no competition in truth-telling, and then to prevent complacency I entered into competition with myself and endeavored to outdo my record.

The natural concentration of business concerns in one line, in one locality, suggests the advantages that accrue from attrition and propinquity.

Everybody is stirred to increased endeavor; everybody knows the schemes which will not work, for elimination is a great factor in success; the knowledge that one has is the acquirement of all.

Good wrestlers will meet only good wrestlers. And so in a match of wit, rivals outclassed go unnoticed, and there is always an effort to go the adversary one better.

Our socialist comrades tell us that "emulation" is the better word and that "competition" will have to go. The fact is that the thing itself will ever remain the same; what you call it matters little. We have, however, shifted the battle from the physical to the mental and psychic plane. But it is competition still, and the reason competition will remain is because it is beautiful, beneficent and right. ¶ It is the desire to excel.

Lovers are always in competition with each other to see who can love most. ♪ The best results are obtained where competition is the most free and the most severe—read history.

¶ The orator speaks and the man who rises to reply should have something to say. If your studio is next door to that of a great painter, you had better get to your easel, and quickly, too.

The alternating current gives power; only an obstructed current gives either heat or light; all good things require difficulty. The mutual-admiration society is largely given up to criticism.

Wit is progressive. Cheap jokes go with cheap people, but when you are with those of subtle insight, who make close mental distinctions, you should muzzle your mood, if perchance you be a bumpkin.

Conversation with good people is progressive, and progressive inversely, usually, where only one sex is present. Excellent people feel the necessity of saying something better than has been said, otherwise silence is more becoming. He who launches a commonplace where high thoughts prevail, is quickly labeled as one who

is with the yesterdays that lighted fools adown their way to dusty death.

Educate Yourself!

GENIUS has always come in groups, because groups produce the friction that generates light. Competition with fools is not bad—fools teach the imbecility of repeating their performances. A man learns from this one, and that; he lops off absurdity, strengthens here and bolsters there, until in his soul there grows up an ideal, which he materializes in stone or bronze, on canvas, by spoken word, or with the twenty-odd symbols of Cadmus. ♪ Greece had her group when the wit of Aristophanes sought to overtop the stately lines of Æschylus; Praxiteles outdid Ictinus; while the words of Socrates outlasted them all.

Rome had her group when all the arts sought the silver speech of Cicero. One art never flourishes alone—they go together, each man doing the thing he can do best. All the arts are really one, and this one art is simply Expression—the expression of Mind speaking through its highest instrument, Man.

Happy is the child born into a family where there is a competition of ideas, and the recurring themes are truth and love. This problem of education is not so much of a problem after all. ♪ Educated people have educated children. And the recipe for educating your child is this: Educate Yourself!

♪
The world is woman's book.—Rousseau.

The Gateway

After the Baths of Rome

(The Pennsylvania Railroad-Station, New York)

By Harvey Maitland Watts

W HAT Rome in sheer abandonment
of pride

Flung free on high for Purple Ease a lair,
Fretted with gold, a-gleam with spoils most
rare,

Here, to nobler use soars purified.

While from its groaning depths controlled glide
The slaving monsters as the people fare—

Of all things past the lush, resplendent heir—
Holding the earth in leash with naught untried.

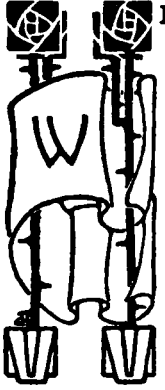
Lo, 'neath these vaultings how oblivion sweeps
The older portals! What the Golden Horn?

Or Venice, dreaming where soft waters swoon?
Or Atlas towering o'er gray ocean's deep?

Here, where this titan gateway greets the morn
Glad millions press to life's exultant noon!

Denatured Woman vs. The Superman

By Anna Cadogan Etz



WHEN the Superman at last appears, if he becomes the essence of exalted reason as Bernard Shaw implies, what mortification will be his when he recalls his relations with woman: how he rewarded her faithful service with ignominy; how he made of her a beast of burden, then a servant, and last of all a minor. When he remembers how he kept her in a straitjacket from the passing of the "Mutterrecht"; when he remembers how he thus deprived her of all chance of achieving the Superwoman; how, on the contrary, she became sub-normal, denatured: what remorse must be his! But when he recalls how, in the face of the insurmountable handicaps which he had forced upon her, he spent his spare time in maudlin dissertations as to her real nature—then will Mark Twain's biological statement hold good: that "Man is the only animal that blushes—or needs to."

¶ Why all this fear, expressed by the great and the good among men, that woman may thwart her Creator and get out of her sphere? How could a human creature, considered too feeble to manage her property, to make a will, to own her children, or to cast a vote, be able to get off on a tangent and refuse the sphere divinely ordained for her? ✽ This expressed doubt in the ability of the Creator to run the universe according to His schedule is nothing short of rank impiety.

The fact is: When man takes to discussing the nature of woman as a logical person, he goes all to pieces. His conclusions form a composite picture of his prejudices. To put himself in her place—that is a psychological feat not yet possible to the superior sex. Justice for women on the same basis with men is at once inconceivable and ridiculous. Many years ago John Stuart Mill ran for Parliament on that platform, and a well-known literary man was heard to say that the Almighty Himself would have been defeated.

Woman has traveled far on the road to independence since the great philosopher Mill stood alone in a hostile world asking for justice for

her sex. She has indeed traveled further in fact than in theory. It is one of the strange phenomena of human progress that our ideas so lag behind in the march; that we change our habits, but hold so fast to our old ideas. The difference between the real woman who fights in the battle of life side by side with man and the ideal woman as alive in the hearts of men and the daily newspaper is a striking illustration of this law.

We know perfectly well that when man toasts "Woman, Lovely Woman," he has n't in his mind at all any Madame Curie, or Susan B. Anthony, or Clara Barton. He has a mental picture of a placid figure knitting by the fire-side; of a woman whose chief end in life is to minister, not to man's highest welfare, but to his creature comforts. Since the human mind clings so persistently to old ideas, long after this isolated, financially dependent female has disappeared from the face of the earth, and the qualities developed by her way of life have disappeared with her, men will still eulogize the outgrown type, and, in the same breath, speak with ill-concealed scorn of the womanly nature as of something alien and inferior to the nature of man.

Place of Woman in Creation

THE arrogance of man has its foundation in the world-old story of the Garden of Eden. Granted the creation of woman as an afterthought, and a world with the male dominant formed the only logical sequence. The tale of modern science runs in quite a different direction and should have a sobering effect on the gusto with which men have claimed the world as strictly their own preserve ✽ ✽

Science reveals to man that it is his, not her, origin that was an afterthought. The origin of the male was at once adventitious and ignominious. At first life was female, and in the course of evolution the male appeared. He was insignificant in size and was created only as an aid in the production of diversified forms of life. Sometimes the female ate him; sometimes she killed him off. Darwin relates that in one instance she even carried him in her pocket. The pocketless woman of modern society is a far cry from this prehistoric sister.

¶ Evolution had to proceed through the endless cycles of time necessary to the evolving of the mammalian type before the male acquired any social standing at all. Only then do we

find him assuming that prestige in regard to size, martial spirit, and habit of considering the earth as something his own which he has retained to the present day.

The peculiarly intimate and sustained relation between the mother and the offspring due to lactation produced the social developments accompanying mammalian forms of life. But even in this type, in spite of his bigness and ferocity, the male is economically inferior to the female. If the female had settled back and waited for the male to furnish food for her offspring (as in theory she is supposed to do in modern society), there must have been a progress slow and halting as compared to the steady upward climb resulting from the ceaseless devotion of the mother—which is the one long story of mammalian life.

The Connecting Link of Motherhood

THE modern man comes honestly by his tendency to roam. It is his legitimate inheritance from his primeval ancestor, who also chose exploit in preference to domestic life. The incessant industry which conserved the elements of progress was female. All through the long centuries of primitive society, drudgery was considered a female function. It was a drudgery as essential as it was despised. The question is: Did the primitive savage lounging in front of a cave or the hollow of a tree, found by the woman, or later in front of a tent, made by the woman—did he occupy his idle moments in commenting on the inferior nature of woman which fitted her so aptly to perform the toil his soul disdained?

What held the woman to her grubbing after roots and herbs while he idly repaired his bow and arrow? What induced her to build and repair the home to which his wandering footsteps so irregularly led him? Why did she bend her willing back to the carrying of all the domestic equipment when moving chanced to be the order of the day? She was not working for him primarily. To her he was a secondary interest. She did not feel the modern woman's economic need of him. It was the other member of the first social group that inspired the toil and self-sacrifice of the mother—the helpless human child. It is even asserted that man's attentions were too desultory to entitle him to membership and that the mother and the child alone form the first social unit to which it has been the work of ages permanently to attach man.

Woman's Contribution to Progress

IN the light that history thus sheds on the meager contribution which man made to the creating and maintaining of the home, the constantly expressed fears on his part that woman will desert it after her centuries of service savors of misplaced zeal on a subject of which he has not qualified himself to speak ex-cathedra.

Professor Thomas, in "Sex and Society," has graphically depicted how, in the prolonged fight for food against the forces of Nature, humanity has acquired an insatiable thirst for exploit; and how, as a necessary factor in the fight for survival due to the prolonged infancy of the human child, humanity has also acquired the ability to perform the toil and drudgery necessary for domestication—that is, the providing and maintaining of a safe and comfortable shelter on which the life of the child, and therefore the life of the race, depend.

From her more intimate relation with the child the female led the way in the processes which made for domestication. Because he was able to choose, the male led the way and developed the technical skill and organizing ability consequent on following war and the chase. As an inheritance, children of both sexes became a strange blend of traits acquired from father and mother. Which ones would predominate, it was largely for chance and the customs of society to decide. Suffice it to say, that women domesticated the animals and went far in the development of the beginnings of most of our modern industries, when the limited possibilities of the chase for supplying food brought about a strange reversal.

When hunting and fishing no longer yielded enough food to reward the efforts of man, and he was therefore forced to turn to the pursuits of women, he brought to them the skill and organizing ability which her more stationary and isolated life prevented her acquiring. He infused into them new vigor. He became a captain of industry. Using his prestige of slightly superior strength and immense prestige of skill and organizing ability, he relegated her to the sphere of the domestic animals she herself had trained. Like them, she became for him a piece of property. In this humble state she continued for thousands of years. Under this forced and unnatural environment there went forward

that process of denaturing women that produced consequences vital to society. A wife became a thing not to be mentioned to her husband without the implication of insult. Women became merchandise to such an extent that they were tied together by the hair—to await the will and pleasure of conquering hordes.

¶ It is now recognized that the influence of environment is greater than the influence of heredity. The marked difference in the minds and characteristics of the men and women of each generation can only be accounted for by this supposition. To the extent that inheritance is effective, each generation of women has proved a millstone around the neck of the next generation of men. To the same extent, the taste for power, exploit and freedom acquired by the lives of men has proved in the succeeding generation of women the source of all that discontent with their lot which has been perennially commented on by the male writer.

If the effect of environment is only now being appreciated, the law of equal inheritance never received due credit. In all life and literature, the world of ideas and habits of men and women are separated by such an abyss that never does the suggestion arise that children inherit qualities alike from father and from mother. In breeding horses the mare possessing the desired qualities is selected, but in founding and maintaining families the mother is selected for qualities the man would despise in himself and deplore in his son.

Poor Mr. Tulliver in "Mill on the Floss" is a case in point. He selected his wife for the qualities he admired in a woman, and then broke his heart over the fact that his son inherited every one of them. His daughter, Maggie, inherited his spirit and intelligence, but being a woman, they only made for her misery. There was no proper outlet by which they could be used for the benefit of herself or society. Multiply this instance by millions and you may be able to estimate the loss to social progress by this waste of talent and energy which society has refused to utilize, by choosing instead to absolutely denature half its members.

Fixing the Responsibility

¶ CIVILIZATION, as we know it, is the result of the work of men. It is a civilization in which organization is the keynote

of success. It has become so complicated and fearful a thing that one gasps in contemplating it. That it has many defects, all admit. Are not these defects due to male supremacy and to the denaturing of woman? Every occupation—business, art or pleasure—is followed as a game. The end is taken to justify the means. It is all of a pattern with the pursuits of the primitive savage. The woman emphasis, which would be expressed by making the interests of children first in importance, is left out. ♣ Look where we will, we see child life exploited: little girls working in cotton-mills; little boys toiling nights in glass-factories; children learning vice and crime on city streets in default of seats in schools and proper playgrounds. ♣ Adulterated food, sweatmade garments, necessities of life taxed beyond endurance—all possible because of a political system in which mothers are uncounted.

A civilization in which the mother side had been equally developed with the exploiting male side never could have come to such a pass. Women are not better than men, but survival of life among mammalian forms of life absolutely depended upon the faithful attention of the mother to the needs of the offspring. There was no such need on the part of the father, and none was developed. The male cared for the female, and through his interest in her she cultivated in him an interest in the child and the home.

He utilized his superior strength to exploit her energies. He shut her out from the world of business, art and literature. He kept her veiled and walled in, in some epochs, and in every epoch he walled her in more completely by custom and tradition than by stone and mortar. In England, he chose her, as readers of Jane Austen can testify, for her meekness and love of service and physical delicacy. He never had the sense to see that he was breeding those qualities into the very marrow of his race, and that the time would come, as in the Boer war it did come, when the standard would have to be reduced twice before England could enlist enough soldiers to carry on the war. We say this was due to child labor, but that also was a result of a vitiated motherhood that was deprived of all right and power to protect its offspring. ♣ It was Pitt, not the mothers of England, who said to the manufacturers clamoring for workers, "Take the children!"

Scientific Mutuality

"Each According to His Needs."



THE business of Life-Insurance is to take care of people who need help, at the time they need it most * *

Yet it is not charity.

Life-Insurance had its rise in philanthropy. When a man died the neighbors took up a collection for the widow and children.

Even yet, in pioneer districts, we find in vogue the plan of all the neighbors helping any particular family that needs help, by a "donation party," a "raising-bee," a "husking-bee," or a "shower."

The early Christians were communists. We read in the Bible, "As many as were possessors of lands or houses, sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold and laid them down at the Apostles' feet: and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need."

¶ Life-Insurance is scientific communism, with no surrender of your individuality or taint of patronage.

In the clan we get this first idea of brotherhood and mutual help.

The world has not advanced yet to a point where we dare do away with individual ownership. But to give indiscriminately to the needy we now know is to injure both the one who accepts and the one who gives.

¶ Hence, Life-Insurance comes in, wherein the man himself provides for himself and his household over against the evil day. He insures himself against his own indiscretion and that of the beneficiaries.

Charity degrades—foresight uplifts.

Life-Insurance takes the matter out of the mood of the neighbors, and places the whole thing on an equitable, scientific basis.

The Romans nearly reached a scientific basis for life-insurance, but not quite. They organized the corporation—a body of men banded together to perform some great and important work. They figured that if a man were thirty years of age, he would live to be sixty.

After that he lived only by grace, and the corporation paid him a fixed sum during the rest of his life. Then we hear of lamblichus complaining, "These annuitants seem to get in the habit of living and forget to die."

¶ Ruin came to Rome, and the science of economics perished.

It was a thousand years and more before Oliver Cromwell supplied the

An Advertisement

By *ELBERT HUBBARD*

basis for scientific calculations as to the length of life. He issued an order, in seventeen words, to all keepers of parish registers thus: "You shall record every death, and make sure to write without fail the age of the deceased."

The death-rate then in England was twenty-one to a thousand. Now it is fifteen or less.

In Sixteen Hundred Ninety-eight the Reverend William Ashton organized a company "for the relief of clergymen's widows and children."

¶ A hundred clergymen paid into a fund five pounds a year, and on the death of any one a hundred pounds was paid to his widow.

This was the launching of Life-Insurance. From insuring clergymen, "Knights and Gentlemen" were included. Then the mercers took it up, and any haberdasher "of good health and good repute" was made eligible.

Now the business is on a strictly scientific basis, but the fact remains that you must be in "good health and good repute" in order to secure life-insurance.

When lamblichus said that "the annuitant forgets to die," he hit on a bit of stern logic.

Life-Insurance in any form serves as a ballast to life—it helps a man to live ♣ ♣

The annuity, either for yourself or to be paid to your wife or children, is a specialty with the Equitable Life Assurance Society. They would like to give you information along this line. It will cost you nothing—use it or not, just as your good judgment dictates.

Life-Insurance helps you to live. You need no help to die.

We can help you to help yourself to live; and dying, those you love will be safeguarded by your foresight.

The best time to secure life-insurance is when you can. Possibly you are not eligible; if so, this is not for you.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

of the United States

ONE HUNDRED TWENTY BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Without committing myself to any action, I should like to know what it would cost to provide a Life Income of \$.....

a year payable at my death to a person now.....years of age, the income to be paid for twenty years in any event.

Name

Full Address..... Age.....

Woman a Precious Chattel

THE effect on society of the private ownership of property forms at once the theme of the socialist and the cause of his existence. It is doubtful if he ever realizes that the evils that beset modern society are due in a greater degree to the ownership of women than to the ownership of things. The effect of the long-continued slave status of the mother element in human society—first expressed in actual bodily serfdom and continuing down to the present time in the form of economic dependence—has been the subordinating of all those characteristics which have been developed during the long periods of mammalian life in the line of devotion to children, to the end that the race might survive and progress.

It is one of the subtle ironies of human life that woman, on whose nature man has apparently played any tune that pleased him; woman, who has diligently fostered all the qualities and aptitudes that her economic master most approved and praised, should be in all life and literature the theme of his discontent. Depriving her of all opportunity for healthful expression in the line of congenial work; educating her beyond the scope of her life experience to assimilate, he has laid the expressions of her discontent to an innate unbalanced nature. That housework did not satisfy all the aspirations of half the human race has filled him with amazement and disapproval.

In his pseudo-logical mind, the mother and the child are immemorably associated. He demands of the mother the highest welfare of the child. But always he asks bricks without straw. Through centuries he teaches her sons to despise her as a household servant. When the home contained the power to form the child, her position was ignominious. In modern times, when all that controls the welfare of the child operates outside the home, she is still held responsible. Men's failure to make good in their assumed function of caring for child life is plain to the most superficial observer. The mother is the last dependent worker left stranded in modern society and denied the possession of the only weapon—the ballot—which would enable her effectively to reach the agencies which decide all the conditions under which she is at present forced to rear her children.

The Advent of the Superman

WITH the exception of an occasional sane comment, the utterances of men on that half of the race, which includes alike the mothers whose qualities they have inherited and the women with whom they have chosen to spend their lives, vindicate Bernard Shaw in his pessimism and his conviction that the only hope of society lies in the appearance of a superman ❦❦

The suggestion is doubtless futile that until the race stops breeding from denatured women, the time of the superman is indefinitely postponed. In the meantime, might so sane an idea occur to statesmen and socialists as the folly of defying the basic principle of race development? Will some voice in the wilderness declare the wisdom of conferring on the mothers of the race that political power which alone can enable them to carry out their race function of protecting and caring for the child, and by the child the race?

While woman is freely admitted to the gallows, the tax list and the jail, we have no right to debar her from the ballot-box.—Wendell Phillips.

Initiative, Referendum, Recall

By Alice Hubbard



NOT long ago I heard Senator Owen make an eloquent argument for The People's Rule. He recognized that there is corruption in our politics. Our government officials are, a few of them, doing things that are an injustice to the people whom they are supposed to represent. ¶ Why are they unjust and dishonest? Because they are human ❦❦

A power, quite unrestricted within certain limits and without supervision, is grasped by the hands of men who are eager, very eager, to have it.

Men can, therefore they do.

That the way of the transgressor is hard has been demonstrated over and over again, yet it does not affect the use many men make of power ❦❦

The gamble, the risk, fascinates. "Others have gone too far. I shall never go beyond

my power to recover myself. I have sense. 'On with the dance!'"

That men sneak into ignoble graves, and at mention of their names friends and acquaintances have denied them thrice, does not lessen the number of dishonest men.

The hugger-mugger methods prevail because they can be operated to a "certain point." And that "certain point" is most uncertain and rarely recognized. Men get so accustomed to danger that they can not see a danger-signal.

¶ The people give their money to rascals because it is easier to do it than to resist the established order.

Busy people as well as the indolent often take the easiest way. Most of us are too busy to make war upon the system. ¶ We hope against hope that men will grow honest of themselves and will fulfil obligations where there is none to enforce it.

Ouida's ideal of a gentleman—he who keeps a promise made to those who can not enforce it—is ours. We deal with men using methods meant for gentlemen. These methods are not always effective.

A little brief authority, easy honors, easy money, are a lure too powerful for most men to withstand.

The remedy?

Hugh Chalmers, a business man of rare commonsense, says that an employer has no right to allow temptation to come to any one over whom he is responsible. If a man does this, his system is wrong, and the responsibility is the employer's, not the employee's.

¶ All government employees are in the employ of the people.

Our system is wrong when employees can steal, misrepresent, go into office poor and come out rich, very rich, injure the people, and ruin themselves.

We must change our system.

How?

Bring every part of the work, every act, every result, up into the sunlight.

Let supervision displace espionage.

Let everything be done with wide-open doors and let all the people enter.

Let the people vote direct for nominations and candidates.

Initiative, Referendum and Recall is the expression used in politics for this new system of operating the machinery of Government. ¶ New Zealand knows all about it and pronounces

it a success. They say it gives a government for the people, and it is by the people and it is of the people nearer than any other known. ¶ Candidates are nominated in the open.

They declare their intentions.

They go where the people see and question them. ¶

They make public their policy for the people.

¶ They make promises.

They are elected to fulfil the promises.

They have the supervision of the people.

Now, if the public servant does not serve—make good—the people have a clear, frank understanding about what to do. And it is easy to do it.

The unfulfilled promise is published. A petition is filed. The people show cause why this employee should not remain in office. A certain number of names signed to the complaint is authority to recall the delinquent officer and he is replaced by one who will serve the people.

¶ But note this fact: the cases of recall are so few that you can name them.

This looks like a right system, for it works. It keeps good men good, and makes bad men be good. ¶

We may as well reckon with man's weakness and face this fact, that in morals and ethics man has not evolved very far.

We believe in man because he has ideals of honor and beauty which are ever before him.

¶ Some time he will realize them.

The Golden Rule

¶ HERE was a commandment known in Greece and Egypt before history was written. It was known also to the Chinese before that nation was old.

Twenty-five years ago a man in Toledo used it in his business, and was considered so unique that men went long journeys to see how a man looked who was so absurd as to try in business to do as he would be done by. The Golden Rule as yet has to be enforced.

The Foundation of Government

¶ HE unit of government, I believe, is the family.

Man alone can do as he pleases. When he unites his life with others, he must consider his action in relation to those others—he must co-operate, work with others.

That there may be a mutual understanding for a mutual good, rules or laws with regard to action are agreed upon.

The tendency of humanity to crystallize and

make permanent an ephemeral thing has good points and bad.

Habit is the result of doing a thing many times in the same way. It makes living easier, but it hinders progress, sometimes blocks its wheels. ❧

When men love the law more than man they have made man for the Sabbath, not the Sabbath for man.

All is good that serves. A system is good when it serves; but when man must give up his right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness for the system, abolish the system.

❧ Men often resorted to violent enforcement of the rules or laws, forgetting what they were for.

❧ Such action as mob-law—the punishment without deliberation—for breach of contract is usually unjust, seldom serves the purpose for which the law was made, and injustice is often done the delinquent.

To secure more nearly justice to all, a government was established consisting of men who should make rules for our conduct of life, and another department was established to enforce the respect of and compliance with the laws.

The people as a whole united in the compact.

❧ The fewer the people involved, the simpler the laws and the less complex the enforcement.

❧ With the family there was in the beginning no expressed or written rule as to conduct and mutual responsibilities. ❧ Natural selection prevailed.

The man's importance in the family was slight. The care of the children belonged to the mother (and she was amply able to shelter and feed them) and herself. Anything that protected from the storm was home—shelter—enough, and, strange as it may seem to us today, whatever served to nourish the body was food.

The mother's training made her child quite capable of caring for itself soon after it could walk. The first lessons learned were those involved in searching for food and in keeping out of danger. ❧

In the hunting and fishing age—the migrating period—woman and her family moved from one shelter and made herself another for the purpose of having a better hunting-ground.

❧ When man found that he could sow seed and reap a harvest if he waited for it, the home became stable. Man was more frequently stable, but went and came at will. And whether man has been reliable or not, even to this day he

feels in his heart that he needs a home he can come to at any time.

Hopi Indian women still have the primitive method of settling difficulties between wife and husband. If Mr. Hopi does not approve of Mrs. Hopi's home, management of her children, cooking or housekeeping, he finds his personal belongings well tied up for him at the door when he returns.

This is Mrs. Hopi's way of inviting him to continue his quest of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and not to expect any of them to be found in her home.

As she is quite capable of enforcing her own right to the same rights, Mr. Hopi takes his bundle and moves on to pastures new if not more enticing.

And, be it said to the credit of this custom, Mr. Hopi is as a rule very much of a gentleman at home, and receives his blue envelope only often enough to keep alive the custom.

Mrs. Hopi has these very marked advantages: she is economically free, by her own effort. She keeps her expenses wholly within her own power to supply them. With her own hands she builds her house, weaves her own clothes, gets her own food.

Mr. Hopi is her one luxury and pleasure, and when he ceases to be these for her, he ceases to be for her.

Like Solomon's ideal woman, Mrs. Hopi's commonsense exceeds her emotion.

As she enlarges her needs, she increases her capacity for supplying her needs. As a result she has the respect of men and women; best of all she respects herself.

She values herself, her time, her energy.

The Superstructure

THE beginning of all government was family government. The family extended gave the clan. The clan expanded into the tribe. Tribes make States. States make nations. ❧ The family government is the unit of all government. It was made by the mother to serve the children and to secure for them life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The laws were made by the mother because of her love for her child—to serve the child, not herself.

Law evolved from the love and wisdom of the mother.

Law is maternal in its origin, not paternal. ❧ Were the family government pure, that of the town, the State, the nation, might be pure.

¶ In America we profess that the family is a democracy, organized for the purpose of giving to the equal partners greater freedom, better opportunities for the development of life, liberty, and for the pursuit of happiness. Mutual benefit is the expressed purpose of the family—its only excuse for being.

"Ah, yes," the lovers say; "our love is better than any love that ever has been. Others have made failures of their lives. Ours shall be one long, long success and triumph."

"I can not live or work without you," says the man. "My life would be nothing apart from you," says the woman.

Mutual need for happiness and life is the united affirmation—mutual benefit.

It has so developed that the modern "Christian" home is not a democracy at all, nor was it ever as a Christian home.

We do not quite like to name it technically. We know of course that when men fought for possession of the woman, the stronger won, and then the victor claimed her and guarded her—against what? Her enemies? No, against his—other bad men who wanted what he also wanted.

Then a wife was chattel, owned body and soul by the man who had more brawn and will than his rival.

The female animal would not fight the male, otherwise history might have been topsy-turvy from what it is today. However, there are a few instances in modern times where women have been known to—almost fight men.

The woman's children were also claimed by the man. The labor of the woman and her children was also his.

The government of this family was an unlimited monarchy, ruled over by a man. He had power even to life and death over wife and children.

¶ When it was established by men that Christian women had souls, the status was changed somewhat, although the marriage contract still continued unilateral.

As a rule today men are ashamed to say they own their wives, even though they do.

But the cases are so rare where the Golden Rule is the only one existing in the household, that, on a rumor of such a home, we go on pilgrimages to see if it really is a family where each does to the other as he would have that other do unto him.

The source of government must be pure if we would have clean politics.

When men can legally take the services of women and give no adequate compensation for it, they will do it in any other place they can.

¶ Law has been foisted upon the throne of authority. We bow our heads to it and do obeisance. It takes many saviors to say to us over and over again, "The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath." And then we do not understand.

The law was formulated by man to serve man. The man who is chosen by men to see that man is served, benefited by the law, is also to serve man. The office is intended to be a benefactor to man.

When man postpones payment for woman's toil until she reaches heaven, he is getting gain under false pretenses. "One world at a time" is all any human being can make a successful life in.

Pay today. You do not know anything as to values in that unknown tomorrow.

A man who works primarily for himself in his family will do the same outside his family, if he can and not be found out.

The petty kingdom over which such a man presides is a safe haven for him. He is free from supervision and is protected. He can and has done as he pleased, how and when he pleased.

The Skeleton in the Closet

A WOMAN married a man above her in social station.

They were not mated mentally. She found her companionship among church workers.

¶ He found his at the club and elsewhere. Two beautiful boys were born to this mother. Her hardest work was to keep her family and the boys from knowing that her husband and their father was one who perpetually violated the social code, who was selling his life for physical indulgences.

The husband died miserably.

To this day the wife pays hush-money that her boys and the world may think that her husband was a fine man.

She has lied about this one thing for twenty years. The husband was protected, or thought he was, by this woman. His sin was covered, therefore it could continue.

The woman stooped to the use of espionage, making herself despicable to herself. But the supervision of her own family and of society at large she denied this man, who, with it, might have been a worthy citizen.

A Tyrant's Strength

AS a supreme ruler man has not been eminently successful. His authority has not, however, been questioned until today or last week. He is the source of supplies. He can cut them down to the minimum at will. His word is law. Back of him is the written word in sacred and secular Bible.

Nothing short of death or scandal insupportable can set such wives free from the petty tyrant. It is easier, often far preferable, to waste woman's life and let death come as it will, to facing the divorce-court and the daily newspapers.

The husband has made the decisions for woman all along the line ever since she "named the day." She has no practise in positive actions. To endure is easier than to correct. So life drags on wearily for man, woman and child.

¶ The family physician is sent for. He recommends a hunting-trip in the mountains for the man and a hospital experience for the woman ❀ ❀

But neither one is cured. They have had a few weeks' furlough only and hostilities are resumed when they return to their home, the government of which has caused their diseases ❀ ❀

Both are stifled. The Master finds his kingdom rebellious, mutinous. He becomes arrogant, dictatorial and peevish when crossed.

He would be ashamed to have his peers see him when he deals with his inferiors.

The woman finds—if she looks—that her worst qualities are being developed ❀ Her gentleness, strength, love, hope, spontaneity, invention, intellect, usefulness, are dormant or dead ❀ ❀

If statistics from Penitentiaries, Reform Schools, Insane Asylums, Sanitariums and Hospitals are facts, then our system of family government is wrong. It is in worse condition than our National Government, and it has grown out of the same cause—inhibition of the use of the Golden Rule in our homes ❀

We must displace espionage with supervision, the supervision of the people.

Initiative, Referendum and Recall in the family will give us all the reform we need.

❀

This age of ours is a commercial, not a military one. Finland has just enfranchised her women and denied the ballot to her soldiers.—Anna Cadogan Etz.

Values

By Beulah Hood



WE hear much talk in this day about the Commercialism of the American citizen, man and woman. Because Commercialism happens to be a long and sounding word and is often said with a rising inflection of the eyebrow, we have almost become convinced that the term is bad and that it stands for an evil, not a virtue, and is therefore to be denied and its representatives ostracized.

What is Commercialism? It is to give a value for a value received. Only a pauper will receive value where he can bestow none. Nature did not plan that half of mankind should live upon the other half. The earth with her fruits is given to all the people for all the time which they are able to use her. She is ours in trust but for a day, and we know what good stewardship implies in labor and love.

Only yesterday it began to dawn upon the world that mankind is a generic term and does not mean men alone. When the thought came it grew. That is a law of life; birth, development, maturity and the passing—the passing to produce new birth. So the law works round again. We are told that history repeats itself—but it is universal law instead, and the events, by the way, are history.

On that day, when the girl-child became a value, and a person, not a chattel, when men and women began to turn their faces to the East, there came a new word among our words not there before—interdependent.

We had dependent and independent, but interdependent—that was filled with new thought. New thoughts mean new development, and the world is very chary of its progress.

The beaten track is the slogan of the ages. The byways point to graves of saints and martyrs, but of the masses in the highway we make no mark.

Men had been independent in the dawn ages, and so had women. Then the man developed might and made his independence right, and made woman's dependence a law. This was his right. Did n't it exist and could n't he enforce it? Indeed!

John Smith had lands and his neighbor had

flocks. Jointly their power would increase at a new ratio. This was desirable, for the enemy was on every side. So the men joined hands and lands and there was developed interdependence.

Unified interest meant doubled watchfulness and protection for the many. It gave a new outlook—for men alone? No one considered for whom! That was a part of the growing. ¶ Saint Paul had said if a woman desired to know anything let her ask her husband at home. For long generations we obeyed this dictum—with here and there a grave at the end of a byway where the winds blow gently, for martyr is a word of common gender.

But Paul did not reckon on the day when a woman should ask a question which her husband could not answer at home, nor did he know there would come a race upon earth who would seek truth in all her temples. He did not know that he had put a limitation on growth and that spontaneous variation provides against that very limitation. And on earth had come a thoughtful soul who wanted to know why there was not interdependence between men and women as between men, and her husband could not tell her—and her father did not know.

Only a few of those who heard her question knew what she meant. Only a few could know.

¶ But the answer has come to her, even unto the third and fourth generation of them that love her.

Everywhere is beginning to dawn a common understanding of interdependence—of free life and living. Everywhere there are growing up groups of boys and girls who are seeking knowledge, not simply education. Everywhere is growing a belief in the rights of all people for all people—not man rights or woman rights, but human rights.

The society of women is the foundation of good manners.—Goethe.

Today

By Bramley Kite

ANANA is a Spanish word
And signifies Tomorrow;
An endless road—an "S" should stand
For "M" and read To Sorrow.

Liberty means responsibility.—Bernard Shaw.

The Submerged Other Half

By Charlotte Perkins Gilman

From "Women and Economics"



HE human female, denied the enlarged activities which have developed intelligence in man, denied the education of the will which only comes by freedom and power, has maintained the rudimentary forces of instinct to the present day. With her extreme modification to sex, this faculty of instinct runs mainly along sex-lines, and finds fullest vent in the processes of maternity, where it has held unbroken sway. So the children of humanity are born into the arms of an endless succession of untrained mothers, who bring to the care and teaching of their children neither education for that wonderful work nor experience therein: they bring merely the intense accumulated force of a brute instinct—the blind, devoted passion of the mother for the child. Maternal love is an enormous force, but force needs direction. Simply to love the child does not serve him unless specific acts of service express this love. What these acts of service are and how they are performed make or mar his life forever.

Not woman, but the condition of woman, has always been a doorway of evil. The sexuo-economic relation has debarred her from the social activities in which, and in which alone, are developed the social virtues. She was not allowed to acquire the qualities needed in our racial advance; and, in her position of arrested development, she has maintained the virtues and the vices of the period of human evolution at which she was imprisoned. At a period of isolated economic activity—mere animal individualism—at a period when social ties ceased with the ties of blood, woman was cut off from personal activity in social economics, and confined to the functional activities of her sex. ¶ In keeping her on this primitive basis of economic life, we have kept half of humanity tied to the starting-post, while the other half ran. We have trained and bred one kind of qualities into one half the species, and another kind into the other half. And then we wonder at the contradictions of human nature. For instance, we have done all we could, in addition

to natural forces, to make men brave. We have done all we could, in addition to natural forces, to make women cowards. And, since every human creature is born of two parents, it is not surprising that we are a little mixed.

We have trained in men the large qualities of social usefulness which the pressure of their economic conditions was always developing; and we have done this by means of conscious praise and blame, reward and punishment, and with the aid of law and custom. We have trained in women, by the same means, the small qualities of personal usefulness which the pressure of their economic conditions was also developing. We have made a creature who is not homogeneous, whose life is fed by two currents of inheritance as dissimilar and opposed as could be well imagined. We have bred a race of psychic hybrids, and the moral qualities of hybrids are well known.

Now that women are beginning to take a part in all the activities of life, there is no turning back.—Edward Howard Griggs.

"Three Dreams in a Desert"

By Olive Schreiner



S I traveled across an African plain the sun shone down hotly. Then I drew my horse up under a mimosa-tree, and I took the saddle from him and left him to feed among the parched bushes. All to right and to left stretched the brown earth. I sat down under the tree, because the heat beat fiercely, and all along the horizon the air throbbed. After a while a heavy drowsiness came over me, and I laid my head down against my saddle, and I fell asleep there. In my sleep, I had a curious dream.

I thought I stood on the border of a great desert, and the sand blew about everywhere. I thought I saw two great figures like beasts of burden of the desert, and one lay upon the sand with its neck stretched out, and one stood by it. I looked curiously at the one that lay upon the ground, for it had a great burden on its back. The sand was thick about it, so that it seemed to have piled over it for centuries.

I looked very curiously at it. And there stood one beside me watching. I said to him, "What is this huge creature that lies here on the sand?"

And he said, "This is woman; she that bears men in her body."

And I said, "Why does she lie here motionless with the sand piled around her?"

And he answered, "Listen, I will tell you! Ages and ages long she has lain here, and the wind has blown over her. The oldest, oldest man living has never seen her move: the oldest, oldest book records that she lay here then, as she lies here now, with the sand about her. But listen! Older than the oldest book, older than the oldest recorded memory of man, on the Rocks of Language, on the hard-baked clay of Ancient Customs, now crumbling to decay, are found the marks of her footsteps! Side by side with his who stands beside her you may trace them; and you know that she who now lies there once wandered free over the rocks with him."

¶ And I said, "Why does she lie there now?"

¶ And he said, "I take it, ages ago, the Age-of-dominion-of-muscular-force found her, and when she stooped low to give suck to her young, and her back was broad, he put his burden of subjection on to it, and tied it on with the broad band of Inevitable Necessity. Then she looked at the earth and the sky, and knew there was no hope for her; and she lay down on the sand with the burden she could not loosen. Ever since she has lain here. The ages have come, and the ages have gone, but the band of Inevitable Necessity has not been cut."

I looked and saw in her eyes the terrible patience of the centuries. The ground was wet with her tears, and her nostrils blew up the sand.

I said, "Has she ever tried to move?"

And he said, "Sometimes a limb has quivered. But she is wise; she knows that she can not rise with the burden on her."

I said, "Why does not he who stands by her leave her and go on?"

He said, "He can not. Look——"

I saw a broad band passing along the ground from one to the other, and it bound them together.

Heaven on Earth

✱ AWOKE; and all about me was the yellow afternoon light: the sinking sun lit up the fingers of the milk-bushes; and my horse

stood by me quietly feeding. I turned on my side, and I watched the ants run by thousands in the red sand. I thought I would go on my way now—the afternoon was cooler. Then a drowsiness crept over me again, and I laid back my head and fell asleep.

And I dreamed a dream.

I dreamed I saw a land. On the hills walked brave women and brave men, hand in hand. And they looked into each other's eyes, and they were not afraid.

I saw the women also hold each other's hands.

¶ I said to him beside me, "What place is this?"

He said, "This is Heaven."

I said, "Where is it?"

And he answered, "On earth."

I said, "When shall these things be?"

And he answered, "In the future."

I awoke, and all about me was the sunset light. On the low hills the sun lay, and a delicious coolness had crept over everything; the ants were going slowly home. I walked towards my horse, who stood quietly feeding.

¶ Then the sun passed down behind the hills; but I knew that the next day he would rise again ♣ ♣

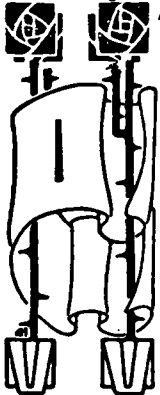


We hear on all sides talk of "mother love," but it is insincere until mothers cease to be dependents. —Marion Coleman.



A Square Deal

Being Extracts from Hearing Before the Committee on the Judiciary, House of Representatives.



I was in Washington, District of Columbia, on Bunker Hill Day, April Nineteenth, and in the year Nineteen Hundred Ten.

Many women and men had looked forward to this day with the anticipation that at this time something would take place of importance to the human race. Preparation had been going on for many months. Petitions had been posted where interested women and men could sign their names, asking that an amendment be made to the Constitution of the United States, extending the right of suffrage to women. This petition had been signed by four hundred four thousand, eight hundred twenty-five men and women—citizens, I was about to say,

but some of them were not so classified, except when responsible for good conduct.

The hearing of those who represented the four hundred four thousand, eight hundred twenty-five began at ten a. m. and was heard by the Committee on the Judiciary, which was composed of several members of the House of Representatives.

Chairman Parker called the meeting to order. There was the reading of the resolution ♣ Then there were called upon different persons to make their statements why this resolution should be heard and acted upon.

In the Early Days

THE names of petitioners had been classified as to occupations, and one person had been chosen to represent a class. Mrs. Susan W. Fitzgerald spoke for the fifty-two thousand homemakers who had asked for equal political rights in this democracy.

Some of her reasons why homemakers should have equal political rights with men are of so much importance today that they are quoted here. Mrs. Fitzgerald said:

We must remember that in the early days of this country a family was practically self-supporting. It was independent of the rest of the community. In the early days a man and a woman working together could provide for their family all that was necessary for their sustenance and their maintenance ♣ They could raise all food necessary for the family on their own little farm. Meats, vegetables, grains, milk, eggs, butter, cheese, all were home products. They provided their own lighting plant. They controlled their own water-supply. The women spun the thread and wove the cloth, dyed it, and made the garments. In every way, if it was thought desirable, if it was necessary, the family could maintain its existence independently of the co-operation of society, except in the simple matter of defense from violence ♣

Present Conditions

ONE of that is true today. These special occupations of women from time immemorial have changed, have been taken out of the home. We all know that these first duties of women they can no longer adequately perform by their own unaided efforts. Take the simple matter of furnishing wholesome food for her family. In the old days she raised it herself, she and her family; knew that it was pure, clean, wholesome, and such as she could afford to give her children. None of this is true today. We know not whence comes our food. We have a very fair idea, though, that much of it comes to us impure,

unclean and unwholesome, and yet the mother of a family is obliged to buy that food, taking the risk of giving to her children food that may bring to them sickness and disease. There is but one way today to control the food-supply. That is through legislation; through legislation that can reach far beyond the distance that any individual homemaker can reach with her own investigation and care.

We know from practical experience that the control of the food-supply, of its purity and cleanliness, can not even be a matter of local or State regulation. We have been forced to face the fact that it must be regulated by national legislation. And so the woman who buys food for her family, if she is to be held responsible for the results coming from her feeding of her family, must have the right to use her intelligence, her strength, her judgment, in helping make those laws which control that food-supply and in helping elect those officials who are to make those laws either of value or not of value.

The Remedy

NOW the same thing holds with regard to every other element of domestic life. The water-supply is no longer an individual matter to be cared for by the head of the household. It is a town, city or State supply. It may be pure or impure. It can only be kept pure and wholesome by the action of society, of society as a whole; and the woman of the home, the mother of the family, must be counted as one in that society which is to take the action which shall regulate the water-supply that, if impure, threatens daily the welfare of her entire household.

So it is with the clothing-supply. We no longer make our own stuffs. Few of us make our own clothes. Almost all of us today wear ready-made clothes, and any of you who have looked into the matter of the manufacture of garments know that clothes are made in factories and finished largely in sweat-shops, and you know that those sweat-shops are often rooms where exist infectious disease, tuberculosis, scarlet fever, diphtheria—heaven knows what. We have many actual cases on record where that has been proven, and we know that every year, at the time that the Winter clothing is taken from the shops and factories and scattered through the length and breadth of the land and put on sale in the retail stores, there is an outbreak of infectious disease which can only be attributed to the shipment of dry-goods, of clothing, of garments, from the centers of manufacture into the little towns.

¶ Now, the woman who has to buy these clothes for her children takes their lives in her hands every time she does it, and she should, she must have, the right to help to control the conditions under which this clothing is made and is handled, and to use her strength,

so far as she has it, to protect her children and her home from all these dangers; dangers that did not exist in the old days, dangers that have developed as the result of the modern industrial and economic conditions of our great congested cities and the development of machine work and all that makes our life now so different from that in which the individual was able to control her surroundings in the old days.

The Workingman's Viewpoint

ARTHUR E. HOLDER, on behalf of the workingmen, spoke in part as follows:

A few days ago, Mr. Chairman, one of the most eloquent Representatives in Congress gave vent to some expressions dealing with the progress of humanity generally, and with the success that had been attained through the passage of amendments to the laws of Congress since the year Eighteen Hundred Ninety-seven. He made use of these expressions:

"This is the age of progress. To be progressive, therefore, is to be in harmony with the times. This is equally true of individuals and political parties. In our country, the progress that has been made during recent years in population, wealth, industrial development, commercial expansion, science, inventions, art, literature—in short, in all fields of thought and endeavor—is without a parallel in history."

Again, he said:

"The rapidly changing conditions in the industrial world call for new legislation, State and National, and the people demand that their Representatives, intrusted with governmental functions, shall be men of true progressive spirit."

If the gentleman in question from whom I have quoted had been making a speech in behalf of extending the ballot to women, he could not have used phrases that would have met with our approval better. These phrases are crisp, and they ring true. They are broadly significant of two great facts. The first fact acknowledges with precision that wealth is increasing and that material interests are developing. The second fact is much more inspiring, because it unhesitatingly recognizes the voice of the people as the foundation of the future of our Government. It breathes the spirit of first principles, that Government exists for the people, and not the people for the Government. We ask this day that the utterances of this eloquent statesman be duly heeded by the Sixty-first Congress. ¶ We ask for progress in harmony with the times. We ask for a more perfect and complete form of government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

We want the right of representation of all the people, women as well as men. Women

have been disfranchised in our country long enough, and we now ask for that measure of providence that will constitutionally grant the right to vote to the women of our land. We believe that women are, and of right ought to be, free agents, free selectors, free voters. The law is no respecter of persons. Women can not shirk their responsibility because they are women; neither should they longer be denied their normal citizenship rights and privileges because they are women.

Industry of Wifehood and Housekeeping

MRS. HARRIET TAYLOR UPTON, whose father had been a member of the Committee on the Judiciary for many years, spoke as a representative of the industry of wifehood and housekeeping. Mrs. Upton said:

We have four States where the women vote on exactly equal terms with men. In those four States nothing dreadful has happened in consequence of women being allowed to vote. There are four States where the women have the right to vote. What I want to ask you for today is this one thing: It does not seem to be very much for us to ask now, after our representatives have come here for forty years or more. I want to ask you to report against us if you will not report for us. Report against us. Just tell the world that we must not vote because we can not fight, because it will break up the home. Say anything you please, but please break your long years of silence. Is it fair for you not to tell us why you are opposed to us?

Women are not fools; on the contrary they are very intelligent people, and we are sure to be enfranchised. If this committee does not help to do it some other committee will; it is going to be done, and it is for you to say whether your granddaughters will be able to say years from now, "My grandfather was one of the men who first spoke for women." And that I want to call to your attention, because that will be one of the greatest things your grandchildren will say of you after you are gone. Our question is a question which is coming with such volume that you will all be glad you are on our side.

Is there any reason why we should not help choose the President of the United States?

The American Woman

WHILE men of this country have been running after dollars at a terrific rate in the last few years, women have been studying, reading, and preparing themselves in women's clubs and in all sorts of organizations for this right, so that when we come to be enfranchised we will be the most intelligent class—if you call us a class—that was ever enfranchised in the history of the world.

Are you afraid of intelligence? You certainly are not. When you married what did you do? You each picked out—or at least you did; if you had your right mind—the smartest and loveliest woman you could find. Just as the American man is conceded to be the best of husbands, the best of men, so is the American woman the best of wives, the best of women. Would you or could you deny this statement to a man of another nation? All, then, we ask, gentlemen, is to let the mother heart, the home element, the real life of the home, be expressed in the government.

Any one would think, to hear people talk, that we are going to spend our entire time at the ballot-box. We could not do this, for the ballot-box is only on exhibition once or twice a year. I am a member of the board of education. I was nominated for that position at a regular Republican caucus and was elected by Republican men and Republican women. It takes me eight minutes, once in two years, to vote. I must confess I am sometimes out of my home longer than eight minutes for other purposes far less important.

Thoughtless people fear we would not know enough to vote. Is that not foolish? Just think how responsibility is felt in the heart of every woman. She has had the care of the family so long; she has been the mother, and in many cases partly the father, of the family, and she is used to responsibility. Do not be afraid of woman's irresponsibility. Few are the American women who do not rise to the occasion.

Few people ask you to report against a request, but I beg of you to let all the world know why the women of the United States, who in hundreds of thousands have petitioned you to submit a sixteenth amendment, ought not to have at least this request considered and reported upon.

Equal Suffrage in Practice

DURING the meeting, which continued for two hours, those who came to present the petition were questioned by members of the Committee with regard to the results of suffrage for all the citizens in the four States that then had it. Washington was being discussed.

¶ Mr. Henry, of the Committee, said, "Prior to the admission of Washington into the Union, in the territorial government, women voted, but, I am informed, when the Constitution was written, they abandoned the right and did not care for it."

Mrs. Kelley said:

I had the pleasure of visiting the State of Washington at length last year, and I was told there by an official of the State that the situation was thus—he was there in the territorial days. He said the federal judge twice

deprived the women, by his interpretation of the statute, of the right to vote, so that at the time of the adoption of that new constitution women would not vote on that constitution and the provision enfranchising them or striking the word "male" out of the new constitution.

Mrs. Upton added, "It is not true that the women of Washington wanted the ballot taken from them."

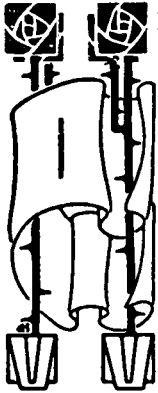
Did the women of the State of Washington want the ballot or not?

The election of November Eighth, Nineteen Hundred Ten, seems to show that they wanted full citizenship, for on that day Washington made the fifth State in the Union where women have equal political rights with men.

Humility and submission to outrage of her human rights has been woman's greatest crime against herself.—Josephine K. Henry.

The Case of Mrs. Schell

By Alice Hubbard



IN the central part of Illinois there lives a farmer named James Andrews. He owns four hundred acres of land. This means that even in Illinois he is not a poor man.

The farm next to his has one hundred acres. Four years ago the deed of this farm was in the name of Jonathan Schell, a German.

There was a mortgage on this farm, and the mortgage was owned by a rich man in that vicinity.

Jonathan spent most of his time at the saloons in the village. He drank much beer.

The farm was successfully worked by Mrs. Schell. Mrs. Schell was the mother of nine children, the eldest of whom was twelve years of age.

The only thing Mrs. Schell could count on Mr. Schell's doing was to spend successfully all the money that he could get.

Mrs. Schell was wise; she was a mother. Her wisdom caused her to provide for her children the necessities of life, and also to have the interest money ready for October, when the interest on the mortgage became due. Also, to have the tax money ready in the Spring. And this she always did.

Mr. Schell's part in the family was that of spender, consumer, owner, arch-dictator.

One Saturday he had drunk more beer than usual—if that were possible; at any rate, he was a little more drunk than ordinarily, and when the old horse zigzagged along the road and the wagon jolted into a rut, he fell out of the wagon and broke his neck.

Doing a Man's Work

HERE was a funeral; but after the burial the relatives did not gather in the home to hear the will read. There was no will.

The owner of the mortgage knew where he could sell the rich one hundred acres for cash, and so he foreclosed.

When the sale was made and the funeral expenses paid, all the widow had left were her nine children and the clothing they wore.

Now, James Andrews knew Mrs. Schell well, for they had worked side by side in adjoining fields all the Springs and Summers and Falls that the Schells had lived on that hundred acres. Mrs. Schell heard that Mr. Andrews had difficulty in getting a hired man the Spring when she had no home, and she said to herself, "Why can't I work for Mr. Andrews?"

So she went to him, told him that he knew her, knew her work, knew what she had done, what she could do, and would he hire her instead of a man that year?

He was very glad, for he knew the value of this woman's undivided service.

He had paid a man forty dollars a month, but he arranged with Mrs. Schell for thirty dollars, the use of his little cottage on the farm, a garden-spot and feeding-ground for a cow.

The family moved into the cottage; the cow was bought and paid for with the first month's earnings.

The Cloud on the Horizon

THE farmer was happy. No shirking, no loafing, no slipshod work. He had never prospered as he did this year, for Mrs. Schell could not only drive her own team and keep herself economically occupied, but she could plan and supervise work for six men, which she did.

The year came around, and it was time for another contract to be drawn up between Mrs. Jonathan and Mr. James.

Mrs. Jonathan had had a beautiful year. The children had lived much out of doors. Morning, noon and night she arranged work for them,

taught them economy and industry, how to make a garden and keep the house. The eldest girl took care of the cow.

The entire family was nourished—happy, hopeful, joyous. All this, and Mrs. Jonathan had two hundred dollars in the bank. She was never so happy in her life. Life had never held so much for her.

Mrs. Andrews had noticed that James Andrews was not so cheerful and happy as usual. He was often melancholy and sometimes cross. When he came home from the market trips to the village he was gloomy. She had often asked him what was the trouble, but he always said there was nothing the matter.

However, when it came time to make the new contract with Mrs. Jonathan, he said to Mrs. James: "I can't do it, Maria; it is impossible! This woman is the best help I have ever had on my farm. She is not working so hard for me as she worked for old man Jonathan; she was never so happy and her family never so well. She told me this morning she had two hundred dollars in the bank. No mortgage, no interest, no taxes, no saloonkeepers to take care of! But I can't hire her next year, Maria; I can't do it."

"Why not, James?" said Maria, with lips quivering.

"Because every farmer that passes me on the road, every villager when I go to town, calls 'Scab! Scab!' after me. 'Woman-driver. Make a woman work like a horse! Scab! Scab!' They point their fingers at me, and have ever since I hired this woman. They yell, they threaten, and I can't stand it another year."

The Storm Breaks

THE farmer could not tell Mrs. Jonathan himself. He sent his wife over to the cottage, and he went away to see his brother, who lived sixty miles off on the railroad.

Mrs. James was sick after her visit, for she saw the honest, trustful eyes of Mrs. Jonathan look as only such eyes can look when she told the news. She saw the great tears well up in those eyes and roll down her cheeks. She saw the little family gathered together and all hope go out of their hearts.

She saw them move away.

A charity lady came to give advice. When she observed Mrs. Jonathan's big, rough, strong hands, the muscular development, she was wise enough to know that only physical work could do for her. So she got a hotelman

in the nearest city to give her the scrubbing of the corridors and the cleaning of cuspidors—the night work that only a strong woman can do.

The nine healthy, hearty, happy, joyous little Schells were huddled together in an alley in a part of the city where the mother could get a rent that she felt she could pay.

Gone the blue sky, the sweet-smelling clover, the hayfields, the garden, the health, the home. Gone all joy in life—all!

Truly, something is rotten in the State of Denmark.

I have always said it—nature meant woman to be her masterpiece.—Lessing.

The Woman on a Pedestal

By "Suffragette"

IN a nice chiffonier, on a bright little mat,
Sat a perfectly beautiful crockery cat,
So prim and so proper, so smiling and neat,
And her crockery kittens were grouped at her feet.

Said Fluff to her sister, "Oh, look! Only see!
That cat is a model of what we should be.
If we curl our tails stiffly and sit upon mats
We may presently grow into beautiful cats!
That cat never hunts, and she never climbs trees:

She does n't chase leaves that are blown by the breeze,

Or play with a ball or the end of a string.
Oh, no! She would not attempt such a thing.
We must give up such habits and imitate her.
I wonder if it is improper to purr?

It is plain that no cat ought to work or to play;
She should sit on a mat with her kittens all day!"

Her sister said, "Rubbish!" (She was not polite,

But still I consider her sentiments right.)
"We must n't do nothing but simper and smirk;

Our muscles and claws were intended for work!

I won't change my habits, however you fuss,
For man made that model, but Nature made us."

Be united—united—united!—Schiller.

The Bravest Battle

By Joaquin Miller

THE bravest battle that ever was fought;
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
It was fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But patiently, silently bore her part—
Lo! there in that battlefield.

No marshaling troops, no bivouac song;
No banner to gleam and wave;
And oh! these battles they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave!

Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen—goes down.

Society is in process of evolution. Man is yet primitive. All that has gone before is a preparation for better things to come, but we are moving rapidly, and, I believe, securely toward nobler things.

That Umbrella!

By Paul Marguerite



UMARESQ came sauntering into my apartment. He is a big, well-built fellow, who takes up more room than his just share in a public conveyance, and who jostles fellow-pedestrians off the sidewalk. He is absolutely self-possessed under all circumstances, never gives you his hand, only lends it to you, and does not grasp yours as he takes it—it is too much trouble. His consuming egotism is really rather amusing at times.

"My dear boy, I have come to tell you something," he began; "an incident rather peculiar and out of the way"—he assumed an air of

inane importance—"one at the same time foolish and pathetic, as adventures in which women play a part are apt to be."

"Give me your hat," said I.

He preferred to put it away carefully himself in a corner where no one would be likely to sit on it. Then he seated himself in an armchair in an attitude that was comfortable and yet not calculated to produce disfiguring wrinkles in his garments.

"You know Madame Solaciel, the wife of our poor friend. Although less intimate with him than I was, you have dined there several times and on Wednesday you were at Solaciel's funeral. Perhaps you remarked that on that occasion I had an umbrella?"

"It was raining," I answered. "Everybody had an umbrella; therefore, why should the fact of your having one impress me?"

"Yes," he rejoined; "I expected you would say that. Well, if you had happened to notice that I had one you would have seen that it was far more elegant than the one I usually carry. It was thin and light, of English make, of pure silk, with a handle of elaborately carved ivory and a gold knob. It was, in short, a swagger umbrella, quite nice enough for a lady's use.

The Disconsolate Widow

NOW you are no doubt wondering how I came to be using such an umbrella as this. In leaving my house to go to Solaciel's funeral, I thought to myself, 'It seems to be clearing up; what is the use of taking an umbrella? It only wears it out to carry it needlessly, and there is always the risk of forgetting it in a friend's house or losing it some place,' when a downpour set in. As it happened, I was just near my friend Pradt's apartment, and I went in, climbed to his door, and asked him to lend me an umbrella. 'Oh certainly, certainly,' he answered, with his agreeable smile, and brought out two umbrellas for me to take my choice. One was the umbrella I have just described, the other a common, thick, gloria affair with a wooden handle.

"If it's the same to you, I prefer this one," said I, taking hold of the silk one. 'You see, it is to carry at a funeral, and I must have a good one.' 'Of course,' declared Pradt, but I thought he looked rather vexed. No doubt he had imagined I should choose the cheap, gloria concern. I thanked him and hurried on to my destination. When I got there I just

had time to speak to Madame Solaciel before the hearse left the door. She was weeping copiously, and I merely murmured some conventionalities of condolence and was turning away—scenes of this nature are very repugnant to me and get on my nerves—when she called me back and said: ‘Ferdinand was very fond of you. You will come back, will you not, after the’—here she was interrupted by a burst of sobs—‘I am so lonely, and I should like to consult you about several things.’

How Awfully Embarrassing!

SHAW! said I to myself. ‘Here I am in for more of this!’ However, I bowed my assent and went to take the place assigned me in the cortege, next to the immediate relatives. How the rain poured down! I put up my umbrella and proceeded to plod along with the rest as far as the church, thinking about all manner of things, but as little as possible about Solaciel. Of course I felt sorry he was dead, but there is reason in all things, and the most sincere grief will not avail to bring back the departed spirit, so why sorrow unnecessarily? I shall not tell you anything about the journey to the cemetery or the burial; to be brief, at two o’clock I made my way back to Madame Solaciel’s without having had my luncheon. She entertained me by introducing me to all her family, and pouring forth eulogies on Solaciel, the whole interspersed with paroxysms of weeping. Not very enjoyable, this, but I stood it for over an hour, and it was past three before I had escaped and wended my way to a restaurant. Just as I was about to sit down to a table, I remembered that I had left my umbrella at Madame Solaciel’s **مر**

“I struck a blow on the table that set all the glasses ringing and brought the garcon running to me. I ordered a stunning luncheon, which had the effect of making me see things in a practical and commonsense light, reflecting that after all, if the umbrella was lost, it was not mine, but Pradt’s. Still, I decided that I had better make an effort to reclaim it, at all events.

The Plot Thickens

FOR three days, dreading a repetition of the scenes I had been a witness to, I refrained from going to Madame Solaciel’s, but on the fourth, judging that her grief would by this time be less demonstrative, I ventured to go there. She opened the door herself.

“‘Come in; I’m all alone. How nice of you to come!’

“‘Madame,’ I explained, ‘I do not wish to disturb you, but I forgot my umbrella in the reception-room the other day and I came today to’—I finished my sentence by glancing at the stand where the canes and umbrellas belonging to Solaciel still stood in their places; but Pradt’s umbrella was not there. Madame Solaciel made me go on into the drawing-room, saying in an innocent and surprised manner:

“‘Your umbrella! What umbrella?’

“I answered in the tone of a person whom it is not advisable to try to hoodwink:

“‘An English umbrella of pure silk, with an ivory handle and a gold knob.’

“‘Ah!’ replied Madame Solaciel, blushing under my determined gaze, ‘I believe the maid did put one something like that away somewhere, I should never have imagined it was yours.’ **مر**

“She appeared rather taken aback, as if she had hoped to keep it herself, thinking no one would come to claim it. How queer women are! If they admire anything, they seem to think they have a right to keep it if it happens to be in their possession. Very dignifiedly, rather doubtful of her intentions with regard to the umbrella, yet unwilling to accuse her in my mind of trying to cheat me out of it, I sat down on the sofa, the widow seating herself beside me and we began to talk quietly.

A Perfect Lady-Killer

WIDOWS of recent bereavement, I have noticed, are as a rule ugly; their eyes are red, and their faces sallow with a sallowness intensified by their mourning garb. I always feel a repugnance toward women in newly donned weeds, but Madame Solaciel was an exception. She looked dimpled and fresh, black was wonderfully becoming to her, and the tears she had showered so prodigally seemed to have enhanced her beauty, just as rain freshens flowers. Besides, between you and me, Solaciel was a stupid blockhead, and if I had not always been held in check by friendship, I don’t know but that long ere this I might have—especially as Madame Solaciel always cast very encouraging glances in my direction. Well, to cut the story short, my dear boy, we began to talk as I said, the widow and I, seated side by side on that sofa. Madame Solaciel began to cry after a while; I seized her hand: she said she did not possess a single

friend now in the world. I declared that I was a devoted and most respectfully adoring one. ¶ "In a short time her head was leaning on my shoulder: later on, my arm tightly clasped around her waist, our lips met, and"—here Dumaresq lowered his voice almost to a whisper—"it was past six o'clock in the evening before I got up from that sofa to take my leave!"

The Terrible Dilemma

SILENCE followed this avowal.

"Now you see what a dilemma I am in," he went on almost peevishly. "I do not care a straw for the woman, and still through her I have lost all chance of getting back the umbrella. I thought of it as I rose to leave, but how could I, after what had just passed, coolly say: 'Please let me have my umbrella'? I did go so far as to say: 'I wonder if it is raining.' But she paid no attention, although I am certain she heard me."

"What are you going to do about it?" asked I, marveling at Dumaresq's utter indifference to his friend's death and the amatory episode he had just related, contrasted with his perturbation over the loss of an umbrella.

What Did He Do About It?

LET me tell you the rest. I went home deeply annoyed as you may imagine, and what should I find under my door but Pradt's card with this scribbled on the back: 'Dear F:—If you have finished with my umbrella I should be glad if you would send it back.' Now, I can't write to Madame Solaciel, or go to her house, after this, without complications arising that I am very desirous to avoid. What do you advise?"

"About the umbrella?" I asked, looking him full in the eyes.

"Yes; the umbrella, of course," he answered, undisturbed.

"Since you ask me," I replied gravely, "it appears to me that the most delicate thing for you to do would be to leave the widow in possession of it. She will no doubt regard it as a valued souvenir of a memorable afternoon." "Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed Dumaresq disdainfully; "in that case you see I shall be obliged to buy another equally as good for Pradt, and that means I shall be out at least ten dollars!"

Woman's Suffrage multiplies her social interests and widens her intellectual horizon.—Professor Harry Kelly.

A Woman's Thought

By Richard Watson Gilder

✱ AM a woman—therefore I may
not
Call to him, cry to him,
Fly to him,
Bid him delay not.

Then when he comes to me,
I must sit quiet;
Still as a stone—
All silent and cold.
If my heart riot—
Crush and defy it!

Should I grow bold,
Say one dear thing to him,
All my life long to him,
Cling to him—
What to atone
Is enough for my sinning?
This were the cost to me,
This were my winning—
That he were lost to me.

Not as a lover
At last if he part from me,
Tearing my heart from me,
Hurt beyond cure—
Calm and demure
Then must I hold me,
In myself fold me.

Lest he discover:
Showing no sign to him
By look of mine to him
What he has been to me—
How my heart turns to him,
Follows him, yearns to him,
Prays him to love me.

Pity me, lean on me,
Thou God above me.

✱ BELIEVE in emancipation of women—in votes for women. The one and only way to learn to swim is in the water. I am no friend of woman the irresponsible, woman the cozeners and milker of man, woman the dead weight upon man and drawing the pay of a housewife and shirking all a housewife's duties. I am the friend of woman—not of woman's vanity and laziness and passion for parasitism, but of woman's education and self-respect and independence.—David Graham Phillips.

ANOTHER MAN'S OPINION

By CHARLES S. KAY

From "The Springfield (Ohio) Sun"

ELBERT HUBBARD, the Philistine, of East Aurora, New York, is one of the most versatile and industrious men of letters in the United States today. The vitality of his mental cosmogony and the strength and incisiveness of his literary style are acknowledged by every one conversant with his work. Endowed with a strong physique, which he has preserved by rational living, and with a cranial physiognomy that reminds one of Benjamin Franklin, he has made a place for himself in the literary and rhetorical firmament among the best that the world has to offer.

There is something intensely suggestive in the career of this man. His earliest forays into the field of literature were obstructed by the habitual return of his manuscripts by indifferent publishers, until he was compelled to establish a little periodical of his own, "The Philistine," in which to insure the presentation of his lucubrations in print. His modest magazinelet was a success from the first, although it was at its inception viewed with such suspicion by the postal authorities that he was obliged to pay third-class postage on every copy until he could demonstrate to the postal department its right to exist as a legitimate periodical. And, most strange of all, he is revolutionizing the business of advertising, by writing advertisements that are classics—regular gems of wit, wisdom, fancy and commonsense.

Writer, Speaker and Man of Business

"The Philistine" has been the model for many imitators, but few have been able to keep up the pace. Numerous "chap-books," modeled after it, have been established, only to fall out by the way for lack of support, but "The Philistine" has kept on its way, increasing its circulation and selling at the same price as many larger and more pretentious publications. It is a standing illustration of the fact that it is not the amount of paper or reading matter that a periodical contains that determines its real value. Not long since he established "The Fra," a larger and more expensive publication, characterized by some of the same features as "The Philistine," but broader in scope, and altogether the handsomest magazine of its class in this country. When a man is fagged in his mind and tired in his eyes, the contents and typography of "The Fra" seem just to meet his case.

Elbert Hubbard is coming into increasing demand as a platform speaker. Chautauquas vie with each other to get access to some of his limited time, and quite recently he even did a few stunts as a vaudeville attraction. In the latter he was regarded by managers and by himself as an experiment, for the requirements for that sort of work are peculiar; but Hubbard made good there also. The relation of his experiences in that work and of his enforced acquaintance with the other "freaks," as given in a late number of "The Fra," is genuine literature. He had a fellow-feeling for them all, and realized, he assures us, that they are men and women with like joys, sorrows and perplexities as the rest of us.

Elbert Hubbard is not only a talker and a writer, but he is also a doer. He has established at East Aurora such a beautiful and finely conducted publishing-house, and has coupled with it facilities for either quiet escape from the strenuous life of the day or for communion with bright and inspiring personalities, in his Roycroft Inn, that his layout is easily the most conspicuous feature of the town in which it flourishes—it is, in fact, East Aurora, as any one will quickly find if he goes there. Housed in unique and substantial structures, his literary and business plant is a Mecca for pilgrims from many parts. He thus has behind him actual accomplishments to back up his words uttered by mouth and pen.



CHARLES S. KAY

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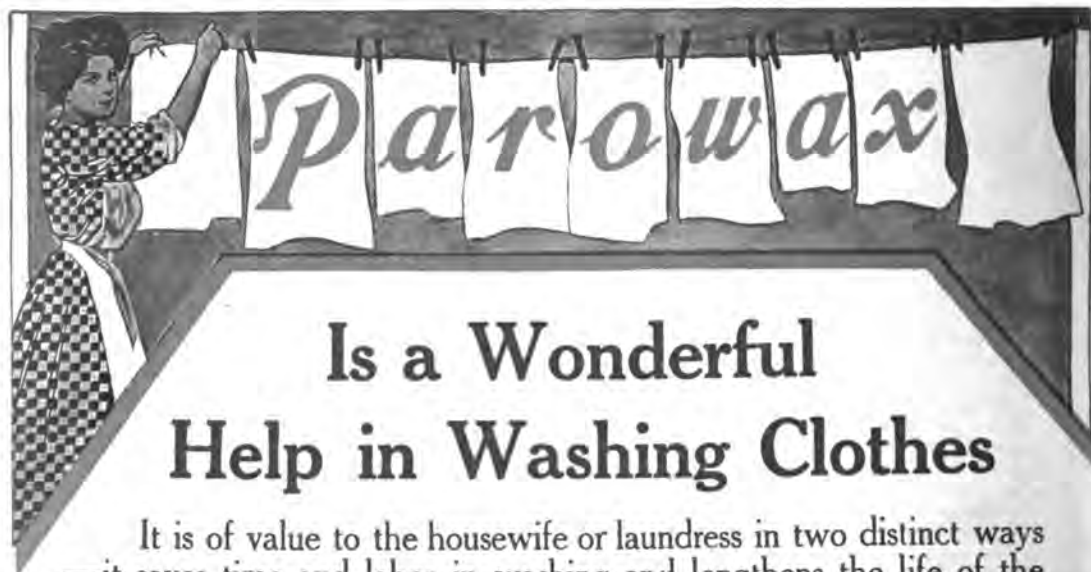
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No. 5

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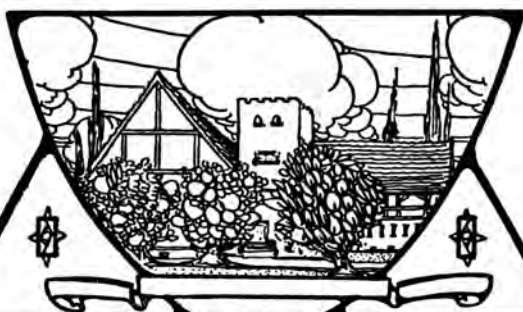
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Elbert Hubbard, Editor and Publisher, East Aurora, New York, U. S. A.

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THE OPEN ROAD

A FOOT WITH THE FRA

Allen Upward and "The New Word"

WHEN Mitchell Kennerly publishes a book, you can safely buy it—and also read it. ¶ Publishers who issue books at the author's expense print a deal of Class B. Also, the publishers who strive for pelf and popularity do the same. ¶ Mitchell Kennerly prints only that which he personally enjoys. Kennerly issues the books of Edgar Saltus, and Edgar Saltus is one of the half-dozen or less great living masters of English. Literature is a confession, and for the reader it is an excursion into the mind of the author, and his own. Life is a little journey of discovery.

The book that reflects your own ideas you like. Kennerly is a connoisseur of letters. He delights in the subtle, the delicate, the witty, the wise, the incisive, the divine nuances.

A Literary Joy-Ride

THE only book I have read through from "kiver to kiver" in a year is "The New Word" by Allen Upward, issued by Brother Kennerly. And I read it with such chuckles of joy, and gurgles of glee, that the Pullman car porter called in the conductor, and they put me under surveillance until I lifted the embargo with a dollar tip.

"The New Word" is a volume of three hundred pages, written to explain a certain word used by Alfred Nobel in his will.

In this will the testator sets aside a large sum of money, the interest upon which is to be divided into five parts. Each of these parts is to constitute a prize to be given to some special candidate who has done most in his particular line for the human race, in the preceding year.

What Is an Idealist Tendency?

THE only clause that interests Allen Upward is the following: "One share to the person who shall have produced in the field of literature the most distinguished work of an idealist tendency."

And the only word in this clause that interests Upward is the word "Idealist."

This one word is the subject of the book. What is the meaning of the word—what is an Idealist tendency?

Just here let me say that I do not know who this man Upward is. I make a guess, however, that he is Mitchell Kennerly.

The name "Upward" is a *nom de plume* that casts a purple shadow. And the words that Upward uses are the suggestive, airy, fairy, floating figments of fact and fancy.

Of course, the book does not lead anywhere, and there is no moral to it except the one you, yourself, supply.

It merely shows you the vanity of words, and how no word can ever have a permanent meaning to all men. Then it makes you think, and this is well.

It is, of course, a fact that God devised a Plan of Salvation for a world doomed to death. But when He came to explain His glad tidings of great joy in print, hardly any two persons understood the scheme alike. Evidently, in the rush of going to press, the fact was overlooked that inspired writing demands inspired readers. This was a sad lapse. So we have over two million men hotly explaining the language of the Lord: with murders, strife and wars without end, all turning on the meaning of words used by the Prince of Peace.

This being so, how could a meek and lowly maker of dynamite in Sweden ever expect to write a will that would be understood!

So here comes, astride of Pegasus a-gallop, Allen Upward, with fountain-pen in rest, to clear up the cosmic fog, and reduce philosophic chaos to cosmos.

What Did Nobel Mean?

SO what did Alfred Nobel mean by the word Idealist?

Upward explains that the meaning of any word turns on who the man is who uses it. ¶ With most delicate sarcasm Upward reveals Nobel as not only the inventor of the most destructive agent known to science, but as a seer and a prophet, as well.

Upward gets down all the dictionaries and encyclopedias to show what the word "Idealist" means to the educated mind; then he tells us what Nobel meant by it. Nobel never told any one what he meant, but the truth was divined to Upward, and to Upward alone.

The simple fact is, Nobel was a millionaire. And most millionaires belong to the rudderless rich. They are the victims of their *dolodoccl*. When you own too much of anything, the thing owns you.

Doubtless millionaires have spasms of goodwill, when there flits through their minds a suggestion of the good their money might do. But the work of warding off the idealists who would grab the gold and use the millions for human benefit and the good of the poor—themselves in mind—causes the man to clutch, as a habit. ¶ But stricken with the wing of Death, and realizing that he could not take the money with him—there being no pockets in a shroud—Nobel accepted a great scheme for the good of mankind.

This scheme was devised by certain good men who thought themselves Idealists. They were connected with the Swedish Academy at Stockholm, and having no millions to trouble them, and possessing all the time there was, they told Nobel how he could send his name clattering down the corridors of time.

Thus was the plan perfected to give five prizes of between thirty and forty thousand dollars each, every year, to as many different persons who achieved certain big things. These prizes were to be awarded by the Swedish Academy. ¶

This naturally compels us to consider what the Swedish Academy, or any academician, would mean by the word "Idealist."

An academician is a man who has arrived. And to arrive you have to win the applause of the many. ¶ Now, an ideal thing to the many—and to an academician—is something which in the past has been done so well that it affords a standard of perfection.

An academician is a man who knows the past

and focuses on the things that were. He has learned from books and men. And while men can explain the past, if he pierces the future, he has to do it alone.

In order to get into the Academy he must know Greek, Roman and Sanskrit. If he can speak and write a bit of Egyptian, Maya and Gallic, it tends to exalt him above his fellows.

¶ He recites from Herodotus, Cicero, Iamblichus, and knows the times of the Thirteenth Dynasty when Memphis was supreme.

The flight of the Children of Israel from Egypt and their wandering in the wilderness are to him of more importance than anything happening now. It is a fact that many academicians believe chaos is soon to come to the world, and chaos is certainly not idealistic.

The academician believes in an Ideal Man, an Ideal Book, an Ideal Government, an Ideal Education, an Ideal Religion, and an Ideal God.

¶ All these things are things that were ♪ And so when he bestows a prize for a book of an "Idealist Tendency" he gives it only to a book that fulfils his ideal—that is to say, a book which he himself might have written ♪ This is natural, and it is the only thing that could be expected.

But the question still remains, Does the Ideal lie behind, or is it in the future?

An American Nobel Prize-Winner

♣ FEW years ago this Swedish Academy awarded one of the Nobel prizes—the Peace Prize—to an American.

The man they selected as most worthy of the honor—the one man who had done more for peace than any other man in the world—was a man who is a fighter by nature and a disturber of the peace by occupation.

Every instinct of this person is in the direction of strife and tumult.

Peace to him would be to still in death every voice that opposes him. ¶ He filled the Ananias Club so full that it was no longer a distinguishing mark of honor to belong.

This man who won the plaudits of the trustees of the Nobel prize rushed in and stopped a fight, which was all over save one final wallop that was due the bully in the case.

The strong man who rushes in and separates the combatants in a street scrimmage does not stand for peace. He is merely showing that he is bigger than the scimmagers. Soon he will lick them both.

The only person in the world who ever told

this Stone Age Strong Man to sit still and quit waving his hand at the populace was Hoxsey the Aviator. For thus advising the world's self-appointed advisor, Hoxsey should be awarded a Nobel prize—or a Carnegie Medal, at least. ¶ The American to whom the kind old gentlemen at Stockholm gave the Peace Prize was the same man who did more than any other man to bring about our war with Spain. He was the man who sent the Maine to Cuba—and the bottom.

He calls certain judges "jackasses," "crooks" and "grafters."

He denounces business men he can not use, as "liars," "thieves" and "predatory exploiters." He kills rhinos, hippos, crocks, elephants, bobcats, wolves, zebras—business—and salves his stub-end of a conscience by calling himself a "Scientific Collector." ¶ He destroys, in great degree, our commercial credit, kills initiative, and murders man's faith in man. Standing on the grave of dead industries and boasting of his bloody deeds, he shrieks that he is working for "the good of the individual"—having first deprived the individual of his job, and sent him a wanderer into a commercial desert, the patron of soup-houses, a quaking, hungry unit in the bread-line.

Nobel having made his money out of the manufacturers of dynamite, it is only poetic justice that a Nobel prize should be awarded to the most explosive man of the century. And so this man who murdered sleep and disrupted peace at home; fought the fauna of Africa to a finish; put a petard under the British diplomats of Cairo, and a crimp in commerce; pounded on the dome of Saint Peter's with his Big Stick in Rome, until the Pope supplicated for silence; and sent a streak of dust and dirt swirling through Europe—this is the man to whom the Swedish Academy voted a Peace Prize!

This prize-taker reveals the virtues of the Overlord of the Fifteenth Century.

The award was a comment on the mental processes of the Swedish Academy.

The case is typical—the opposites of things are alike—and no book of an "Idealist Tendency" will ever get a Nobel prize—this because an ideal book will require ideal judges.

What Is Your Ideal?

♣ O we will have to consider further what Nobel meant when he wrote that word "Idealist."

To the seer, the prophet, and the man of imagination, the Ideal lies in the future, not behind.

And while the dictionary will tell you that "the ideal is the fulfilment of the idea—the perfected thing—that which can not be improved upon," the prophet knows better. When the man of imagination is shown the ideal, it merely suggests something better—something beyond.

That is to say, an ideal realized has already ceased to be the ideal, save to a man who wears his mental haberdashery reversed, and has the soul of an academician.

Ideals can never be static unless they are dead. "To shoot a bird is to lose it," said Thoreau.

¶ Words are the airy, fairy humming-birds of the imagination.

A philologist is a man who catches words, fills them with sawdust, and fastens them to the wall.

Now, the average man, the mediocre muddsill, the proletariat playing in the gutter of gossip, studying languages that are deceased, and diving into history that is dead, prides himself on his prowess.

And what he strives for is to make everything static. To improve on his religion, his politics, his system of education, is to invite his wrath. ¶ However, the prophet does not blame him. Spinoza, the Jew, having incurred the hatred of both Jews and Catholics, when a stone whizzed by his head smiled and said, "The man who threw that stone is expressing his nature, just as I express mine. Luckily, his aim was bad—so I have cause for gratitude."

¶ It is the primal law of Nature that all living things are trying to create in their own image.

¶ Everything in life is at work reproducing itself. ¶

From the tumblebug to the bishop, it is reproduction. ¶

The preacher is laboring to make everybody think as he does, the businessman the same. Salesmanship is the endeavor to make the buyer see the thing in the same light that you do. ¶ Courtship is an effort to make desire mutual. Love is contagion.

We are all creating in our own image.

Every man is blinded by self-interest, and every man believes he is right. And these things being so, he is logically bound to bring the world around to his point of view.

Doctors are intent on vaccinating you with

the virus of their ignorance. Theologians all try to inoculate you with the microbe of Superstition. Individuality can only be preserved by cultivating a virginal indignation. ¶ Naturally, a resort to the thumbscrew as an instrument of logic is looked upon as eminently justifiable. If that is against the law, then snub him socially, and buy your boots elsewhere. Starve him to it!

Chapman, Torrey and Alexander are organized to pour their limitations on mankind.

Safety for humanity lies in a balance of power. We are all in process, wiggling toward the light. Go it, ye mollusks!

What Is Truth?

¶ Most individuals deem themselves ideal.

¶ At least they regard their opinions as such. Otherwise they would not try to spread these opinions and make proselytes between the soup and the fish.

How many men do you know who will sit quietly and smile while the hirsute crank makes the ether vocal with false doctrines!

¶ "Just stop right there a moment while I put you straight——"

That is what you hear.

The wise man knows that nothing is final. ¶ To think at all is the beautiful thing: whether you think rightly, or not, matters little. We all are right—we all are wrong. We are red ants on the tongue of an armadillo.

Creeds are metaphors with ankylosis—figures of speech frozen stiff with fright. Hence all creeds are dead creeds. To slough them is the right and natural thing to do.

Explain this to the first orthodox preacher you meet and see what he says to you!

Teachers mark the pupil's lesson-papers, not on the individual pupil's ability to think, but on his ability to reflect the teacher.

Orthodoxy is spiritual goose-step. The pupil must absorb the textbook, and the explanation of the textbook as given by the preacher is the right one and the only one—so he says.

¶ The old maid is reproducing in her own image. Hers is a hot desire to make the town just like her—in word, act and thought.

When a man looks in the glass he beholds his ideal. ¶

And once having espoused a cause, no matter how silly or how base, we regard it as ideal, and would perpetuate it if we could by vitalizing the think-cells of all others with the germs of our fallacies.

Hence the remark of Maurice Maeterlinck, "All things die in the act of reproduction, just as does the drone-bee."

An idealist book to an academician would be a book that reflects the ideals of the Academy. But those are only ideal in name, since they are the limitations of the past—the gallstones of existence.

And if the ideal is the unrealized idea of the seer, then how perfectly plain that no Nobel prize will ever go to a book that is genuinely ideal ✽ ✽

This, indeed, must be so, since the virtue of true Idealism is that it outruns human sympathy, and depicts something which the many can not even imagine.

And the many, being busily engaged in creating in their own image, naturally destroy any attempt to create an ideal that is to supersede their own.

Some Gems From "The New Word"

THE following will give a taste of the Upward quality:

"There are two kinds of human outcasts. Man, in his march upward out of the deep into the light, throws out a vanguard and a rear-guard, and both are out of step with the main body. Humanity condemns equally those who are too good for it, and those who are too bad. On its Procrustean bed the stunted members of the race are racked; the giants are cut down. It puts to death with the same ruthless equality the prophet and the atavist. The poet and the drunkard starve side by side.

¶ "Of these two classes of victims the stragglers are not more in need than the forlorn hope; but the ambulance has always waited in the rear ✽ It would seem as though the vanity of benevolence were soothed by the sight of degradation, but affronted by that of genius. Even the loafer and the criminal have found friends. The thinker and the discoverer have been left to the struggle for existence. For them are no asylums; for them no societies stand ready to offer help. Millions have been spent in providing libraries for the populace; the founder of German literature was refused a librarian's place. And so philanthropy has cast its vote to this day for Barabbas.

"Nobel alone has had the courage not to be afraid of genius, and the wisdom to see that whatever is conferred on it really is conferred on all mankind.

"The third of these bequests may serve to

illustrate the superiority of Nobel's method ✽ Many benefactors have desired to relieve bodily suffering. But they have discerned no way of doing this except by building a hospital for the advantage of a limited class. Nobel's aim has been at once wider and higher. He has sought to relieve all suffering. He has demanded worldwide remedies; he has offered rewards for the abolition of disease.

"And in doing so he has at the same time remedied a great injustice, by endowing medical discovery. The mechanical inventor has long had it in his power to acquire wealth by the sale of his idea. Nobel's own fortune owed its rise to a patented invention. But the noble etiquette of the healer's calling voluntarily renounces an advantage that would hinder the relief of human pain. In medicine every advance made by one is placed freely at the service of all. For such saviors of humanity there has been hitherto no material recompense, and humanity has been content that it should be so. Neither parliaments nor emperors have ever wished that the healers of men should take rank with their destroyers, and that a Pasteur should receive the rewards of a Krupp. Nobel willed otherwise.

"The fifth bequest contains a yet more striking instance of that refined and beautiful inspiration which distinguishes the Testament of Nobel ✽ ✽

"This is a bequest for practical work on behalf of peace, disarmament and the fraternity of nations. At the time when Nobel drew up his will these aspirations seemed to have no more active enemies than the Norwegian people. Norway was seeking separation from Sweden, and seeking it in that temper of hatred which, unhappily, accompanies such movements almost everywhere. The Norwegian Storting was building fortresses on the Swedish frontier, and providing battleships. Every Norwegian boy was being trained with a view to an armed struggle with the Swedes, and taught to regard them with revengeful feelings, as American children were long taught to regard the English. Nobel was a Swede who loved his country, and he has placed the administration of his other bequests in Swedish hands. He entrusted the endowment of peace and brotherhood to the Norwegian Storting.

"Surely no more magnanimous appeal than this has ever been addressed by a man to men. The directions of such a Testator ought not

to be regarded lightly. They begin to assume the character of a sacred text.

The Case of the Man of Letters

THAT was the wish of Nobel's mind when, in language destined to immortality, he drew up the Fourth Bequest: 'One share to the person who shall have produced in the field of Literature the most remarkable work of an idealistic tendency?'

¶ "There is hardly any class which gives so much to humanity, and receives so little in return, as the class of men of letters. There is hardly any class whose sufferings are greater; and there is none which philanthropy has done so little to relieve.

"The works of Homer have been an unfailing spring of noble pleasure for three thousand years, and during all that time humanity has repeated with more complacency than shame the story of the poet begging his bread, and has warned its children to shun the literary career. The dreadful death of Chatterton seems never to have roused a momentary pity in any philanthropist. Had that boy been blind, or dumb, or idiotic, or incurably diseased, how many benevolent hearts would have yearned over him! How many luxurious homes, standing in stately gardens amid glorious scenery, would have opened their doors to take him in! On his behalf the preachers would have preached, and the purse-proud would have loosed their purse-strings. But because, instead of being blind, he saw too well, saw the beauty and the wonder of the world, and would have told of them, philanthropy turned its back on him, and humanity would not suffer him to live.

¶ "Poe, himself the most gifted and the most wretched of his kind, has declared that the laudation of the unworthy is to the worthy the bitterest of all wrong. But what, then, of the rewards of the unworthy? and the rewards of literature are too often in inverse ratio to its worth. The author of a successful farce destined to three or four years' life could afford to look down on the Nobel prize. The writer who faithfully reflects every prejudice in the public mind can never stand in need of charity. But what of Bok, Hearst & Co., of Dante and Milton, of Villon and Verlaine?

¶ "The man of genius—above all the man of original genius—must generally look for bread to some other pursuit than his own. The exceptions are those whom robust health, or some strong talent auxiliary to their inspi-

ration, has enabled to overcome the public prejudice of their own day. And too often the victory has been won at some cost to the abiding value of their work. Happy is he who, like Spinoza, has been able to make out a livelihood by grinding lenses, instead of demeaning himself to the tasks that humanity offers him through its agents, the booksellers and editors. Unhappy, who must echo the mournful cry of Shakespeare:

'My nature is subdued

To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.'

"And yet the title of genius to protection and relief is hardly other than that of the idiot, the epileptic and the paralytic. Science has told us that the lunatic, the poet and the criminal are compact of one clay. The lives of the poets reveal them as sufferers from strange infirmities often beyond the reach of medical lore. The most precious possessions of literature are verily pearls, the glorious disfigurement of some inward sore.

"Literature is the chief ornament of humanity; and perhaps humanity never shows itself uglier than when it stands with the pearl shining on its forehead, and the pearl-maker crushed beneath its heel.

"There is in England a thing called a Royal Literary Fund, for the pretended purpose of showing charity to men of letters. By the published rules of this institution its alms are only to be bestowed on those whose lives and writings are alike free from reproach on the score of religion and morality. What a clause for the charter of a hospital! It is evident that those responsible for this public insult to literature are inspired, not by compassion for genius, but by fear and hatred of genius. They know well that it is as hard for a great poet to be a regular churchgoer and a respectable father of a family, as it is for themselves to write a great poem. Their true object is to give alms in the name of literature to the enemies of literature. And so they have built an asylum for well-behaved dunces, and have written over the door: 'No admittance for Shakespeare and Goethe.'

What Is Literature?

¶ IF Nobel had only made a bequest to literature, he would have done a brave thing. As it is, he has done a far braver.

"The word Literature is not an exact term, because literature is not an exact art. It is a term wide enough to cover every kind of

communication by means of words, from the Song of Songs to the least newspaper advertisement. Nobel has manifestly used the word in a broad sense. He was not thinking of literature from the literary standpoint, nor has he laid the stress upon artistic merit. Instead of offering this prize for the best work of literature, he has offered it for the best work of idealism, coming within the field of literature.

"That such is his intention seems to be fully recognized by a provision in the statutes drawn up since the Testator's death to govern his Trustees:

'The term "literature," used in the Will, shall be understood to embrace not only works falling under the category of Polite Literature, but also other writings which may claim to possess literary merit by reason of their form or their mode of exposition.'

"The spirit which breathes in this bequest is the same as that which breathes in the others. The Testator has kept one end steadily in sight: the increase of human happiness. His method is to encourage those whose work is, in his opinion, most beneficial to mankind—the work of the inventor, the work of the idealist, the work of the peacemaker.

"In this bequest the word idealist is mightier than the word literature, and must prevail over it. This is not an endowment of the author, but of some one greater than the author.

Some Definitions

NOBEL died, and the publication of his Will brought about a significant discovery. No one could tell the meaning of the word 'idealist,' or 'idealistic.'

"The history of the world is glanced at in the following inquiry. Here it will be enough to say that while it was in use in all the leading languages of Europe in the Testator's lifetime, his Will revealed it as a riddle.

"In what astonishing senses the Testator's word was understood appears from the list of the explanations given me by educated men in various walks of life, soon after I had launched in this investigation. Here they are: 'something to do with the imaginative powers'; 'fanatical'; 'altruistic'; 'not practical'; 'exact'; 'poetical'; 'intangible'; 'sentimental'; 'that which can not be proved'; 'the opposite to materialistic.'

The Madness of Nobel

THE mood of humanity towards the poet is that of the schoolboy towards the butterfly—without pity, but without malice.

Towards the prophet it is that of the spoilt child towards the physician—one of angry resistance. ¶ "There is no more pitiful sight than this; mankind suffers under no such curse; it is the tragedy of the world, the stoning of the messenger of good tidings. 'Ye build the sepulchers of the prophets, and your fathers killed them.' Alas! it is in sacrifice to the dead prophet that the living prophet is offered up. There is no instinct much more deeply rooted in the heart of man than this old cannibal one that the suffering of the best man is for the benefit of mankind. 'I exiled Dante,' exults proud Florence, 'and lo! the Divine Comedy.' 'I hounded forth Mohammed,' boasts Mecca, 'and here is Islam.' It needs a Diagoras to ask where are the votive offerings of those who were wrecked. It takes a Nobel to discern the difference to mankind between the labors of Hercules and the agony of the Meriah. The instinct of hatred is stronger than reason. It is not to be baffled by etymologies. Whatever the uncertainty belonging to the Testator's language, his fourth bequest was taken very differently from the remainder of the Will. It drew to itself the prompt hostility of the two great schools of thought which divide between them the intellectual government of the world. Pharisee and Sadducee both scented danger in the unknown word. Both felt themselves threatened by something more formidable than a literary competition.

"The antagonism of both was summed up in the scornful criticism that Nobel had offered a prize for a new religion. Nobel himself was branded as a dreamer. There were those ready to insinuate that he had not been in his right mind. ¶

"In the present age, more than a hundred millions are paid every year for the repetition of old texts; in England alone, there are several custodians of prophecy who receive each year a sum greater than that here proposed as the life's wage of the prophet. Nobel wished to give eight thousand pounds a year among the writers of new texts. That was his dream. His madness lay there. Humanity is not mad to spend one hundred millions a year on phonographs. Nobel was mad to offer these few thousands for a living voice.

The Challenge to Materialism

By the whole the feeling aroused most by this bequest was incredulity. It was regarded as a challenge to materialism, a word

not really better understood than idealism, but taken to signify the spirit of modern science, triumphant in so many departments of life. And in these days material science is very great, so that the very word idealist is in some discredit. There is an opinion abroad that while Idealism has been talking, Materialism has been doing. Materialist science has conferred endless benefits on mankind. It has given us new medicines and tools and carriages, and all manner of useful and pleasant things. It has opened up the history of the world and man, and bidden him recast all his beliefs and habits. Inch by inch it has invaded every province of human knowledge; and now it is carrying the war into the very citadel of Idealism, and beginning to measure nerves and brain-cells instead of arguing about mind.

"Now this bequest does indeed come as a challenge, but not to those very materialists to whom the Testator has given the chief place among his legatees. The challenge is a challenge to the idealists, to show that they also are contributing to benefit mankind.

"Because of that it marks an era in the history of philosophy. Three hundred years ago a challenge was addressed by Bacon to the physical sciences, under the name of natural philosophy. His famous substitution of inductive for deductive reasoning amounted to no more than this advice: Learn from the things themselves, instead of from the words about the things. But in asking for fruits he proposed to the philosopher the same end that Nobel has proposed—the benefit of mankind. "It is since that date that the physical sciences have arisen out of their sleep and marched to victory. Height after height has been scaled, and all the glory of creation has burst on our eyes. But still our eyes remain dim eyes. The march of reason has not kept pace with that of knowledge. Men stand before the wonders of the scientific revelation as they formerly stood before the sculptured stones of Egypt, unable to decipher them, and half-afraid to try.

"Nobel, it seems, has hoped for a Champollion. He has asked for interpretations. Like the Babylonian king of old, he has sent for the magicians and the astrologers, the Chaldeans and the soothsayers, and has bidden them expound anew the meaning of that dream which is called Life.

"For thousands of years the metaphysicians and moral philosophers, the theologians and logicians, have been muttering the words of their mystery in corners; now at last a brave man has flung down this bag of gold in the midst of them, and has said: Let us see what it all really comes to. Let us see if you can help men to live.

The Academician and the Idealist

IN the field of Literature the academy and the idealist meet as natural foes. The academy is, by its constitution, the judge of literature, and not of truth. The idealist is only a man of letters by accident—there are no accidents!—by necessity. Of the very greatest teachers of mankind, only two are known to have written anything, and only of Mohammed can it be said that his book affords any measure of himself. To the perfect Idealist, Lao, is attributed the saying: 'Those who know do not tell; those who tell do not know.' "When the Idealist enters the field of Literature he does so from the opposite side to that of the academy. For him the spirit is everything; for the academy the form is everything. It would seem easier for the rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven than for the idealist to find grace with the academy. Yet the Testator has placed this endowment in the hands of the illustrious body styled the Swedish Academy.

"In doing so he has shown himself not less inspired than in the rest of the Will. For he is not concerned with idealism as an end, but as a means. The end is still the benefit of mankind. To this end the idealist is called upon to choose speech rather than silence. When he speaks, he is to be judged by his words.

"Had the Testator done otherwise, had he directed that the idealist was to be judged by his ideals, he would have done what he has been ignorantly accused of doing: he would have founded a new Catholic Church. As it is, he has founded a Forum. By giving the prize to eloquence and not to truth, he has done what is best for the idealist, and best for mankind, and in the long run best for truth. He has secured the freedom of thought by the bondage of expression. This golden fetter is placed on the right foot.

"At the same time he has given back to literature by the word 'marklig' all that is taken from it by the words 'idealist tendency.'

I can not render it by the official translator's word 'distinguished,' because that has now become cant. By a distinguished man, we mean a man who has distinguished himself in a frock coat and tall hat and kid gloves; by a distinguished writer one who has daintily picked his words out of a dictionary of synonyms, and made a delicate mosaic, rather than one in whose mind strong emotion has melted the element of language and cast down the diamond of literature.

"What the Testator has asked for is the most glorious work.

The Conclusion of the Whole Matter

NOBEL was an idealist, and not a man of letters. The great subtlety with which this Will is drawn is not that of the grammarian or the lawyer, but that of a sincere mind thoroughly possessed of its purpose, and wresting words to that purpose. Has he not given this very legacy to the 'idealist' who shall contribute most 'materially' to benefit mankind?

"The words of such a Testator must be approached in the spirit in which lawyers pretend to approach all testaments. The object must be not to explain the words by themselves, but to gather from them what the Testator wished to be done.

"It is in that spirit that I have tried to shape the following inquiry. The question I have asked myself is not, what is the meaning of the word Idealist, but—what did the Testator mean by it?

"How I was tempted to undertake the task is here beside the question. I need only say that I began it just after the official publication of the Will, in the year Nineteen Hundred One, and when it was the subject of discussion as a matter of public interest. It is as a member of the public, of that great Public designated by the Testator, under the name of mankind, as his ultimate heirs, that I am interested in this Will, and that, no one else coming forward, I have been bold to vindicate it.

"The years that have elapsed since that time have not materially changed the situation. Striking works of an idealist tendency are not being written at the rate of one every year, or if they are, they have not been brought to the notice of the Trustees of this bequest. In the dearth of such works the Trustees have done doubtless what the Testator might have consented to, if not what he has directed,

in awarding this Prize as a testimonial to distinguished men of letters, at the close of their careers. But inasmuch as they have framed no authoritative interpretation of the governing word in the bequest, they seem to be in the position of a Court which has not yet delivered judgment, and therefore may be addressed without impertinence by any counsel interested in the case.

"I lay these imperfect suggestions before the public in the hope that they may be found of some interest, apart from their exciting cause; and in the further hope that, if they do not increase, at any rate they can not lessen, the public gratitude for a high and unique example of benevolence.

"For addressing them more directly to the illustrious body charged with the execution of the Trust, I have no real excuse except that there would have been a certain affection in doing otherwise.

"I make no claim to speak as an idealist. I am a scientist, and my science is ontology, commonly called truth. Now, this bequest is not in favor of works of a true tendency, nor even of the truest works of an idealist tendency. Nevertheless, I think, perhaps, that Nobel might have pardoned what I do, and let me lay this little essay in interpretation as a wreath upon his tomb."

✱

Mental dissolution: That condition where you are perfectly satisfied with your religion, education and government.

✱

The Ideal Education



OR the benefit of any one who wants to write a book with an idealistic tendency, and one that will be gently pooh-poohed by the Swedish Academy, a work on education is suggested.

In writing this book, picturing the ideal, it will be necessary to review our present methods of education—especially that form of instruction which, with unconscious irony, calls itself the Higher Education.

Our methods of education, like our religion, are a take-over from Pagan Rome.

Our Higher Education involved two primal ideas inaugurated by Julius Cæsar.

These are the ideas of incarceration and subjugation ♪

The Romans were much more zealous about educating the barbarians than they were about educating themselves, just as our colleges are patronized most by parents who have never been to college. For instance, the University of Chicago was founded by a man who was a graduate of the University of Hard Knocks, and who was never on a college campus until he had lost his hair.

Wherever the Romans conquered a country—and their business was to conquer—they established schools. In these schools they taught the manners, customs and language of Rome ♪

What would you?

This has been the universal rule since history began—the country conquered has been forced to learn the language of the conquerors.

The Latin tongue became at once the official language of every country that Rome overran, just as the Americans have introduced American schools into Cuba and the Philippines for the teaching of the English language. The schoolma'am follows the flag.

Always and forever the conquered are made to forget their history and abandon their language ♪

Spain in Fourteen Hundred Ninety made it a capital offense to speak and write in Hebrew.

¶ In Poland, Russian is the official language. In Ireland, the Celtic was for years a forbidden tongue, spoken only in whispers.

In all our Indian schools the pupils are told not to speak their tribal language, and punishments are often imposed for so doing, by forbidding the culprit the dining-room ♪

Doing as the Romans Did

THE Romans established their schools in Gaul, and always and forever the Goths, Picts, Ostrogoths and Vandals were forced to speak as the Romans, and do as the Romans did.

The only seeming exception to this rule was in the perpetuating of the Greek tongue by the Romans. But this was on account of the value which the Romans placed on Greek learning; moreover, Greek was not taught until Greece had as a Nation ceased to exist.

¶ Roman art and Roman letters were built upon the art and literature of Greece. So Rome taught the Greek language in order that her youth might have the keys to philosophy ♪

Rome looked backward for her ideals, not forward, just as we yet read the New Testament in Greek and argue about what it means in the "original."

When Constantine established schools in Constantinople, he compelled the students to read and memorize the Commentaries of Cæsar. ¶ And when the second generation of barbarians came into power, they adopted the plan and delighted in the fact that they spoke the Latin language and could spout Cæsar. And their descendants for nearly two thousand years have perpetuated the fallacy.

Slaves never know their status, any more than fishes are aware that they swim in the sea.

¶ The colored women in ante-bellum days, who bore black babies for their white masters, were always a bit boastful of their accomplishments ♪

The subjugation of one sex by the other evolves a passivity in the one of which to be proud; and to have no personal opinion on any subject is regarded as ladylike.

The Teutonic tribes subdued by Rome, still teach the language of their captors and count it an accomplishment that brings invitations to the salacious and mildly wicked Four-o'-Clock ♪

The customs of the Coliseum are continued on college football fields, and our Stadium plans are a direct steal from the rogues who forced the idea on our forebears, and then died from fatty degeneration of the cerebrum, and overeating.

We regard any man who can speak and write the Latin language as being immune from the taunt of being a barbarian.

Literally, once the barbarian was simply a man who was not a Roman; but when he learned the language of Rome he was accepted as a citizen, provided he did as the Romans did.

¶ Also, the man who could speak Latin did no work—all the drudgery was performed by barbaric slaves. To do useful labor was to forfeit your social position.

And the precedent still survives in good society, and is fostered in all our schools and colleges.

¶ Latin and Greek are dead languages, because they are static. In them there is no improvement or evolution. ¶ Just here we see why the static, or the dead, is clutched and fondled by the self-appointed Superior Class who control our schools and churches. Their business is to perpetuate the past.

The first pupils made to memorize Cæsar were eating crow. Later, their children gloried in their shame, and ate crow as a delicacy.

The New Learning

LANGUAGE is not thought—it is only the tool of mind—or it should be.

The Roman aristocrat knew but one language, and that was his own.

If you would talk with him you had to go to him and speak in his language, for he never bent and lowered himself to go to you and speak your tongue. ¶ Masters do not attempt to learn the language of their slaves.

Linguists in the days of Augustus were regarded as mercenaries—men without a country—currying favor with each and all in an endeavor to pass for citizens.

“Thy speech betrayeth thee,” was the taunt of a man who spoke but one language and that his own.

It was the pride of Rome that prompted her to make the captured learn the language of the captor.

To break from this tyranny of the past, and point to an ideal that has never been realized, will be the work of the pedagogue of the future.

¶ We will not incarcerate the youth in order to teach him. Foul air and bad light will not always be ever-present factors in education. We will work for qualities, not cleverness—for self-sufficiency, no “marks.”

The ideal education will tend toward bodily grace and vigor—for physical effectiveness—for truth, courtesy, efficiency and happy self-reliance.

We will have physical culture, not athletics. ¶ Nor will we segregate the sexes, and seek for “passivity” as an element of an ideal motherhood, with patronizing references to the “weaker sex,” and gentle gibes such as, “Frailty, thy name is woman.”

Instead, a goodly part of our education will be useful effort in gardens, meadows, groves and fields, under the blue sky, or in the face of wind and rain, men and women working side by side under skilled leadership, in joyous equality, filled with health and animation. ¶ Out-of-door schools, where useful work forms the principal curriculum—not lessons from musty books, and lectures by anemic professors—will cure us of our maladies, pluck from memory its rooted sorrow, render hospitals obsolete, and make our bodies fit dwelling-places of the Holy Spirit.

The Secret of Education



It is qualities that fit a man for a life of usefulness, not the mental possession of facts. The school that best helps to form character, not the one that imparts the most information, is the college the future will demand. ¶

I do not know of a single college or university in the world that focuses on qualities. I do not know a university in America, except Tuskegee, that prohibits the use of tobacco among its students. At Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Columbia and Princeton, cigarettes are optional, but a stranger, seeing the devotion to them, would surely suppose the practise of cigarette-smoking was compulsory. The boy who does not acquire the tobacco habit at college is regarded as eccentric. Many of the professors teach the cigarette habit by example. At all our great colleges, gymnasium work is optional. ¶ Instead of physical culture there is athletics, and those who need the gymnasium most are ashamed to be seen there. ¶ How would the scientific cultivation of the following do?

Bodily Qualities: Health of digestion, circulation, breathing, manual skill, vocal speech, and ease in handling all muscles.

Mental Qualities: Painstaking, patience, decision, perseverance, courage, following directions, tact, concentration, insight, observation, mental activity, accuracy and memory.

Moral Qualities: Putting one's self in another's place, or thoughtfulness for others, which includes kindness, courtesy, good cheer, honesty, fidelity to a promise, self-control, self-reliance and self-respect.

If you knew of a college that made a specialty of qualities, where the teachers were persons of quality, would you not send your boy there? And if you would send your boy to such a college, would not others do so, too? These things being true, will we not as a people soon decide to pay teachers enough to secure quality?—which is not presuming to say we have none now. Would not such a school as this evolve through the law of supply and demand a college that approximated the ideal?

¶

EXPERIENCE IS THE GERM OF POWER.

Tolstoy the Titan



HE last of the Titans has gone. Tolstoy is dead. The great line of seers and prophets that began with Isaiah and Ezekiel ended with the Great Moujik. In the shadow of that gigantic figure we are all small. Around the Colossus of Yasnaya Poliana we crawl and cringe and fret—little beings of a little day. His bare brown feet rested firmly on the earth. His majestic head was in the constellations. His heart covered and sanctified the race.

He was a man of sorrows—The Man of Sorrows of the century. Like Buddha and Christ, he believed he carried the burden of humanity. His mighty soul was gashed by the evils of the age. He saw that life and suffering were interchangeable terms; that man here below has been caught like a rat in a trap; that knavery, force and fraud ruled everywhere, especially in his own native land. He was a pessimist, if to see the truth and speak it is pessimism.

He died facing a statue of the Buddha. He lived facing the rotten aristocracy of his country, the criminal Grand Dukes and that gigantic Graft called the Greek Church.

He was the one man that Russia feared. This is a stupendous fact, and Russia feared Tolstoy because she knew that a hand laid on him would have been the signal for an uprising of the whole human race, of which he was the Voice and the Heart.

No matter how large a man looms in the history of his time, he is always a part. No man can be an absolute law unto himself. The Past and the Present stand at his cradle. Each individual is related to an infinite number of things, dead and living. Tolstoy, like Hugo, Savonarola, Luther, was necessary to his time. Russia needed a Man, the World needed a Gospel—and Tolstoy rose and grasped the lightnings. For he was godlike in his majesty—a figure that awes and crows.

Tolstoy was the most significant figure of the century, because he came at the most significant period in the history of modern civilization. He was a reaction. He was the other half of the eternal law of action and reaction. The times produce the man, and

the man reacts on his time. When the people need a liberator he appears. Secret forces are forever at work molding in mystery the man with the new message in religion, philosophy, morals, business.

A Soulless Religion

AT the time Tolstoy came the world had no soul—no insides. It had telegraphs and railroads, but no religion—in the spiritual sense of the word. Man can not live by machinery alone. All things exist in nature by the balancing of two forces: the centripetal and the centrifugal. A people who are impelled by the powerful attraction of external things and who have no counterbalancing center within are on the way to extinction.

Tolstoy said there is something more than the body. Christ preached the same doctrine at a similar critical epoch in the world's history. Marcus Aurelius, an emperor, and Epictetus, a slave, had said the same.

Man gropes today for something better. The old gods are dead; the old beliefs are rotten reeds. Pontifical pretense and theological sleight-of-hand no longer interest. The Church is useful matter in the wrong place.

When Tolstoy began to thunder in Russia, the Greek Church had still the old pride in her eye. Vainglory was emblazoned on her brow, and the lips of the priests stank with the grease of the glutton. The Church was a braggart.

Today, thanks to Tolstoy, the Greek Church is being secretly investigated by every thinking brain in Russia. They have dragged the purple and laces off the old jade, and beneath they have discovered the Eternal Prostitute. And her paramour, the old autocracy, is making shift for its life. For every dart that Tolstoy hurled at that pair of immemorial bloodsuckers was poisoned and stuck in their dugs.

In Touch With the Infinite

HERE was a stupendous rebellion in Tolstoy's soul: a revolt against the imbecility of merely living, like a rat, for the sake of breathing. A giant brooding sorrow stood in his eyes; an infinite compassion filled his soul.

Thinker? No, he was not that. He was greater than a thinker—he was a Seer, an Announcer, a Liberator, a spiritual John Brown.

He chose the company of the peasant, of the lowly and the suffering, because he knew that they held the secret of existence. He sought out the erring, because he knew they were more

sinned against than sinning. He was one with all men: the prostitute, the thief, were puppets. They needed help, not Siberia.

And he spurned the complacent Phariseism that swims in its own lard; he thundered against the smug phrase-makers, the professional optimists, the hypocrites on 'Change, the hypocrites on high. ¶ He carried about him a transcendental nostalgia, a homesickness born of sweet memories, a "mansion in the skies," a divine despair, a somber to-hell-with-your-civilization!

He made his appeal directly to the heart of his listeners. That is the secret of his vast power. He went into the homes of the peasants, sitting with them at their meals, meeting them in the fields. He knew that the center of the universe was everywhere. So he preferred to look for it under rags rather than under imperial purple. Purple conceals so much that does n't exist. He believed all men were made of the same substance—that he, Tolstoy, was a potential drunkard and a possible murderer. ¶ The Infinite was in this man. He who has universal sympathy possesses the Divine. ¶ He who understands mankind and loves mankind is God. And that is why we call Buddha, Christ, Emerson, Mary Baker Eddy and Tolstoy divine. This is the central conception that illumined the brain of Tolstoy, and this is the substratum of everything he ever wrote: Man Is One.

He depersonalized himself. By a miracle he was the Race. There is no analogy to him in Modern Europe. To find his peers we must go to the Ganges and beneath the Himalayas. It is only there among those marvelous Hindus that dreams like Tolstoy's flourish and spread. It is only there that they understand that wonderful doctrine of Jesus: you shall lose yourself in order to gain yourself. Give all, if you would gain all. He who wants nothing possesses everything.

The Essence of Tolstoy's Teaching

MERCY, charity, self-conquest, renunciation, and finally, through discipline, the extinction of the pain-absorbing and pain-begetting personality and union with God—that was the essence of Tolstoy's teaching. ¶ Among the forces that direct life, Tolstoy preferred Instinct to Knowledge. The Instinct of the animal is surer than that of man. Is it not that belief which he expounds to us in "Master and Servant," when Vassili, having

wandered in a sled in the night in a great snowstorm, abandons the reins to his servant Nikiti? The peasant and the horse find the lost road, then the village.

But they are lost again.

"What shall we do now?" asks the master. ¶ "Let the horse go without guidance," replies the peasant. And the horse leads them both back home.

The peasant and the animal have more wisdom than the educated man, says Tolstoy. God is in the heart, not in the head. Reasoning is an "ignis fatuus," a false light. Trust the Universal Soul, and you will "find the way."

¶ What attracted and fascinated Tolstoy was that instinct is anterior to the modes of individual knowledge. ¶ Instinct is spirit. Knowledge is a vagary. Education is a perversion of life. Abandon yourself and all your gorgeous gewgaws called position—and above all, the gewgaw of Self.

This was his great doctrine of renunciation. He took direct issue with the Greeks, who taught the joy of life. He was the antithesis of Friedrich Nietzsche, who glorified even evil because it made existence majestic. How strange a doctrine to preach to the world today living its cat-and-dog existence! Give! Give! cried Tolstoy. Give! When you give you expand. Renounce that little thing that you hug in your bosom and you shall be lapped and laved in the Infinite.

Tolstoy may have been a sublime disease, but he was Sublime. And who amongst us is not diseased, let him cast the first stone at the great Russ.

In a world of mediocrities, fakirs, make-believes, slick-fingers, gabby-jacks and pampered pharisees, Leo Tolstoy stands out gigantic, grand, menacing—a voice crying in the wilderness, maybe, but a Voice that reverberates to the stars and shakes the rotting dynasties of Europe to their foundations and sets a-tremble the dome of Saint Peter's.

In all Christendom, he was the only Christian.

In Russia, he was an apparition of Justice.

¶ Today, Leo Tolstoy is sitting with Buddha, Christ, Lucretius, Isaiah, Emerson, Goethe and all the other earth-gods who have passed into the Council-Chamber of the Everlasting.

¶ Yet his religion was not mine, nor yours. The love of man and woman—the resultant love of beauty as manifest in art—was not for him.

But how vain to picture him by telling what he was not!

He was great on account of what he was. He asked for nothing, and so he was without fear. He loved humanity—not persons. He was a King by divine right, yet he loved the race too well to wish to rule.

The days will pass and Tolstoy will be to countless millions as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

Hail! Leo Tolstoy, hail!—and farewell!

To understand life we must know that the source of life is infinite good.—Tolstoy.

What Is Truth?



ES, yes, I am a Zionist. I long to be a citizen of the Eternal City of Fine Minds. I would belong to that brotherhood which cultivates the receptive heart and the generous mind. My neighbors are often hundreds of miles apart. They are the men and women of earth who think and feel and dream, and ask themselves each morning, "What is Truth?" We think better of Pilate for his question.

To meet a god face to face and not ask would have betokened complete imbecility. But Jesus did not answer. He could not. All truth is relative, and that message which comes out of the great Silence to you can only be interpreted to another who, too, has listened and heard. Yes, let us all be Zionists and dwell in the New Jerusalem of Celestial Truth.

Complete success alienates a man from his fellows, but suffering makes kinsmen of us all.

"Morituri Salutamus"

By Ernest Crosby

HAIL, Custom, we, about to die, salute thee!

Behold us, thy slaves and prisoners,
Bound and swathed in ponderous frock-coats
and satin linings, in new-creased trousers,
in starched cambric shirts and silken
underclothing;

Shackled in stiff collars and wristbands, in
gold chains and finger-rings;

Helpless in patent-leather boots, tight-fitting
gloves and hard-rimmed top-hats;

Decorated, like victims for sacrifice, with
flowers in buttonhole, and rich scarfs
and jeweled scarf-pins;

Forced to talk and to walk, to get up and sit
down thus and so;

Made to eat and drink all the unwholesome
confections and concoctions of East and
West;

Shut out from the cornfield and market-garden
and workshop, where men really live;

Doomed to lifelong impotence by a thousand
irrevocable laws;

All man's work done for us whether we will
or no;

Forbidden to clean our own boots or put on
our own overcoats;

Guarded by despotic butlers and valets and
housemaids;

Looking out of our windows, hopelessly bored,
at the genuine life going by in which we
may not share;

Yawning listlessly in stifling rooms,

Weighed down with aimless bric-a-brac and
rugs, with redundant easy-chairs, picture-
frames and upholstery, with all sorts of
dust-gathering rubbish;

Our women even more deeply sunk in the
glittering slough than ourselves;

Nerves snapping, digestion spoiled, temper
irretrievably lost, soul unheard from this
many a long year!

Hail, Custom, we, about to die, salute thee!
About to die? Nay, we are dead already;

These splendid halls are our sepulcher.
All here is death, and the life is make-believe;

These are but pictures of life traced on the
walls for the eye-sockets of mummies to
stare at in the eternal dark.

We are bound hand and foot, and laid in a
gilded sarcophagus;

We strain at ankle and knee, at wrist and
elbow, but in vain;

We would move our lips, but our tongue
cleaves to the roof of our mouth.

Death, death, death; there is a smell of frankin-
cense and spices, but under it all we are
rotting slowly away.

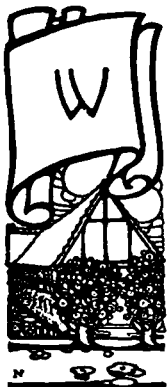
Oh for a breath of mountain air, an hour of
God-given outdoor toil!

Oh for a voice of command from heaven,
crying, "Lazarus, come forth!"

OUR COVER PAGE



LEO TOLSTOY
BY ALICE HUBBARD



We are born into this life without our permission. We are sent out of it against our wills. And into the evening of our dreams there steals the consciousness that we are used by an Unseen Power for an Unknown End," says Doctor Draper ❦ ❦

Into the minds of some men there comes the thought as the shadows lengthen toward the East: "I have been used

by a Will greater than my own. Even as a puppet at times is made to act at the desire of an intelligence, so have I acted. Wisdom would have directed a course opposite to the one I took. I knew this at the time. But a Power drew me into another action contrary to my will. But all is well."

Such people who have done big, picturesque things, and made their impress on the times and on the race, seem to be the chosen of the Infinite. God works through them to make humanity stop, think and change.

A Power that makes for Righteousness has so used Leo Tolstoy.

"Why did Count Tolstoy leave off writing as only an artist can write—leave work for the esthete and begin work for the peasant?"

❦ No one knows ❦ He did do it. And praise or blame falls alike into the chasm of the unknown ❦ ❦

Why he wrote, why he worked, why he tasted all of life, does not matter to us now. What he did, is for our use if we can use it.

❦ A few critics are asking, and a few are attempting to decide, whether he was greater as an artist or as a reformer. But we have no scales that can weigh or find such balance.

❦ Tolstoy was an artist, and he was a teacher, a reformer, a philosopher.

No one ever smiles at the thought of him. He was not playful and he lacked humor. Stern, severe, awful in his earnestness, he was conscientious, always conscientious—and strong.

Tolstoy commands our respect, though we may neither admire nor approve of him.

He asked no man's advice, nor did he receive it. Believing supremely in himself he went his way unflinching. And because he was strong, many pilgrims went long distances to see and to talk with him. He had meat which they knew not of. They wanted to find what it was.

He once had a school. Needless to say, it was unlike any other. There was no system, no order as the pedagogue understands those words ❦ ❦

He observed the children as they played and as they worked. He provided them with books and materials for study. They were rough, and sometimes fought and bullied one another. Tolstoy watched them, but seldom interfered. ❦ Non-resistance, he believed, was the divine way. The only way to destroy your enemy is to make a friend of him.

Occasionally, an impulse to stop what seemed unjust punishment among the boys would master him. Then he wondered if he had the right to interfere and was grieved that he had. Always he pondered over it.

But the only question that vitally interested him was, what effect this had upon himself.

Self-Abnegation

❦ N Eighteen Hundred Eighty-four he ❦ became distressed because he was living at home with his family when he knew that Christ had said, "He that hateth not father and mother and wife and child can not be my disciple." He left them all and went away alone to save his soul.

That the Countess suffered, that his children needed him, his estate, his poor, were not important to him. "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" was his only thought. "God and my soul," were his chief concern.

But he observed, and where his own spiritual welfare did not enter, he gave to the world wisdom, great wisdom.

When two boys were "punished" for stealing

History in Little

¶ The Equitable Life Assurance Society was organized in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-Nine.

The founder was Henry B. Hyde.

¶ Hyde was a country boy with health and ambition, who had come down to New York from the village of Catskill to make his fortune. He got a job (which is just as good as to accept a situation) with a life-insurance company as errand-boy. In a year he rose to a clerkship, then became cashier, and not satisfied with the policy of the company for which he worked, decided to start a new company.

¶ His plan was to secure two hundred high-class men as stockholders who would take five hundred dollars each. These men must be good risks, and of themselves would form the nucleus for a strong company.

¶ Hyde succeeded in vaccinating fifty men with his own enthusiasm, but there the number stuck. The shares were one hundred dollars each. Rather than disband and give up the project, Hyde persuaded his men to make up the deficiency.

¶ For himself he had just a thousand dollars, but he borrowed four thousand more, which was proof of his genius, and all was put into Equitable stock.

¶ Hyde was then twenty-five years old.

¶ He was taunted with his youth; but his reply was, "I'll get over that!"

¶ The President of the new company was Wm. C. Alexander, aged fifty-three. Alexander was a member of the F. F. V. and the son of a Princeton professor. He was a lawyer and an orator—a man of intellect, education, worth and high standing in society. Alexander used to say that all he supplied was dignity, while Hyde did the work.

¶ Alexander's salary in the new company was just seventy-five dollars a year.

¶ Hyde was Vice-President, and his salary was one thousand dollars a year.

¶ The Physician was Edward W. Lambert, aged thirty-one.

¶ The Actuary was George W. Phillips, aged twenty-eight.

¶ For the first year all the clerical work was done by Lambert, and the outside work was done by Hyde.

¶ And the way Hyde secured applications would have set a pace for some of the clever field boys of the present.

¶ The first day the office was opened, there was a "housewarming," and Hyde secured fourteen applications from the guests, one of which was

An Advertisement

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

from the president of the competing company for which Hyde had worked.

¶ This man came in because he said the new concern would bust in a year, and he would then take all the policy-holders over, and reinsure them, and he wanted to be on the premises.

¶ The year went by as the years do. Henry B. Hyde had written over one million and a half. There were four hundred twelve policy-holders; and several of these are alive today. Not a single death had occurred in the company. Hyde always argued that life-insurance was for the living, not for the dead.

¶ Twenty years passed. Hyde was forty-five, but a young man in heart and appearance, with the same keen scent for an application.

¶ The Assets were \$37,366,842.00. Outstanding Insurance, \$162,357,715.00.

¶ Thirty-six life-insurance companies that had started in New York since the Equitable was launched, had gone into the rag-bag of Chronos.

¶ The present Assets are, oh, say, \$500,000,000.00. Outstanding Insurance, \$1,500,000,000.00.

¶ Why this success? Well, it is chiefly because the Equitable policy is a policy that insures, and wise men know it.

¶ The Equitable meets the growing needs of the people. It is not afraid of initiative—it changes as the times change. It makes itself a necessity to commerce—it supplies a great human want. Best of all, it keeps faith with its policy-holders.

¶ Not every one can get in the Equitable, but once in you are cared for. That general plan of Henry B. Hyde's, which in a year's business did not have a loss, was prophetic of the future. Losses have occurred, but always inside of provisions made for them. The Equitable is full of initiative, yet conservative when it should be.

¶ The Equitable believes in the people, and the people believe in the Equitable. It keeps arteriosclerosis at bay by causing the youthful corpuscle to circulate through its management. It is a vast culture-bed of happiness, hope, health, work, faith—all devoted to Human Service.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society
of the United States

"Strongest in the World"

The Company which pays its death-claims on the same day that it receives them.
PAUL MORTON, President. One Hundred Twenty Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend to us some good man—or woman—to represent us there? There are great opportunities today in LIFE-INSURANCE WORK for THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY


by making them wear "Thief" on their coats, Tolstoy observed that shame was the sensation manifested. One boy stole again.

Tolstoy questions: "Punish him by shame? To what end? Do we know that shame destroys the inclination to steal?"

And we stop and wonder with him whether punishment ever cures, or only restrains.

Our prisons punish. But prisons seldom send back into the world so good a man as they took from it. We have not treated the cause of disease in our criminals. We have only worked upon symptoms. To "minister to the mind diseased, pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow," is what we have never attempted. Neither did Tolstoy. But he made us think about it.

Unpractical Goodness

 TOLSTOY tells the story of asking this question of a peasant plowing: "If you were to die tonight, how would you spend the rest of this day?"

The plowman thought a moment and then said, "I'd plow."

But Tolstoy's idea of goodness was not on the whole practical. He for the most part preached that to abstain, to refrain from, to fast and pray, were virtues in themselves. He would go out into the desert clothed in sack-cloth, with a dash of ashes for added discomfort, and feel he was doing God's will. Mistakes were sins to be repented of and kept constantly in mind. The sin of forcing upon people's minds the gloom of misery, crime, despair and death, he never considered.

Sin was to do what was pleasing to you, what you loved to do, what Nature demanded for health. It was sin to live a natural life, to love, to laugh, to play.


But these "convictions" came to Tolstoy late in life, after he had lived too strenuously the life of a Russian nobleman.

Yet Tolstoy gave to every one who felt his presence, the feeling that it is good for man to do work, simple work with the hands, primitive work, useful work that benefits human life.

Jane Addams came home from Yasnaya Poliana resolved to make bread every day.

¶ Ernest Crosby, on his return from a two months' visit with Tolstoy, determined to live the life that was honest, true, simple, and to return to first principles, and to work with his hands.

The Sublimity of Work


 HE has forced into the minds of all those who know the man this: Work is sublime. Work is the great blessing that has come to man. One who is exempt from toil, and who keeps himself from manual work, is courting death—mental and physical. He makes us feel that "the hands that work are better far than lips that pray." Tolstoy did both.

In many ways, he was as simple as a child, as unwise and as wise. At times his reason was inhibited, on some subjects always inactive. ¶ Yet Tolstoy's motives were majestic and grand. He was ridiculous and foolish, but so sublime in it that you respect him always. His blunders were attractive and often beautiful.

And as for his right and wrong, we can not say. They were right and wrong to him—a personal matter when his action did not interfere with the rights of others.

Obedience to a divine will he believed in implicitly. He says: "We have come into this world and live in it, not according to our own will, but according to the will of that which we call God; it will therefore be well with us only when we fulfil this will. This will is that we should all be happy; and for all to be happy, there is but one means: each must act towards others as he would wish that they should act towards him."

The Inconsistent Life

 CONSISTENT life is unquestionably one of those "born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air"—"a mute, inglorious Milton." Such a life, if there is such, lacks the picturesqueness that attracts attention to itself.

Tolstoy was not one of these. The people of two centuries noticed him.

Howells speaks of him as one of the three great personalities of the Nineteenth Century—Napoleon, Lincoln, Tolstoy.

And he stands out large on the horizon of the Twentieth Century. No one—not even his family—questions his sincerity in his eccentricities.

Born into a home of culture and wealth, inheriting wealth and title, educated in wealth, married into it, his family entrenched in it, with all the learning the schools could give, he tried to live the life of poverty, and this, the poverty of the ignorant peasant.

Born a Russian in the cold, severe climate, where struggle and resistance is the law of physical life, he tried to live the life of non-resistance. ❧ ❧

A man of affairs, big finances and large interests, a Count in the Nineteenth Century, he tried to live and conduct his business according to the teachings of the son of a poor carpenter, a Jew of the poorest class in the Orient, nineteen hundred years ago. ❧

Brother to the Poor

HIS heart went out in great pity to the physical sufferings of the poor, so that while they ate the mess of pottage, he, too, partook of the peasants' food at his own table spread with luxuries.

He dressed as the peasant dresses and did peasant's work when he could.

"There is only one class in the community that thinks more about money than the rich, and that is the poor. The poor can think of nothing else. That is the misery of being poor," said Oscar Wilde.

Tolstoy and Wilde do not say that the difficulty is in considering that riches and poverty are neither of them of great importance. What you think and do and live are of vital importance. The greater number of the poor is most miserable, not from actual want, but from wishing they had what they imagine the rich possess.

Whether the peasants felt their condition desirable because Count Tolstoy chose poverty, whether it gave them financial betterment, taught them or not, we may not know, but the poor certainly felt he was near to them, and they loved him.

Giving to the poor he considered a prime virtue. "Go, sell all thou hast and give to the poor," he thought a command good for all time and under all circumstances. Could he have made all the poor rich, he would possibly have done so, thus making of humanity one class and that one the class he considered less desirable. ¶ The distress of spending money for what were to him luxuries grew upon him with his years. He would not allow the last two books he wrote to be printed, for fear Countess Tolstoy would use the money received from them for "luxuries."

The Last Journey

THE sight of his home, its furnishings, the routine of the life led by the other members of the family who did not hold his

views, became intolerant to him and he left it. ❧ He had taken many vacations from it before, leaving a written message as to why he had gone. This time he did not return.

Accompanied by his secretary, he stole away from splendor that was hideous to him.

He died in a peasant's cottage, surrounded by the poverty that had become dear to him, if not lovely, among the poor to whom he would gladly have given all, yes, even his life.

¶ Tolstoy, the Count, the most important man to the thinking world in all Russia; Tolstoy, feared by Czar and the power of the Empire, lay dead in a peasant's hut in a little hamlet, eighty-five miles from his vast estate.

The poor wept and would not be comforted, for their friend was dead. ❧ Titled wealth breathed freer and tiptoed less noiselessly than before word went forth, "Tolstoy is dead!"

The world sighed and said, "A thinker, dreamer, artist and reformer, the monitor of Russia has passed away, but his influence still lives."

Of this we are sure: Tolstoy modified and moderated the power of the throne and he made it tremble.

For all time he has placed the peasant in view of nobility. He has placed him there where never again can he be forgotten. And he has made the peasant conscious that he lives and that all is not well with him.

Tolstoy has made the world conscious of this fact: There is the peasant.

Domestic Differences

WHAT husbands and wives differ radically in their views of life, in their tastes, wishes and desires, is so common that it is almost the rule.

When in middle life a husband and wife have a mutual interest and one purpose, it is so rare that it attracts attention and interest.

The causes of the differences of mind and heart are natural. Different experience, different activities, diverse work; activity and experience over against inactivity and lack of experience, make lives once united in purpose diverge, divide, separate.

The inconsistency is when we introduce a question of morals and ethics, right and wrong, blame and recrimination into these natural results of conditions, mortified, even legislated, into the customs and habits of life.

"Who is to blame?" "Which one is wrong?"


are among the usual questions and comments concerning "domestic differences."

No one is to blame.

Our customs of life, in that they depart from the natural, are the cause.

Husband and wife are not one—unless they are. Sometimes they are two distinct individualities with two distinct points of view, two purposes. ¶ How then?

Tolstoy the Individualist

HEN Count Tolstoy at thirty-four married, he and the Countess Tolstoy doubtless had much in common. They lived, loved and worked together. All went beautifully until their experiences differed.

Then Tolstoy was "born again," to use his own expression. ¶ The Countess was not.

Why Tolstoy should expect the Countess to change her mode of life when she saw no reason for it, had no desire for it—did not want to, in fact—we do not know. She was his wife, and, according to tradition, she should want exactly what he did, he being the one to have a positive desire.

"My fault is only that I have not changed, while you have," wept the Countess Tolstoy.

¶ The Countess' "fault" continued and Tolstoy remained "changed" to the last.

The natural consequences ensued in the Tolstoy house. Alexandra, the youngest child, born soon after Tolstoy's "spiritual birth," was the only one who went with her father or joined him in his work with and for the peasants.

The Countess Tolstoy suffered keenly. Her weapons of defense and aggression were powerless to change Tolstoy or to give back to her the old life she loved.


Sarcasm, tears, upbraiding, hysteria, resentment, penitence, arguments, condescensions—all in turn—do not change people. We see what we see, believe as we must.

The atmosphere and life in a home like the Tolstoy home is not unusual. It is always a pity and pitiful. Often it is cruelty to live in such circumstances. No one really can live unless the existence is ignored of one or the other of the opposing (or opposed) persons.

¶ In all the long period of difference where Tolstoy had changed and the Countess had not, there was no successful treaty of peace. But Tolstoy lived his life and did his work. He made his great and splendid impress on his time and on all time. ¶ Monism is the keynote of his teaching. We are all one. Humanity is a unit,

no matter where it is, how clothed, how fed, how cultured, how ignorant.

The Supreme Man of Sorrows

TOLSTOY was of his time, possibly of all time, the Supreme Man of Sorrows, acquainted with Grief. Unlike any other man, he sought out Sorrow and Grief and forced his attentions upon them.

Tolstoy has admirers, fervent admirers, but he has no followers. If he had they would be individualists. A few men have been accused of being imitators of Tolstoy, but the accusation is unjust. No one has or could imitate him. He did what no other man could do. His mission was not to have disciples, but to set all the people thinking for themselves. Carried to a conclusion, this would bring not society, but individualism. There is no Tolstoy sect, no cult, and there can not be. He organized nothing, formed no plan of life for any one to follow. He had no system. He was a voice crying in the wilderness. Men heard it, were uncomfortable, some were afraid, but no one prepared the way of the Lord.

His is a unique, picturesque, patriarchal individuality standing high up on a jagged rock over against an angry sea. Such is the picture Tolstoy will leave to history.




The will of the Father is that we should have no malice in our hearts to any one.—Tolstoy.



Tolstoy

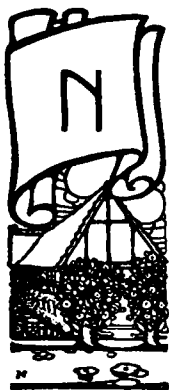
By Henry S. Saxe

IS end has come, as it must come to all,
And he is dead, the brother of all men,
Who saw so far beyond our blinded ken,
And heard the trumpet of the future call
The sons of freedom to throw off their thrall.
Righteous and brave and strong, his voice and pen
Were given to his trodden brethren when
Hedged round they were as by a prison-wall!

The czar may die—another takes his place,
Perplexed, misguided, fearful of his fate,
And deeming life a thing of doubts and fears;
But thou, O Tolstoy! showed the world the grace
And beauty of our life, were we but great
Of heart and soul, and labored through our years!

The Church of Spain

By Joseph McCabe



EARLY four hundred years ago a rebellious monk set Europe aflame with revolt against the authority of Rome. Corrupt, sensual, skeptical, laughing at its own devices, the Court of Rome ruled a densely ignorant world with a levity born of ten centuries of secure domination. The world was growing, however, and the sonorous appeal of Luther brought it to a sudden manhood. As is well known, one of the historic abuses that fired the indignation of Luther was the sale of indulgences. Scornfully he tossed aside the priestly casuistry that would represent the transaction as no "sale," but the "giving" of a spiritual favor—in return for a sum of money. Half of Europe followed the German monk. But for the armies of Spain and Austria the Papacy would probably have been erased from the map of Europe two hundred years ago. Sell indulgences! Protestants look back with amazement on the Papal audacity, and take it as a measure of the dense ignorance of the Middle Ages that even the attempt should be made. It is a test of medieval conditions, a plumbing of the depths of ignorance. And indulgences are sold by the million all over Spain today, under the direct and annual authority of the Vatican!

Indulgences Still Being Sold

THE sale of indulgences is so historic a symbol of Papal corruption that I can not do other than take it as the first point in my indictment of the Spanish Church. I refused to believe the fact when it was first brought to my notice, long after I had quitted the Catholic ministry. My informant, an American gentleman who had lived in Spain for more than ten years, forwarded to me copies of these "bulas," as they are called, and the truth was evident. I have since made full inquiries, written on the subject, been "answered" by an English Jesuit—who explained that the indulgence was a pure gift from the Church, in return for a specific sum of money, much as (he did not say this) your soap or your butter is—and have lost all doubt on the subject.

On the windows of Catholic bookshops in

Spain one often sees the word "Bulas" in large type. You enter and ask for a "bula"—or you may go to the nearest priest's house for one—and find that there are four species, at two different prices. Lay a peseta on the counter, and demand the ordinary "bula de la Santa Cruzada." A flimsy piece of paper, much sealed and impressed, about a foot square, and with the signature of the Archbishop of Toledo, is handed to you, with your change of twenty-five centimos. You have not bought it. You gave an "alms" of seventy-five centimos (about ten cents) to the Church (minus the shopman's commission), and the Church graciously accorded you—but it would occupy too much of my space even to enumerate the extraordinary spiritual privileges which you can purchase for ten cents in that favored land. The central grace is a "plenary indulgence."

The Passion for Pelf

CATHOLIC theology teaches that there are two alternatives to Heaven, two unfathomable pits of fire—Hell and Purgatory. If you die in serious, unabsolved sin, you go to Hell; but few Catholics ever think of going there. It is so easy to get one's self drafted into the second department. But the second department, Purgatory, is exceedingly unpleasant; the fire and other horrors are the same; the duration is uncertain. Here, again, however, the Church comes to the rescue. Confession and sorrow have relieved you of the first danger; something may be done to avoid the second. In earlier and harder times one went on the Crusades to achieve this. Some Spaniards offered the Papacy money instead, and received the comforting assurance that the Purgatory debt was cancelled (a "plenary indulgence"). The sum has sunk with the course of centuries, and now in Spain you gain this gorgeous assurance, with a dozen others, for an "alms" of a dime! But attempt to give your alms to the poor, and you get no bula. That is the common bula of Spanish church life. The rich, of course, pay more than the small sum stated on the paper; and as the ignorant peasants find frequent need of this comforting assurance, since it only lasts until they sin again, the amount that the Church derives annually from this sordid source of revenue can be imagined. Another bula, of the same price, gives you the same comforting assurance in regard to any deceased friend to

whom you may wish to apply it. Since, however, it is never quite sure that your "disposition" came up to the required altitude, you do well to continue buying and trying. A third bula is even cheaper, yet more substantial in its advantages. For fifty centimos (less than ten cents) you obtain permission to eat meat on Fridays and on most of the days on which Catholics in less favored countries must not eat meat. Unfortunately, you find that the bula is invalid unless you buy the other bula as well; but twenty or twenty-five cents is fairly cheap for a year's permission to disregard the fast-days.

The Conniving "Composicion"

THE fourth bula is the most infamous, unless the reader chooses to regard it with humor. Technically, it is known as the "composicion"—an excellent word. It says that if you have any stolen property of which you can not discover the rightful owner, the purchase of this bula makes the property yours. ✱ The pickpocket does not usually know the address of his victim; and though the bula declares that the theft must not be committed in view of the bula, the practised conscience of a Spanish thief easily negotiates that difficulty. But this is not the full enormity or the full justification of the title "composicion." One bula costs about twenty-five cents, and covers about three dollars' worth of ill-gotten goods. For every additional three dollars' worth you have stolen you must give twenty-five cents to the Church—in other words, take out a fresh bula. And—let me quote the incredible words of the document—"in the event of the sum due exceeding seven hundred thirty-five pesetas fifty centimos (one hundred twenty-five dollars), the amount compoundable by fifty Summaries, application must be made to Us for a fitting solution of the case"! The priest will take his tithe of your knavery on a scale he thinks fit to determine. ✱ ✱

The Finger of the Pope

LET it be clearly understood that I am not reproducing the statements of writers, travelers or residents; I am describing, or translating, the very words of the bulas, copies of which lie before me. Incredible as the facts will seem to most readers, there is only one quibble which the zealous Catholic, in his misguided wish to defend the Spanish Church, can raise: he will demur at the phrases "bought"

and "sold." I may safely leave that question of casuistry to the reader. From this appalling traffic the Spanish Church draws millions upon millions of pesetas every year—from the rich, who thus pay for its political support, and from the densely ignorant peasantry, whose hard-won centimos are stolen by this abominable chicanery.

English Roman Catholics who heard of the traffic for the first time, innocently drew the attention of the Vatican to it, and were, after repeated letters, snubbed for their intrusion. The truth is that the whole traffic is under the control of the Vatican. These bulas are no bits of medieval parchment that have lingered into the dawn of the Twentieth Century; they are printed afresh every year, and they can not be issued until an annual permission comes from Rome. ✱ Then a procession of heralds marches through the streets of Madrid announcing the glad news that Spain's unique privilege has been renewed. What a spectacle! Through streets equipped with the latest achievements of modern science there still marches the medieval troop, crying in the ears of educated Madrid that Spain still lives in the Fifteenth Century. I have only to add that until Eighteen Hundred Seventy the Vatican openly took a percentage on this sordid traffic. In these days of inquisitive American and English converts we do not know what the understanding is between the Papacy and the Archbishop of Toledo, who issues and seals those symbols of the Spanish Church's degradation.

Holy Beggars

FROM the sale of indulgences I pass to other features of Spanish Church life which are hardly less repellent. One of the most offensive practises that the traveler notices in modern Spain is the persistent begging. ✱ There are more than ninety-one thousand beggars in Spain, and they regard themselves as practising a profession which has the peculiar sanction of the Church. A resident in Spain informed me that he was boldly accosted for alms by a man whom he knew to have a flourishing market-garden near his own residence. Mrs. Bates, in her "Spanish Highways and Byways," tells a story of a German lady who was accosted by a beggar. ✱ With modern feeling she explained to him that she would do something more pleasant than give him alms; she

would give him an opportunity to earn the money. He drew his cloak about him with the dignity of a hidalgo, as he replied, "Madam, I am a beggar, not a laborer." The Church is directly responsible for this tribe of repulsive idlers. Her edifices are thrown open periodically that pious ladies may distribute bread, wine and cigarettes to the sitting crowd of professional beggars ❧

Catholicism and Education

FAR heavier, however, is the guilt of the clergy in regard to the atrocious proportion of illiterates in Spain. We are urged to regard the Catholic Church as the great founder of schools, the educator of Europe. The claim is easily tested ❧ There are still two parts of Europe where her power is practically unbroken—Spain and Southern Italy. In Spain the proportion of illiterates is sixty-eight per cent, and in Southern Italy—in Calabria—it is seventy-nine per cent of the population.

Under Liberal pressure, a law of compulsory education was passed in Spain. By Eighteen Hundred Seventy-seven, four millions out of sixteen millions could read and write, and in the subsequent thirty years the ratio has only risen to six millions in eighteen and one-half million people. The teacher is awarded a salary of about a hundred dollars a year, so that the character of such instruction as is given may easily be conjectured. But the State will not even provide this sum, and schoolmasters are thrown on the voluntary donations of parents. The result is that the vast majority of the children get no instruction, and the schoolmaster is the butt of Spanish wit. The Madrid papers gave a case in Nineteen Hundred Three of a master who canvassed a district to find how many parents would contribute if he opened a school. Three families in one hundred promised to contribute ❧ In another place, not far from Madrid, the alcalde endeavored to enforce the law, which is universally disregarded, that there should be no bullfights where the master's salary was not paid. The infuriated people drove the teacher to the plaza and there baited him. Thousands of children in Madrid itself have no school accommodation ❧

The Blessing of Illiteracy

FOR this state of uncivilization the guilt must be equally divided between the Church and the State. Neither wishes to see

the people educated. In one important respect, however, the Church has the greater guilt. Poor the State is, undoubtedly, though no sane social student will fail to see how profitably a large part of its expenditure would be diverted to education ❧ But the Church is wealthy, immensely wealthy. The vast revenue already mentioned, together with all parochial dues and collections, goes to the secular (or parochial) clergy, in whose larger churches and cathedrals immense treasure has accumulated. While the workers in parts of Spain must labor for about five pesetas (ninety cents) a week, and while despairing schoolmasters must set their hands to whatever incongruous employment they can discover to augment their fifty to a hundred dollars a year for teaching in barnlike structures, the wealthier churches house incalculable treasure, and the clergy usually live in great comfort. The wardrobe of the image of the Virgin at Toledo would alone suffice to build hundreds of fine schools. "One robe bears," says Mrs. Bates, "eighty-five thousand large pearls, and as many sapphires, amethysts and diamonds." The crown used to decorate the statue is worth twenty-five thousand dollars, and the bracelets ten thousand dollars. The total value of this useless and senseless jewelry in the great churches of Spain is beyond calculation; and the country is too poor to educate more than a part of its children, and that with ridiculous inadequacy. Cordova alone has six hundred priests to fifty-five thousand people; and Cordova is on the verge of bankruptcy.

"Blind Mouths"

BUT this overwhelming sufficiency of parochial clergy, with its incalculable wealth, is not the chief source of offense to enlightened Spaniards. A vast population of monks and nuns and Jesuits, who do no parochial work, is spread over the land, and amasses wealth with even greater success than the secular clergy. In the heated conflicts of the two bodies the truth is suffered to leak out. A Spanish prelate, Monsignor Jose Velede de Gunjado, has recently declared that these regulars (monks and nuns) own two-thirds of the money of the country and one-third of the wealth in property, etc. While they flaunt vows of poverty before the ignorant peasantry, they draw out of the healthy circulation of the impoverished country a colossal proportion of its resources. A religious review (the "Revista

Christiana") gave the income of the Jesuit body at Manresa alone as more than seventy-five thousand dollars a year, and this is only one among a thousand instances of an immensely wealthy community. Before the Philippine Islands were taken from Spain, the Church drew one hundred thirteen million pesetas a year from the Islands, the State being content with a further sixty-six millions. Barcelona had one hundred sixty-five convents until the recent riots, many of them worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. The province of Catalonia supported two thousand three hundred of these institutions.

Popery and Decency

FOR must the reader be misled by audacious Catholic assurances that these wealthy communities represent the voluntary piety of the faithful, and are holy retreats to which the timid may retire from "the world." Even in this country the Catholic clergy generally—I am not speaking at random: I have been a priest and a monk—disdain and detest the communities of monks. The idleness and petty hypocrisy to which their ascetic professions lead is fully described in my "Twelve Years in a Monastery." As I had the further advantage of living in monasteries in a "Catholic" country (Belgium), I obtained some idea of the real nature of such institutions under more or less normal conditions. The appalling laziness of the vast majority, the gross ignorance which masquerades as humility, the enormous consumption of alcohol behind closed doors, the all-pervading hypocrisy and very widespread immorality, would, if they were fully appreciated by the educated laity of Belgium, turn the smoldering anti-clericalism into a fierce blaze of anger. Not one monk in twenty merited respect, even in his superstitions. The great majority were grossly sensual, lazy and hypocritical. But even in Belgium there is a large body of critical observers, and the monasteries of Spain have the same corruption in a far greater degree.

A Salacious Clergy

THE gross animality of the monks, the unscrupulousness of the Jesuits—for the Jesuit in Spain is a Jesuit—and the widespread immorality of the clergy are well known to Spaniards. Any who imagine that the charge of flagrant immorality against the Spanish clergy is a Protestant or Rationalist calumny

should read "The Priest and the People in Spain," written by an Irish Roman Catholic, Mr. Doran, who wisely chooses to disassociate his co-religionists severely and emphatically from the Roman Catholicism of Spain. "I can remember the time," he says, "when I would have dropped the acquaintance of my best friend had he but said, or hinted, half the things I now know to be true in regard to the condition of the Church in Spain." He states that on one occasion, when he was dining with a number of Spanish priests, he remarked, "without giving the least offense," that "if some of them ventured to say Mass in Ireland they would be dragged off the altar." They replied, genially, that they always confessed to a companion before Mass. He found a state of immorality among the clergy "which it takes an Irishman half a lifetime to understand and an eternity to forgive." The sister of the gentleman at whose house he was staying was the mistress of a priest. He adds that the Spanish clergy will marry uncles to nieces readily, "given a sufficient amount of money," and that "nine Spaniards out of ten will tell you that the desire to earn an easy living is the motive which induces so many to join the clergy."

A Tainted Hierarchy

AFTER this Catholic testimony I need not linger over the morality of the Spanish clergy. As an ex-priest I have always refused to create prejudice against my late co-religionists by discussing this side of their affairs; but when, in their corrupt interests, a body of priests like those of the Spanish Church egg on the civic or military officials to murder, it is time to speak. There is immorality enough even among the priests of this country. Sordid cases came to my personal knowledge. In Belgium the condition—a condition that any candid person will expect from their enforced celibacy and good living—is far worse. In Spain and the South of Italy it is flagrant, nor is it confined to the lower clergy and the monks. A writer in the "Church Quarterly" relates how an Italian prelate calmly discussed with him the fact, which he neither resented nor denied, that one of the candidates for the papal throne, one of the most distinguished cardinals in the Church, was a man of "conspicuous immorality." The cardinal in question, whose life was described to me in Rome, kept a mistress in a villa not many miles from the Vatican. The hypocrisy that asks English

people to shudder over the very intelligible and quite open conduct of Ferrer, whom the Church of Spain prevented from marrying when he wished, and cheerfully acquiesces in this sordid condition of the clergy wherever the mass of the people are still Catholic, is too revolting to characterize.

"Free Unions"

✱ T must not be imagined, however, that this condition of the clergy in Spain is one of the popular charges against them. For many centuries, in the Latin countries, the clergy have withheld their strictures on the conduct of their followers, and the greatest laxity prevails. In Seville, a town renowned for its Catholicism, a French Catholic writer, M. Bazin, was told by a priest that more than half the unions of men and women were "free unions." ✱ While the Church parades before the world its high ideal of chastity, and speaks hypocritically of the growth of immorality in the wake of heresy, it is precisely in those regions where it retains enormous power today, and has held absolute sway for ages, that we find the most immoral parts of Europe. Northern Italy, predominant in rebellion against the Church, has a ratio of illegitimate births of only six per cent; the Roman province has a ratio of twenty per cent, and the Southern provinces much the same. It is a foolish superstition, encouraged by Catholics, that the laxity of the Latin races is a matter of temperature. The Northern races were just as bad before the Reformation. That notorious laxity is due solely to the fact that an immoral clergy never dared to press on the people their theoretic gospel of chastity.

Enlightened Spaniards Are Bitter

B UT if the bulk of the Spaniards smile at the immorality of their priests, those more enlightened Spaniards who see the life-blood of their country being drained to sustain such a system feel a pardonable bitterness. Let me give one detail by which one may measure the whole monstrosity. Diercks relates that the "Revista Christiana" at one time made a calculation of the value of the wax and incense burned in Spanish churches in the course of a year. The total reached the extraordinary sum of seven million five hundred thousand dollars—a sum little short of what Spain spends on education! And this is one small item of the total cost to the country of its religious system. Add to this the millions obtained in the ordinary

way of fees and collections, the millions received for bulas, the millions charged (on one pretext or another) for scapulars, rosaries, bullet-proof prayers, agnus-deis, and the whole medieval magazine of charms, the millions received for obtaining dispensations to marry, for baptisms, funerals, masses (each of which costs from two to twenty pesetas), and other ceremonies, the millions acquired by wills, by taking over the goods of monastic aspirants, and in other ways. And the whole of this vast proportion of an impoverished circulation goes to feed the parasitic growth, with no spiritual vitality or social usefulness, which I have described. Let the light fall upon the mind of Spain, and this decrepit and corrupt agglomeration of medieval vices and abuses will be swept ruthlessly away. Rebellion against the Vatican has followed immediately upon the extension of popular enlightenment in France, in Northern Italy, and in those South American Republics which have dared to educate. Beyond all question, it is following the same course in Spain.

Will this effete and corrupt body, with all its dependent industries, contemplate impartially the spread of education in Spain? Will that colossal revenue from bulas and other medieval barbarities continue when Spain is Europeanized—to use the phrase of its own social students?

How Can These Things Be?

B UT if Spain is so largely anti-clerical, how comes the Church to retain the power it does? Spain is seething with anti-clericalism. Mr. Isaacson, in his "Rome in Many Lands," quotes an orthodox Spanish paper, "El Correo Espanol," to the effect that only one million five hundred thousand men and three million five hundred thousand women, in a population of eighteen million five hundred thousand, now obey the clergy in Spain. I have dealt thoroughly with the question in my "Decay of the Church of Rome." If that be so, how can we explain the power of the Church?

Here we come to another and not less sordid aspect of Spanish life, which it is absolutely necessary to understand if we wish to understand the murder of Ferrer. ✱ The political system is not less corrupt than the clerical, and the two corruptions support each other with despairing unscrupulousness. Many who are willing to admit the corruption of the

Church will hesitate here, but it is a platitude of recent Spanish literature, and in fact is so well recognized by responsible Spanish statesmen as to make one wonder why any representative government treats the Spanish Government as a civilized Power.

This is the opportunity of the clergy. Driven from other lands, they make their last stand in Spain. From France, from Portugal, from Cuba, from the Philippines, they have concentrated on the land where only a few millions can read and write, and the political power is manipulated by a system as corrupt as their own. Within a few years, probably, they will be reinforced by the exiled monks of Italy. So long as Spain is ignorant, or only taught a smattering of letters and a vast amount of terrifying superstition in their own schools, they are safe. But they can not wholly shut out the light from France and England, and they play a desperate game. Jesuitry is Jesuitry in Spain. From the boudoir of the Queen-mother, and now, I am informed, from the boudoir of the Queen, whom they have won, they rule Spain and swoop down with ferocity on all eruptions of revolt.

Wealth is an engine that can be used for power if you are an engineer; but to be tied to the flywheel of an engine is rather a misfortune.

Production and Consumption

By William C. Brown



SHORT time before the close of a life devoted to a profound study of history and to participation in the political affairs of his time, Lord Macaulay, in a letter written to his friend, H. S. Randall, a citizen of this country, under date of May the Twenty-third, Eighteen Hundred Fifty-seven, said:

"As long as you have a boundless extent of fertile, unoccupied land, your laboring population will be far more at ease than the laboring population of the Old World.

"But the time will come when New England will be as thickly peopled as Old England.

"You will have your Manchesters and your Birminghams, and in these Manchesters and

Birminghams hundreds of thousands of artisans will assuredly be some time out of work. Then your institutions will be fairly brought to the test."

Two important features of this remarkable prophecy of a half-century ago have been fulfilled. ¶ The boundless extent of fertile, unoccupied land is gone.

We have our Manchesters and our Birminghams by the score, and in times of great depression our unemployed will be numbered not by the hundreds of thousands but by the millions. ✱ ✱

Is it not time to "take thought of the morrow," and to make such preparation as may be possible against the day of stress and test predicted by Macaulay?

Industrial Education One Remedy

IN this direction, I desire to suggest two plans having a common purpose and perhaps equal in importance.

First: The broadening and, in a way, the specializing of our methods of education in all our schools and colleges. I would give no less attention to graduating lawyers and physicians, but would give a great deal more to turning out of our public schools young men with a good common-school education plus a year's practical training at some useful trade. ✱ ✱

I would have a first-class manual-training school attached to every high school and to every college and university, where young men could be turned out good, practical journeyman blacksmiths, boilermakers, carpenters, cabinetmakers, plumbers or skilled workmen at some other useful trade.

I would increase the capacity of these schools to accommodate every child in the community, and then I would make attendance compulsory.

The Position of Organized Labor

I HAVE discussed this question with officials of public-school boards and with the presidents of some of our colleges, and in a majority of cases I have met with the suggestion that a course of this kind would be likely to antagonize organized labor. I am glad that the doubt as to the advisability of a course of this kind on that account can be definitely set at rest. At the annual convention of the American Federation of Labor, a special committee on industrial education, appointed one year ago to make a study of this subject, submitted their report, from which the following is an extract:

"Organized labor favors that plan of industrial training which will give our boys and girls such training as will help them to advance after they are in industry. We believe that as much attention should be given to the proper education of those who work at our industry as is now given to those who prepare to enter professional and managerial careers."

I would make our agricultural colleges in fact what they are in name, by limiting admission to young men who want to study and school themselves in scientific agriculture, to the end that graduates of these colleges should be first-class farmers thoroughly equipped for and vitally interested in that most honorable profession. ¶ I realize that a policy of this kind will cost millions on millions of money, but no man can estimate the cost in treasure and possibly in blood of a contrary policy.

The Rural Population

SECOND: I would postpone the day of test foreshadowed by Lord Macaulay by doubling our rural population, and would do this by more than doubling the product per acre of the nation's farms.

The United States with the most fertile soil and favorable climate in the world, but with its careless, uninformed methods of seed selection, fertilization and cultivation, produces an annual average yield of less than fourteen bushels of wheat per acre, while England produces more than thirty-two, Germany about twenty-eight, the Netherlands more than thirty-four, and France approximately twenty.

Of oats, the United States produces an average annual yield of twenty-three and seven-tenths bushels per acre, England forty-two, Germany forty-six, and the Netherlands fifty-three.

The average yield of potatoes in the United States is eighty-five bushels per acre, while that of Germany, Belgium and Great Britain is two hundred fifty bushels.

Potatoes, like wheat, corn and bread, are a food-staple of the poor man.

Germany, with an arable area no greater than some of our largest States, produces approximately two billion bushels of potatoes annually, while the aggregate crop of the United States averages barely two hundred seventy-five million bushels per annum; and, in the year ended June the Thirtieth, Nineteen Hundred Nine, we imported eight million three hundred eighty-four thousand bushels.

The Facts in the Case

FOR half a century we have proudly plumed ourselves as the granary of the world, and our annual exports of foodstuffs have formed the basis for a large balance of trade in our favor. Our exports of this character show a steady and alarmingly rapid decline. In the past, increase in population, increase in consumption, have been met by multiplied acres. This is no longer possible, or at least only to a very limited and constantly diminishing extent. Increased consumption in the future must be provided for not by an increase in acres but by an increase in the yield per acre.

Each year immigration and natural increase add approximately two million hungry mouths to be fed, and it calls for an increase of approximately seventy-five million bushels of food-producing cereal per annum to supply this demand ❦ ❦

In Eighteen Hundred Ninety-eight, the total acreage of corn, wheat, oats, barley and rye was 151,780,501, and we exported 508,715,000 bushels. In Nineteen Hundred Seven, the acreage had increased to 185,353,000 acres, or an increase of twenty-two per cent, while our exports were only 227,422,000 bushels, or a decrease of sixty-nine per cent.

This tremendous falling off in exports of grain and its products suggests the possibility that the grain may have been fed to stock and exported in the shape of beef and pork, but the falling off in the exports of these commodities for the period named is fully as startling as in grain.

In Nineteen Hundred, the report of the Agricultural Department shows 27,610,000 cattle on the Nation's farms. In Nineteen Hundred Eight, there were 50,100,000, an increase of eighty-one per cent, but our exports of beef were fourteen per cent less. Stated in another way, in Nineteen Hundred we exported twenty-four and four-tenths pounds for each head of cattle owned, while in Nineteen Hundred Eight we exported only eleven and one-half pounds, a decrease of fifty-three per cent.

In Eighteen Hundred Ninety-nine, the number of swine owned was something more than thirty-eight and one-half million. In Nineteen Hundred Eight this had increased to more than fifty-six million, or forty-five per cent, but our exports of pork and its products showed a decrease of more than four hundred forty-one million pounds.

During the same period, while the number of cows increased thirty-four per cent, our exports of butter and cheese went down from seventy-nine million pounds to less than fifteen million, and our imports went up from ten million to nearly thirty-three and one-half million pounds, or two hundred thirty-two per cent.

The preliminary report of the Bureau of Statistics for the year ended June the Thirtieth, Nineteen Hundred Nine, shows a falling off, as compared with the previous year, in the exports of beef and tallow of thirty-five per cent; while the decline in the exports of pork and its products exceeds fifteen per cent. The same report shows that exports of grain for the same period declined twenty-nine per cent.

The Outlook

IF the converging lines of production and consumption in the United States continue to approach each other as they have during the past ten years, before the middle of the next decade the last vessel loaded with the agricultural products of this country will have left our shores, the great exporting grain-elevators in our seaboard cities will stand empty, and this great nation, like those of the Old World, will be looking for a place to buy the necessities of life.

J. J. Hill's Opinion

IHAVE been greatly interested in reading an article in "The World's Work," by James J. Hill, entitled, "What We Must Do to be Fed," dealing with this important subject, which concludes as follows:

"The value of our annual farm-product is now about eight billion dollars. It might easily be doubled. ♣ When the forests are all cut down and the mines are nothing but empty holes in the ground, the farm-lands of the country will remain capable of renewing their bounty forever. But they must have proper treatment. To provide this, as a matter of self-interest and of national safety, is the most imperative present duty of our people. * * * * *

The armed fleets of an enemy approaching our harbors would be no more alarming than the relentless advance of a day when we shall have neither sufficient food nor the means to purchase it for our population."

Going Backward

CAN the importance of this condition be exaggerated? Is it not time that every patriotic citizen was aroused to ascertain the cause and to find and apply the remedy? Can

there be a duty of higher or broader patriotism or more comprehensive philanthropy? What is the cause, and can a remedy be found? ♣ The land, our kindly, patient mother Earth, upon which not only prosperity, but life itself, depends, is year after year being robbed and impoverished.

Our average annual yield of wheat for ten years was less than fourteen bushels per acre. This is less than it was thirty years ago. Instead of improving we are going backward.

I do not say this in a spirit of criticism or in censure of the farmers of the Nation.

A large majority of them started with nothing but a quarter-section of unbroken prairie, a team of horses or a yoke of cattle, a plow and harrow, and a humble cabin to shelter his little family from the heat of Summer and the storms of Winter. The success he has achieved has been the result of years of arduous toil; the knowledge he has gained has been in the hard school of experience.

The farmer has always been the state-builder and the pioneer. He it is who has built up and made the Nation what it is, and the General Government can discharge the obligation it owes the great agricultural interests in no better way than in spending money freely in bettering agricultural conditions.

Educational Campaigns of Europe

NINE hundred years ago the average production of Great Britain was about the same as our present yield. ♣ The nation became alarmed, and a royal commission (which is still in existence) was appointed, a campaign of education was entered upon, and today the farms of the United Kingdom, upon which crops have been raised for centuries, with general climatic conditions less favorable than ours, produce almost two and a quarter times the wheat per acre that we do. ¶ France, with her abounding prosperity, her marvelous wealth of agricultural resources, which have made her the creditor nation of the world, maintains 45,000 rural schools with agricultural departments in the shape of gardens and small fields where systematic, scientific cultivation and conservation of the soil is taught. Since Eighteen Hundred Seventy-three, Belgium has required every school in the kingdom to maintain a field of not less than thirty-nine and one-half square rods for the purpose of instructing the pupils in this most important work.

Where Education Should Begin

THERE is where this work of education should begin; and instruction of this character undertaken by our rural schools, where the farmer boys and girls attend, would be speedily and powerfully reflected in improved methods on our farms.

The increased value of corn, wheat, oats and barley in the United States, provided the average yield per acre of the same crops in Germany had been raised, and assuming a production of fifty bushels of corn to the acre, would have amounted to the stupendous total during the year Nineteen Hundred Seven of \$2,280,000,000; while the increased value of the same cereals of the crop of Nineteen Hundred Nine, computed on the same basis, would have been three and one-quarter billion dollars.

¶ There is no soil or climate that is naturally superior to that of the United States, and no nation on earth can produce a larger crop per acre than this country if our soil is intelligently tilled. ¶ Ninety years ago, the farms of the State of New York produced larger average crops than the most fertile State in the Union produces today.

In Eighteen Hundred Sixty, she stood first as an agricultural State and she can (if she will) again take her place at the head of the procession of great agricultural States.

The year Nineteen Hundred Eight was not as favorable for the production of crops in New York as the average year, but at least one man I know of, can show a record in the crop line which I can not equal on my farm in one of the richest valleys in the Southwest part of the great agricultural State of Iowa.

Listen to this: Three hundred fifty to four hundred bushels of potatoes per acre; fifty bushels of shelled corn; thirty-five tons of beets; four tons of hay per acre. This was the result not of so-called intensive farming—just intelligent farming, and it was not in one of those favored fertile valleys in the Central or Southern part of the State, but was away up in the extreme Northern part, at the North end of Lake Champlain, within twelve miles of the Canadian line.

There is not a farm in New York State where a similar record can not be made if the farmer can be taught similar intelligent methods; but in the language of the Apostle, "How shall they believe who have not heard, and how shall they hear without a preacher?"

The New York Central's Work

THE field is eagerly awaiting the preacher.

In April of last year the New York Central Railroad tendered to the New York State College of Agriculture the use of a special train consisting of a combination car, four coaches and a dining-car, for a trip through that portion of the State traversed by our lines. ¶ Twenty-one professors and advanced students of the New York State College of Agriculture at Cornell University and the agricultural school at Saint Lawrence University made up the party.

Thirty-one towns were visited and lectures were given to audiences ranging from two hundred to six hundred earnest, interested farmers.

The object of the trip was to awaken interest, to prepare the ground for the seed to be sown later. These trips will be repeated and extended and we hope it is but the beginning of a broad and comprehensive scheme of education. ¶ Lectures of this kind are beneficial, but the things that will accomplish results are object-lessons—opportunities for the farmer to see the thing done instead of being told how it can be done.

The first requisite is a thorough awakening of our people to a realization of the startling significance, the overshadowing importance, of this condition—then a systematic, persevering campaign of education. The General Government should give it first place among the questions pressing for consideration. Money should be provided liberally and expended honestly and intelligently. Every scheme for the reclamation of arid land by the Government should be pushed to completion and the land opened to settlement at the earliest possible moment. ¶

Land susceptible of cultivation, either by irrigation or without it, that is included in forest reserves should be excluded from such reserves and made available for settlement under such conditions as will insure prompt, intelligent and continuous cultivation.

Co-operation Needed

EACH State should take similar action. Boards of Trade, Chambers of Commerce and other public associations should take up the work.

The Chamber of Commerce of Rochester, New York, is conducting an active campaign of education and is doing most efficient work along these lines.

The railroads should co-operate with the State agricultural colleges and with all institutions having departments of agriculture, in arranging for meetings of farmers in villages and country schoolhouses, for the purpose of preaching this great gospel of better methods, which means more profitable farming. I am going to recommend to the owners of the roads with which I am connected, the purchase of land to be used as experimental farms according to the most advanced methods of seed selection, fertilization and cultivation, at the expense of the road, but under the auspices of the agricultural college of the State in which the farm is located. If this recommendation is adopted, I shall hope to see it followed by a majority of the roads of the country.

The Cost

THE United States is building two or three great battleships almost every year, which cost, fully equipped, perhaps an average of nine million dollars each, and it costs close to a million a year each to man, supply and maintain them.

What one of these fighting-machines costs the Government would establish and fully equip two splendid experimental farms of six hundred forty acres each, in every State in the Union, to be operated by the General Government.

The establishment of such farms by the Government would soon be followed by one-hundred-and-sixty-acre farms owned and operated by the State in every county in our great agricultural States.

Such farms, once established, would not only be self-sustaining, but, in my opinion, would show a handsome profit. The effect of such a system of practical education upon the product and profit of the Nation's farms would be almost beyond comprehension.

Every thriftless and uninformed farmer would quickly note the difference between the result of his loose methods and those of the experimental farm, and would benefit greatly by the comparison.

The Beneficent Effects

Men who have no books on this important subject, and who could find no time to study them if they had, would learn by that most apt and thorough teacher, observation, the value of the improved methods and would adopt them.

Let the Government invest the price of one

battleship in this important work, follow the investment up intelligently and perseveringly for ten years, and the value that will have been added to each year's crops of the Nation's farms will buy and pay for every battleship in all the navies of the world today.

Adopt this policy and it will give to the great business of agriculture a new birth of marvelous possibilities and make the cultivation of the soil a profession rather than a vocation. It will double the wealth of the Nation's farms and quadruple the influence, political and financial, of the Nation's farmers.

Ten years after such a system becomes fully effective, the farmers will own a large share, if not a majority, of the Nation's railroads, and this will insure in larger measure than is possible under present conditions that industrial peace and tranquillity so vital to enduring prosperity.

Above and beyond all other considerations this stimulation of interest in, and the addition to the wealth of, agriculture will return the preponderance of political power to the rural districts, where it can be more safely lodged than in the congested centers of population, already ominously powerful in many of our States, and indefinitely postpone that dread test of the permanency of our institutions predicted by Macaulay a half-century ago.

The man who is exact in the accomplishment of rites becomes self-satisfied and neglects the doing of love.—Tolstoy.

Blindness of Brotherhoods

By J. K. Turner



THE most important industry in America today is the railroad industry. It is facing at this time a serious crisis. The industry is up against the practical loss of confidence on the part of the investing public. This is due not so much to a mistrust of railroad securities, as to a mistrust of the Administration at Washington and its tendency to pander to Socialism.

The most deplorable factor in the unfortunate condition of the railroads is the attitude of the various Brotherhoods of railroad employees. These Brotherhoods,

organized to force their employers into certain concessions, are maintaining their hostility of attitude at a time when they ought to display more generosity toward the capital which keeps them alive.

The Brotherhoods must remember that they are part and parcel of the railroad organization. In all the talk of co-operation, indulged in at their conventions of late, co-operation has only been urged as between the four Brotherhoods. Co-operation with the employing interests is never suggested. Their lobbies at the Legislatures continue their policies of harassment of the roads, with the cry for eight-hour laws, anti-injunction, and more safety-devices. It is right that the Brotherhoods should demand these things. But the lobbies, backed by the Brotherhoods, should do more. They should take up the cudgel for the fight of the railroads against the forces which are alined against them.

The Passing of the Old

THE Brotherhoods can not be blamed for their present tactics. They were conceived and organized with the idea that the only way to get anything out of the roads was to fight them. Another day is dawning. The Brotherhoods must get behind the railroads and help them with all their might. No labor organization can win by bulldozing tactics. If the tail of any organism keeps pulling against the head, how can the head make progress? The Brotherhoods are hanging on to the coat-tail of their twin brother. They ought to be pushing him ahead, out of the dangers that menace him.

The members of the Brotherhoods are employed to run trains and engines. The railroad officials at their desks are employed to run the organization. Only by co-operation can the whole organization, with its two equally important and component parts, make progress. The only reason why more engineers and trainmen than officials are laid off in times of depression, is because there are more trainmen and engineers than general managers. Both work for the same road. Both work directly for the public. The trainmen are directly responsible for the travel of the public with speed and safety. The general manager works directly for the stockholder. Who are the stockholders? You and I, and all who have one hundred dollars to invest. The investor studies the stock quotations. These indicate the safety of

the investment and the earning capacity of the road. On the strength of these we buy.

Capital and Labor Coequal

CAPITAL and labor are essentially the same. Capital is simply labor crystallized and stored up. Both seek the highest market. The Brotherhoods fail to recognize this fact. In the twenty-seven years of their existence, the sole purpose has been to fight the railroad organizations as a whole, and to handicap them on every side. No one will criticize the Brotherhoods for demanding safety for human life, and a just wage for toil. But it must be remembered that corporate life maintains human life. If you destroy corporate life, what will become of human life?

It is high time for the Brotherhoods to remove the goggles of war and quit looking at the situation through a glass darkly. It is high time that the rank and file demand of their leaders less hostility and disruption, more real achievement and co-operation. For the investing public has sounded the warning. It has quit buying railroad stock. It is awake to the dangers which menace the roads. It has crawled into its hole.

Who are my brethren? All those who think as I do, who breathe the same atmosphere—these know all that I know.

Reflections

By Austin Woodward



CROSS word can do untold harm.

The man who expects undue praise in this world is doomed to disappointment.

Many a blind man has been pitied by a man who has two good eyes, when in reality the man with the two good eyes should have been pitied.

The man who resents criticism is an angry man; and anger is a negative quality that, in the ultimate analysis, counts for failure.

Keep sweet—if you can.

Hysteria is another name for selfishness.

Gossip is the shillalah of the ignorant and the idle.

The world forgives many things, if you hold the long green.

Good health consists in keeping the bodily secretions normally active.

The very things that cause, often cure.

If people would sign their names to what they think, there would be less need of lawyers.

¶ The only reason you worry lies in the fact that you are not at peace with yourself.

The great mistake that small people make is in regarding anything as final.

Simply say, "I'll try." Only dam fools and lovers promise; that is why people cry at weddings.

There can be no worse Hell than the Hell that comes in this world, from allowing two opposite forces to pull at you at the same time.

This is lack of equilibrium—insanity.

Infinite Patience! Nothing is final.

If you are too solicitous about the attitude of your audience, you are apt to find yourself at its mercy.

When you get to the point that you can get fun out of being kicked, you are beginning to "arrive."

The very second you begin to take undue credit to Yourself, you get out of harmony with the Infinite.

Many a truth is told in a delirium.

Your wisdom is measured by your weakness.



The open profession of the Orthodox doctrines is mostly found among persons of dull intellects, of stern character, and who think much of their own importance.—Tolstoy.



Fred W. Lehmann

By Fra Elbertus



HEN President Taft named Frederick W. Lehmann, of St. Louis, Solicitor-General of the United States, he selected a much bigger man than himself.

Therein did President Taft prove himself a big man.

Besides being a great lawyer, Lehmann is a great personality.

¶ Attorneys are plentiful, but lawyers are few.

In fact, the race is well-nigh extinct. The shyster is everywhere in the saddle. And victory at any cost is the shibboleth of most of the legal clan. As a rule these men who call themselves "lawyers" are the bashi-bazouks of society. The lawyer is a man who reverences the

principles of the law; who upholds its dignity; who believes that law and justice are closely akin; who speaks the truth as he sees it, and who can be neither bribed, bought nor intimidated.

Cheap and transient victories; surprises; sudden and startling appearances and disappearances are not for him.

He considers himself an attache of the court—a minister of justice—and his aim is not to hornswoggle the judge nor begot the jury.

¶ He goes to the bottom of the issue, but he does not sell his soul for a mess of popular potash ✱ ✱

Fred Lehmann is a man and a humanitarian.

¶ His knowledge of common men and common things is wide. He is almost the universal man, and well could he say with Terence, "I will do anything that becomes a man, and nothing that is human is alien to me."

He loves women and he loves babies. Also he sympathizes with the workingman, and I believe it was he himself once said he would rather sympathize with the workingman than be one.

Lehmann is a lover of books. He likes the inside of good books and he lingers long over a fine binding. He dotes on rare old prints, on bookplates, on things wrought by human hands in love and joy. It is the human interest that holds him; and in art and beauty as manifest in music, sculpture, painting or letters, he finds rest.

I have sometimes thought that he is the safest, sanest lawyer in America. He is the friend of his client; and he is not the enemy of the opposition. He may hit hard, but it is not in wrath, for hate and vengeance are outside of his orbit.

There are two reasons why Lehmann will never be President of the United States. One is, he is a Hundred-Point Man. The other is that he was born across the sea.

In any event he is an American, and the Administration honors itself by selecting this man to get under a very heavy burden—the most exacting, difficult and thankless office within the gift of the President.



How often while writing have I cudgeled my brains to conceal under the mask of indifference or pleasantry those yearnings for something better which formed the real problem of my life!—Tolstoy.

THE FRA

EXPONENT OF
THE AMERICAN
PHILOSOPHY



PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY ELBERT HUBBARD
EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, N. Y.
25 CENTS A COPY 2 DOLLARS A YEAR



Meeting Nature Half-Way

¶ Waving grain is only Nature's way of beckoning us to work. Man must evolve what Nature suggests. She meets us only one-fourth of the way. We know that this is so, because by digging, building and changing the earth we get more than we ever dreamed of.

¶ Out of our necessities we have become expert. And when a man gains masterly proficiency in any one line, he attracts the world's attention.

¶ In seeds it is W. Atlee Burpee. When Nature whispers a suggestion this man catches his cue. He has compelled Nature to meet the farmer at least half-way by his experiments. The man who helps the farmer helps humanity.

¶ The very existence of the race turns on the ability of the farmer to produce food. Burpee provides this important factor in our economic system by raising seeds that are sure and safe. Burpee says that he knows of only one use for seeds, and so he sells only Seeds That Grow.

¶ The Burpee Annual is a textbook for every farmer, and the good agriculturist is always a student and an economist.

¶ The soil is bounteous and full of precious gifts, but we need Burpee to tell us how, when and where.

¶ Burpee breeds seeds that are the parents of better seeds, and the process goes on until we have a new vegetable or flower. He is not engaged in creating freaks. His purposes are practical. Burpee is a businessman as well as an artist, a botanist and a farmer. Thirty-four years of his enthusiasm, intelligence and devotion have brought about the highest quality seeds on the market.

¶ If farming is not your business, convert that patch back of the house into a beautiful and useful little garden. It will mean health and joy for you. Though you may be a novice as a gardener, just follow Burpee's

suggestions and plant his seeds. You'll make good, too!

¶ Anyway, send for the Burpee Nineteen Hundred Eleven Garden Annual, which will be mailed for the asking. Do it now while you are thinking about it.

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DREAM
"REALIZED"

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THE OPEN ROAD AFLOAT WITH THE FRA

Pronunciamento



THESE truths I hold to be self-evident:

That man was made to be happy, here and now;

That happiness is only attainable through useful effort; ♣

That the very best way to help ourselves is to help others; ♣

And often a good way to help others is to mind our own business; ¶

That useful effort means the proper exercise of all our faculties; ¶

That we grow only through exercise of our faculties; ♣

That education should continue through life; ¶

¶ And the joys of mental endeavor should be, especially, the solace of the old;

That where men alternate work, play and study in right proportion, the organs of the mind are the last to fail, and death for such has no terrors;

That the possession of wealth can never make a man exempt from useful manual labor;

That if all would work a little, no one would then be overworked;

That if none had too much, all would have a plenty;

That if no one wasted, all would have enough; ¶

¶ That if none were overfed, none would be underfed;

That the rich and "educated" need education just a little more than the poor and illiterate;

¶ That the presence of a serving-class is an indictment and a disgrace to our civilization;

¶ That the disadvantage of having a serving-class falls most upon those who are served,

and not upon those who serve, just as the real curse of slavery fell upon the slave-owners;

¶ That people who are waited on by a serving-class can not have a right consideration for the rights of others, and they waste both time and substance, both of which are lost forever

and can only seemingly be made good by additional human effort;

That the person who lives on the labor of others, not giving himself in return to the best of his ability, is really a consumer of human life, and therefore must be considered no better than a cannibal;

That the only way to abolish a serving-class is for us all to join it; ¶

¶ That each one living naturally will do the thing he can do best;

That in useful service there is no high nor low degree;

That all duties, offices and things which are useful and necessary to humanity are sacred;

¶ That there is only one road to happiness, and no more, and this lies in making others happy * *

All live men are egotists, and they are egotists just in proportion as they have life.

The American Philosophy



O this, then, is an essay on The American Philosophy.

The American Philosophy is founded on the Science of Economics * *

Just here, in order that we may speak a common language, a few definitions are in order * Economics is the Science of the production, distribution and use of wealth.

Science is accurate, organized knowledge founded on fact—or, as Herbert Spencer expressed it, "Science is the classified common knowledge of the common people."

All that which is simply assumed, believed, conjectured, taken on dogmatic statement, or read out of printed books, is unscientific, no matter how plausible.

All practical businessmen are scientists.

Business is a vocation.

Philosophy is—or should be—an avocation * *

To make a business of philosophy is to institutionalize and dilute it, just as to institutionalize love and religion is to degrade and lose them * *

Religion is philosophy touched with emotion.

¶ Philosophy is your highest conception of life, its duties and its destiny.

A religious organization is a different thing from religion. A religious organization is built on a feeling made static, or fear frozen stiff. It then becomes superstition, and is employed as a police system, and is taxed all the traffic will bear.

Science and Belief

SCIENCE is definite, accurate, organized knowledge concerning the things that make up our environment.

Modern philosophy is the distilled essence of

wisdom that eventually flows from science. Or, if you please, philosophy is the explanation of science—a projection from science.

Transportation, manufacturing, distribution, advertising, salesmanship, are all variants of business. ¶ Each and all are scientific, that is, capable of analyzation and demonstration * Weight, size, color, number, qualities and time are all elements of science.

Theology is antique and obsolete philosophy. It never is nor ever was scientific, not being derived from knowledge. Faith is the first item in its formula. Theology comes to us from dogmatic statements gotten from books or the hearsay words of men long dead.

Theology is voodooism; in matters of importance it is in the class with alchemy, astrology, palmistry, augury and allopath medicine.

Science is understood, theology believed.

Psychology is the science of human minds and their relationship one to another.

Superstition is scrambled science, or religious omelet, flavored with fear.

Organized religion, being founded on superstition, is, perforce, not scientific. And all that which is not scientific—that is, truthful—must be bolstered by force, fear and falsehood. Thus we always find slavery and organized religion going hand in hand.

Behind every great church in feudal times was a bastille. Priests needed prisons for doubting disbelievers, for only truth is a sufficient shield. And although religion as a police system is much vaunted, a genuine and tangible police system is always needed to back up the other. ¶ John Calvin, when he ran his Reign of God, filled the prisons of Geneva so full that he was compelled to have block and broadax, fagots and stake, scaffold and hangman, all working time and a third to relieve the pressure on his prison-walls.

Organized religion is never abandoned, because property-holders, like Democratic officeholders, seldom die and never resign. A religious organization soon ceases to be religious; and finds its final form as an exclusive Social Club, with the clergyman as a social promoter.

The Foundation of Business Success

2 BUSINESS, to be successful, must be based on science, for demand and supply are matters of mathematics, not guesswork. Civilization turns on organization. And organization, in order to be of any value, must be scientific * *

Economics is a new science. History does not show a single instance of its existence in the days of Greece and Rome. They had simple mathematics, but not complex. Fractions, percentages, statistics, averages were beyond them. The blueprint, even for humorists, was unguessed. Philosophy was speculation; business was barter. Since then, up to within ten years ago, the problem of how man could save his soul has been uppermost. This world has been neglected in the endeavor to gain another.

¶ When the Science of Economics is finally formulated it will be expressed first in America. In America all the nations meet and blend. Here the factors, elements and categories of Economics are to be found. ¶ Here we have one language, and no more, and this is necessary for the expression of a new science.

The first endeavor to found Economics as a science was the work of Adam Smith.

And when Thomas Henry Buckle said that Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" had influenced the world for good more than any other book ever written, save none, he stated truth ❀ ❀

Economics changes man's activities. As you change a man's activities you change his way of living, and as you change his environment you change his state of mind. Precept and injunction do not perceptibly affect men; but food, water, air, clothing, shelter, pictures, books, music will and do.

An Indian baby taken to New England and adopted into a Massachusetts family will grow up the proud possessor of all the Yankee prejudices and peccadillos.

Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill and Karl Marx all wrote on Economics, but none was an Economist. Each based his logic largely on presumption, assumption and hypothesis. If this happens, then that will occur.

They were Political Economists—they pursued Economics as a policy, not as truth. They loved love, not the lady. They were students of Economics, and their work was not grounded in Science.

Since the days of Smith, Mill and Marx we have had many students of Economics.

But the world has not yet produced an Economist. To be an Economist, a man must first be a Scientist ❀ He must be both a man of action, and one who knows why he acts. He must work and he must contemplate his work. He must act and he must think.

Garret Philosophy

¶ SCIENTIST is a man who has done the thing—who has seen and knows. Then from his positive knowledge springs his Philosophy. And the Philosophy of a businessman, analyzed, explained and formulated, would constitute a Science of Economics.

The world has many students of Socialism, but it has not yet produced a Socialist, for Socialism has yet to be advanced from where Karl Marx carried it. And Marx himself called it a "Garret Philosophy."

All our good friends who call themselves Socialists are fed, clothed and sheltered by the present social order.

Socialism is a "Garret Philosophy," not a science, because it has never been tested. It has not advanced from conjecture and presumption into the world of fact.

It can not either be proved or disproved, because it has not been tried. It is a belief—a faith—a gospel of hope—a Dream of John Ball ❀ Whether it rings true to psychology and economics is a guess. An indictment of the present order is not an argument. Things can be imagined that are worse than the present order in America—look at Odessa!

Socialism may be true, but it lingers yet in the region of the rainbow.

What is Success?

¶ THE American Philosophy will be formulated by Scientists—by Businessmen who have succeeded. Thackeray's lawyer in the Debtors' Prison, who was working out a new financial policy for the Nation, was not a Scientist. His knowledge was academic and his scheme conjectural. Science was outside of his orbit. He lacked experience. He had feelings, but not facts. He did not have enough cosmic mortar to construct an arch.

Emotionalism, charity, altruism, optimism are not science, and they may be hysteria.

When I speak of success I do not mean it in the sordid sense.

A successful man is one who has tried, not cried; who has worked, not dodged; who has shouldered responsibility, not evaded it; who has gotten under the burden, not merely stood off, looking on, giving advice and philosophizing on the situation.

The result of a man's work is not the measure of success. To go down with the ship in storm and tempest is better than to paddle away to Paradise in an Orthodox canoe.

To have worked is to have succeeded—we leave the results to time. Life is too short to gather the Harvest—we can only sow.

The Sunken Rock

THE rock upon which the civilizations of Egypt, Greece and Rome split and went down to their death was ignorance and indifference to economics.

They went bankrupt—were insolvent—and a receiver took charge.

And you know what that means!

The average limb of the law looks upon a failing concern with the same eager interest that a wolf on the plains regards a sick cow.

¶ The cornerstone of the great nations that have lived their day and died the death was law. Lawyers ruled. And behind the lawyers there was the army. And side by side with the lawyer strode the priest—indeed, the priestly office and the legal were usually one.

Conquest and exploitation were the only ways known of acquiring wealth.

Monarchism and slavery always go together.

¶ Democracy and freedom are synonymous. Freedom symbols truth, for only free men can speak truth.

A lie is the defense of the weak; so untruth and slavery are twins.

The only man who is free is the one who has everything and wants nothing. To such a one, truth is the most natural thing in the world.

¶ A tyrant is a slave disguised in purple. Or, as Emerson expressed it, "Chains have two ends, one is attached to the slave and the other to the wrist of the owner."

Only a government founded on the consent of the governed can be called a "free government."

Said Lincoln, "A government of the people, for the people and by the people shall not perish from the earth."

This was scientific truth, for any other government is founded on the shifting sands, since at the last the people always really feed, clothe, house and maintain the government.

Political parties, where the leaders are not animated by high and holy ideals, are masked monarchies waiting for a swoop.

A government of the boss, by the boss and for the boss is a monarchy.

A government of the bunch, by the bunch and for the bunch is a tyranny—call it what you will.

Legal exploitation is polite loot; and acquisition

by political conquest is the method of Alexander the Great, carefully whitewashed by Tom Sawyer and his friends.

Modern Business Ethics

TUP to the year Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six the business world was tainted by trickery in trade. The methods of booth and bazaar were everywhere practised. Business was barter, and he who could cheat and not get caught was accounted clever. On the customs of the time there was no copyright. They were a take-over from monarchical days.

¶ But a new ethic has arrived. Within ten years' time the thought has gone through the entire business fabric that to cheat and not get caught is really a worse calamity than to get caught.

To be caught means that some one has applied the brake and you are given pause.

Not to get caught means that you are headed for the precipice on the high clutch and down grade. ✽ ✽

To cheat another is to cheat yourself.

Theology did not teach us this, for precept and preaching never touch our lives. We shed them. ✽ ✽

We are moved in only one way, and that is by self-interest. Cut off our food-supply and we are no longer apathetic.

And self-interest is a form of selfishness; it is the desire for life. It is the instinct of self-preservation in action.

It was all a matter of mental growth, evolution.

¶ The discovery of truth as our most valuable business asset is the one great achievement of the age in which we live. For truth there is no substitute, and this discovery was made by businessmen. ✽ ✽

Honesty as a working policy was first put forth by Benjamin Franklin; and his remark was regarded as a pleasantry until yesterday.

The clergy have not yet adopted it; the doctors are considering it, and the lawyers have n't heard of it.

However, all these will finally adopt it, as a last resort, as a means of self-preservation. ✽

Not Based on Falsehood

ECONOMICS based on falsehood leads to dissolution. Falsehood is a polite form of conquest. The lie is exploitation.

The preacher has diverted us while the lawyer picked our pocket; the doctor gives you ether and accomplishes the same result.

Egypt, Rome and Greece lived on their slaves

and outlying colonies. Slave labor is the most expensive kind. In time the land is exhausted, and the slaves die.

But before this happened to the capitals that were, the aristocrats who wasted, destroyed and consumed had gotten nervous debility, and were impotent, also impudent.

Then they died and the barbarian overran the land.

A wise Economist—and America has many—could have figured out exactly how long Babylon and Nineveh would have lasted.

None of these ancient civilizations produced economists. They had soothsayers, priests, lawyers, poets, artists, clowns, dramatists, orators, rhetoricians, singers, philosophers. And most of all they had guzzlers and gourmands.

But they had no scientists, and their philosophy being based on augury, dreams, theology and fear, was futile and fallacious.

A philosophy that is not founded on science is false in theory and base in practise.

The Divinity of Business

MODERN business better human environment. It means gardens, flowers, fruits, vegetables; it means quick, safe and cheap transportation of people, commodities and messages; it means books, maps, furniture, pictures, playgrounds, pure water, perfect sewerage, fresh air, sunshine, health, happiness, hope, light and love—because business gives opportunities for all to work, earn, grow and become.

Business consists in the production, transportation and distribution of the things that are necessary to human life. Through this exercise of our faculties we educe the best that is in us; in other words, we get an education.

Inasmuch as business supplies the necessities of life, it is impossible to have a highly evolved and noble race except where there is a science of business.

Business is human service.

Therefore, business is essentially a divine calling.

Once men believed religion to be the chief concern of mortals here below.

Other men have thought that killing is the chief concern of mortals here below.

Gladstone once said, "Only two avenues of honor are open to young men in England—the army and the church."

This has been the prevailing opinion of the world for nearly two thousand years, and is the one reason why the Dark Ages were dark. During those years of night the fighting man was supreme. It was a long panic, and human evolution was blocked through fear. The race crawled, crept, hid, dodged, secreted, lied and nearly died.

We now say that the Science of Economics, or Business, is the chief concern of humanity. Business is intelligent, useful activity. The word "busy-ness" was coined during the time of Chaucer by certain soldier-aristocrats, men of the leisure class, who prided themselves upon the fact that they did no useful thing. Men of power proved their prowess by holding slaves, and these slaves did all the work. To be idle showed that one was not a slave.

But this word "business," first flung in contempt, like Puritan, Methodist and Quaker, has now become a thing of which to be proud. Idleness is the disgrace, not busy-ness.

The world can be redeemed only through business; for business means betterment, and no business can now succeed that does not add to human happiness.

Men of Power

IN Wisconsin I saw a palace in a park, clear back in the country. It was a general store, where everything was sold that people use and need. This store had rest-rooms, bathrooms, lunchrooms, a library and an art-gallery. It was simply a store for farmers and their families. The owner ministers to human needs, and he is making money. He is helping himself by helping others.

In all the great cities are stores and factories that are radiating centers of beauty, education and industry, where the welfare of employees and of the public is carefully considered by men of power.

That errors and inequalities exist in business is very true; but they must and can be righted without destroying the business fabric. Just here are required men with great insight, patience, poise and love of kind. Fanatics and reformers with a Gospel of Despair should be shunned.

He who makes war on business removes the roof from homes, takes the bread from mouths, leaves human bodies naked to the storm—replaces confidence with fear, hope with dread, love with hate, and robs men of their right to work.

It is a great thing to maintain a Payroll! ✱ If in the last two thousand years men had devoted one-half as much time to this world as to another, one-half as much time to business as they have to war, this earth would now be a paradise, peopled with a noble, happy, self-sufficient race, proof against panic. A panic is just a little cross-section of the Dark Ages. Make it permanent and you have the Dark Ages, indeed.

The world has had enough of war. War means destruction, waste, violence, disease, desolation, poverty and death. War arises from an ignorance of Economics.

Man's Greatest Blessing

✱ We believe that only the busy person is happy, and that systematic, daily, useful work is man's greatest blessing.

This country is built on business.

We are a nation of workers, builders, inventors, creators, producers.

We are the richest country, per capita, in the world; and our wealth has come from the farm, the forest, the factory, the mine, the sea.

✱ We have dug, plowed, pumped, smelted, refined, transported and manufactured. We did not inherit our wealth, neither have we laid tribute on other countries as did those earlier civilizations.

Any individual who uses the word "commercial" as an epithet, who regards business enterprise as synonymous with graft and greed, who speaks of certain men as "self-made" and others as "educated," who gives more attention to war than to peace, who seeks to destroy rather than to create and build up, is essentially un-American.

The word "education" sometimes stands for idleness, but The American Philosophy symbols work, effort, industry. It means intelligent, thoughtful, reasonable and wise busy-ness—helping yourself by helping others.

The world's greatest prizes in the future will go to the businessman. The businessman is our only scientist, and to him we must look for a Science of Economics that will eradicate poverty, disease, superstition—all that dissipates and destroys. ✱ The day is dawning!

✱ Woman's inaptitude for reasoning has not prevented her from arriving at truth; nor has man's ability to reason prevented him from floundering in absurdity. Logic is one thing, and commonsense another.

Thomas Paine, the Patriot



It is cause for congratulation that, at last, there is a market in America for the complete writings of Thomas Paine, issued in artistic shape and printed in a style that will appeal to men and women who love a beautiful, well-made book.

My old friend, Joseph Leon Gobeille, Bibliophile Extraordinary, says that books are not to read; books are to love.

✱ This is certainly true.

There is something besides mere reading matter in a book ✱ A book is a symbol, a shadow, a perfume, a suggestion. I own many books that I have never read and never expect to read, but I look at the backs of them with great interest hundreds of times during the course of a year. Sometimes I fondle and caress them.

If you love an author and know that he lived a great life, and succeeded or nobly failed, to have the words he wrote well printed in a book is a joy.

Intellectual America has been too weak, too cowardly, too craven, to admit Thomas Paine into our Pantheon of Letters until within the last ten years. The honest, judicial and well-written "Life of Paine," by Moncure D. Conway, appeared about ten years ago. And now come the complete writings of Thomas Paine in twelve volumes, issued by Vincent Parke and Company, Union Square, New York City.

The books are beautiful, well printed, simply and substantially bound—and are a credit to the bookmaker, the editor and every one who had anything to do with them.

On going over these books, one is impressed with the distance we have traveled. Thomas Paine was a Deist. The philosophy he expressed was the philosophy of Starr King, Theodore Parker, Minot Savage, David Swing, Hiram W. Thomas, Henry Frank, B. Fay Mills ✱ There is nothing in them that astonishes, even the average orthodox mind; nothing that shocks ✱ ✱

In Robert Ingersoll we find doubt and denial of a very different type. Yet Ingersoll did a splendid work, a necessary work, and he did

it so well that it will never have to be done again ♫ ♫

But we have gone beyond both Paine and Ingersoll. Our religion is one of creation and building, founded on The American Philosophy. And The American Philosophy is founded on scientific Economics.

It is Ethical Monism, and to this neither Paine nor Ingersoll ever attained.

Paine was the greatest writer of his day. He was one of the greatest patriots of his time, and America owes him a great debt of devotion.

¶ When Washington was at Valley Forge and American Independence was only a forlorn hope, Thomas Paine suffered with the soldiers; and to renew their courage and to animate the country, he there, on a drumhead, wrote that remarkable pamphlet entitled, "The Crisis." The opening words of this booklet have passed into the current coin of speech. Here they are:

"These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will in this crisis shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it NOW, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman ♫ Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly; 't is dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange, indeed, if so celestial an article as Freedom should not be highly rated."

The Pennsylvania Magazine

¶ THOMAS PAINE was an English mechanic, of Quaker origin, born in the year Seventeen Hundred Thirty-seven ♫ He was the author of four books that have influenced mankind profoundly. These books are, "Common Sense," "The Age of Reason," "The Crisis" and "The Rights of Man."

In Seventeen Hundred Seventy-four, when he was thirty-seven years old, he came to America bearing letters of introduction from Benjamin Franklin ♫ ♫

On arriving at Philadelphia he soon found work as editor of "The Pennsylvania Magazine."

In Seventeen Hundred Seventy-five, in the magazine just named, he openly advocated and prophesied a speedy separation of the American Colonies from England. He also

threw a purple shadow over his popularity by declaring his abhorrence of chattel slavery.

¶ His writings, from the first, commanded a profound attention, and on the advice and suggestion of Doctor Benjamin Rush, an eminent citizen of Philadelphia, the scattered editorials and paragraphs on human rights, covering a year, were gathered, condensed, revised, made into a book.

This "pamphlet," or paper-bound book, was called "Common Sense."

In France, John Adams was accused of writing "Common Sense." He stoutly denied it, there being several allusions in it stronger than he cared to stand sponsor for.

In England, Franklin was accused of being the author, and he neither denied nor admitted it. But when a lady reproached him for having used the fine alliterative phrase, applied to the king, "That Royal British Brute," he smiled and said blandly, "Madame, I would never have been as disrespectful to the brute creation as that."

A Literary Arsenal

COMMON SENSE" struck the keynote of popular feeling, and the accusation of "treason," hurled at it from many sources, only served to advertise it. It supplied the common people with reasons, and gave statesmen arguments. The Legislature of Pennsylvania voted Paine an honorarium of five hundred pounds, and the University of Pennsylvania awarded him the degree of "Master of Arts," in recognition of eminent services to literature and human rights. John Quincy Adams said, "Paine's Pamphlet, 'Common Sense,' crystallized public opinion and was the first factor in bringing about the Revolution."

The Reverend Theodore Parker once said: "Every living man in America in Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six, who could read, read 'Common Sense,' by Thomas Paine. If he were a Tory, he read it, at least a little, just to find out for himself how atrocious it was; and if he were a Whig, he read it all to find the reasons why he was one. This book was the arsenal to which Colonists went for their mental weapons."

As "Common Sense" was published anonymously and without copyright, and was circulated at cost, Paine never received anything for the work, save the twenty-five hundred dollars voted to him by the Legislature.

When independence was declared, Paine

enlisted as a private, but was soon made aide-de-camp to General Greene. He was an intrepid and effective soldier and took an active part in various battles.

The Crisis

IN December, Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six, he published his second book, "The Crisis," the first words of which have gone into the electrotype of human speech, "These are the times that try men's souls." The intent of the letters which make up "The Crisis" was to infuse courage into the sinking spirits of the soldiers. Washington ordered the letters to be read at the head of every regiment, and it was so done.

In Seventeen Hundred Eighty-one, Paine was sent to France with Colonel Laurens to negotiate a loan. The errand was successful, and Paine then made influential acquaintances, which were later to be renewed. He organized the Bank of North America, to raise money to feed and clothe the army, and performed sundry and various services for the Colonies.

The Rights of Man

IN Seventeen Hundred Ninety-one, he published his third book, "The Rights of Man," with a complimentary preface by Thomas Jefferson. The book had an immense circulation in America and England. By way of left-handed recognition of the work, the author was indicted by the British Government for "sedition." A day was set for the trial, but as Paine did not appear—those were hanging days—and could not be found, he was outlawed and "banished forever."

He became a member of the French Assembly, or "Chamber of Deputies," and for voting against the death of the king came under suspicion, and was imprisoned for one year, lacking a few weeks. His life was saved by James Monroe, America's minister to France, and for eighteen months he was a member of Monroe's household.

The Age of Reason

IN Seventeen Hundred Ninety-four, while in France, there was published simultaneously in England, America and France, Paine's fourth book, "The Age of Reason." In Eighteen Hundred Two, Thomas Jefferson, then President of the United States, offered Paine passage to America on board the man-of-war, "Maryland," in order that he might be safe from capture by the English, who had him under constant surveillance, and were

intent on his arrest, regarding him as the chief instigator in the American Rebellion. Arriving in America, Paine was the guest for several months of the President at Monticello. His admirers in Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York gave banquets in his honor, and he was tendered grateful recognition on account of his services to humanity and his varied talents. He was presented by the State of New York, "in token of heroic work for the Union," a farm at New Rochelle, eighteen miles from New York, and here he lived in comparative ease, writing and farming ❖ ❖

Paine's Epitaph

HE passed away peacefully, aged seventy-two, in Eighteen Hundred Nine, and his body was buried on his farm, near the house where he lived, and a modest monument erected marking the spot. He had no Christian burial, although, unlike Mr. Zangwill, he had a Christian name. Nine years after the death of Paine, William Cobbett, the eminent English reformer, stung by the obloquy visited upon the memory of Paine in America, had the grave opened and the bones of the man who wrote the first draft of our Declaration of Independence were removed to England, and buried near the spot where he was born. Death having silenced both the tongue and the pen of the Thetford weaver, no violent interference was offered by the British government. So now the dead man slept where the presence of the living one was barred and forbidden. A modest monument marks the spot. Beneath the name are these words, "The world is my country, mankind are my friends, to do good is my religion."

In Eighteen Hundred Thirty-nine, a monument was erected at New Rochelle, New York, on the site of the empty grave where the body of Paine was first buried, by the lovers and admirers of the man. And while only one land claims his birthplace, three countries dispute for the privilege of honoring his dust, for in France there is now a strong movement demanding that the remains of Thomas Paine be removed from England to France, and be placed in the Pantheon, that resting-place of so many of the illustrious dead who gave their lives to the cause of Freedom, close by the graves of Voltaire, Rousseau and Victor Hugo. And the reason the bones were not removed to Paris was because only an empty coffin

rests in the grave at Thetford, as at New Rochelle. Rumor says that Paine's skull is in a London museum, but if so, the head that produced "The Age of Reason" can not be identified. And the end is not yet!

Paine's Humble Origin

THE genius of Paine was a flower that blossomed slowly. But life is a sequence and the man who does great work has been in training for it. There is nothing like keeping in condition—one does not know when he is going to be called upon. Prepared people do not have to hunt for a position—the position hunts for them. Paine knew no more about what he was getting ready for than did Benjamin Franklin, when at twenty he studied French, evenings, and dived deep into history.

The humble origin of Paine and his Quaker ancestry were most helpful factors in his career. Only a workingman who had tasted hardship could sympathize with the overtaxed and oppressed. And Quakerdom made him a rebel by prenatal tendency. Paine's schooling was slight, but his parents, though poor, were thinking people, for nothing sharpens the wits of men, preventing fatty degeneration of the cerebrum, like persecution. In this respect the Jews and the Quakers have been greatly blessed and benefited—let us congratulate them. Very early in life Paine acquired the study habit. And for the youth who has the study habit no pedagogic tears need be shed. There were debating-clubs at coffeehouses, where great themes were discussed; and our young weaver began his career by defending the Quakers. He acquired considerable local reputation as a weaver of thoughts upon the warp and woof of words. Occasionally he occupied the pulpit in dissenting chapels.

These were great times in England—the air was all a-throb with thought and feeling. A great tidal wave of unrest swept the land. It was an epoch of growth, second only in history to the Italian Renaissance. The two Wesleys were attacking the church and calling upon men to methodize their lives and eliminate folly; Gibbon was writing his "Decline and Fall"; Burke, in the House of Commons, was polishing his brogue; Boswell was busy blithering about a book concerning a man; Captain Cook was sailing the seas finding continents; the two Pitts and Charles Fox were giving the king unpalatable advice;

Horace Walpole was setting up his private press at Strawberry Hill; the Herschels—brother and sister—were sweeping the heavens for comets; Reynolds, Lawrence, Romney, West and Gainsborough were founding the first school of British Art; and Hume, the Scotchman, was putting forth arguments irrefutable. And into this seething discontent came Thomas Paine, the weaver, reading, studying, thinking, talking, with nothing to lose but his reputation. He was twenty-seven years of age when he met Ben Franklin, at a coffeehouse in London. Paine got his first real mental impetus from Franklin. Both were workingmen. Paine sat and watched and listened to Franklin one whole evening, and then said, "What he is I can at least in part become." Paine thought Franklin quite the greatest man of his time, an opinion he never relinquished, and which also, among various others held by Paine, the world has now finally accepted.

The Saviors of the World

A GREAT deal has been said by the admirers of Thomas Paine about the abuse and injustice heaped upon his name, and the prevarications concerning his life, by press and pulpit and those who profess a life of love, meekness and humility. But we should remember that all this vilification was really the tribute that mediocrity pays to genius. To escape censure one only has to move with the mob, think with the mob, do nothing that the mob does not do—then you are safe. The saviors of the world have usually been crucified between thieves, despised, forsaken, spit upon, rejected of men. In their lives they seldom had a place where they could safely lay their weary heads, and dying their bodies were either hidden in another man's tomb or else subjected to the indignities which the living man failed to survive: torn limb from limb, eyeless, headless, armless, burned and the ashes scattered or sunk in the sea.

And the peculiar thing is that most of this frightful inhumanity was the work of so-called good men, the pillars of society, the respectable element, what we are pleased to call "our first citizens," instigated by the Church that happened to be in power. Socrates poisoned, Aristides ostracized, Aristotle fleeing for his life, Jesus crucified, Paul beheaded, Peter crucified head downward, Savonarola martyred, Spinoza hunted, tracked and cursed,

and an order issued that no man should speak to him or supply him food or shelter, Bruno burned, Galileo imprisoned, Huss, Servetus, Latimer and Tyndale used for kindling—all this in the name of religion, institutional religion, the one thing that has caused more misery, heartaches, bloodshed, war, than all other causes combined. Leo Tolstoy said, "Love, truth, compassion, service, sympathy, tenderness exist in the hearts of men, and are the essence of religion, but try to encompass these things in an institution and you get a church—and the Church stands for and has always stood for coercion, intolerance, injustice and cruelty."

The Menace of the Church

NO man ever lifted up his voice or pen in a criticism against love, truth, compassion, service, sympathy and tenderness. And if he had, do you think that love, truth, compassion, service, sympathy, tenderness would feel it necessary to go after him with stocks, chains, thumbscrews and torches? You can not imagine it. Then what is it goes after men who criticize the prevailing religion and show where it can be improved upon? Why, it is hate, malice, vengeance, jealousy, injustice, intolerance, cruelty, fear.

The reason the Church does not visit upon its critics today the same cruelties that it did three hundred years ago is simply because it has not the power. Incorporate a beautiful sentiment and hire a man to preach and defend it, and then buy property and build costly buildings in which to preach your beautiful sentiment, and if the gentleman who preaches your beautiful sentiment is criticized, he will fight and suppress his critics if he can. And the reason he fights his critics is not because he believes the beautiful sentiment will suffer, but because he fears losing his position, which carries with it ease, honors and food, and a parsonage and a church, taxes free.

Just as soon as the gentleman employed to defend and preach the beautiful sentiment grows fearful about the permanency of his position, and begins to have goose-flesh when a critic's name is mentioned, the beautiful sentiment evaporates out of the window, and exists only in that place forever as a name. The Church is ever a menace to all beautiful sentiments, because it is an economic institution, and the chief distributor of degrees, titles and honors.

Anything that threatens to curtail its power it is bound to oppose and suppress, if it can. Men who cease useful work in order to devote themselves to religion are right in the same class with women who quit work to make a business of love. Men who know history and humanity and have reasonably open minds are not surprised at the treatment visited upon Paine by the country he had so much benefited. Superstition and hallucination are really one thing, and fanaticism, which is mental obsession, easily becomes acute, and the whirling dervish runs amuck at sight of a man whose religious opinions are different from his own.

The Moral Duty of Man

PAINE got off very easy; he lived his life, and expressed himself freely to the last. Men who discover continents are destined to die in chains. That is the price they pay for the privilege of sailing on, and on, and on. Said Paine:

"The moral duty of a man consists in imitating the moral goodness and beneficence of God manifested in the Creation towards all creatures. That seeing, as we daily do, the goodness of God to all men, it is an example calling upon all men to practise towards each other, and consequently that everything of persecution and revenge between man and man, and everything of cruelty to animals, is a violation of moral duty."



With approval from the Elect Few, the opinions of the many matter little.



Let Weemen Hev Their Way

By Edwin Leibfreed

LET the weemen hev their way.
That's what I tol' Swope one day.
He and Mandy had a fuss;
Swope talked back, and things got wuss,
Then he come a-vis'tin' me,
Edgin' 'round for sympathy.

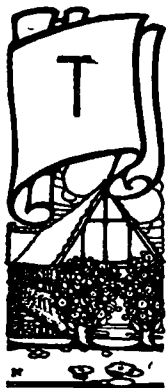
"Swope," I says, "it ain't no use
Gittin' madder than the deuce.
When a woman thinks she's right
Shet yer trap up good and tight.
Gawd Himself ain't got no say,
When a woman wants her way."



The family is the unit of happiness.—David Graham Phillips.

The Unearned Joy-Ride

By Alice Hubbard



THE Ideal Community, as many Marxian Socialists picture it, is essentially an orthodox idea. Heaven—orthodox Heaven—is a place, and not a condition of mind. It is a beautiful city, whose streets are paved with gold (ninety-eight per cent pure), mansions prepared by some one else.

In Heaven the rich are at a disadvantage, and the poor are to have special honors to compensate for poverty endured here on earth. Every day will be Sunday in Heaven, which means that it is wicked to work there—a thought fraught with great comfort to the Oriental.

A few glimpses of green pastures and still waters are given now and then. There are harps waiting for all, and everybody is to play the harp. Much singing of holy! holy! holy! and no one without a crown.

Those who start work at the eleventh hour receive as much pay as those who begin at sunrise and toil through the heat of the day. To get into Heaven, to squeeze through the gate past the keeper, gives admission to eternal happiness.

To smuggle a soul up the back stairway into Heaven is all right, provided a priest can be found who will help do it.

A life of debauchery followed by crime, and then a deathbed repentance, is on a par with that of one who has traveled hopefully and joyously, helping to lift and carry the burden of the world for long years.

There is no responsibility in Heaven: no bills to meet; no planning to do; no promises to keep; no being on time; no taking the consequences of poor judgment and good. All acts are equally good in Heaven. There is no evolution there, for all are perfect at entrance.

¶ The journey to Heaven is not spoken of except as a sorrowful, painful operation, to be endured with patience and fortitude. The goal is the thing. The watchword is "Arrive."

¶ The pilgrim's progress closes with getting through the gateway into Paradise. It is like the last paragraph in the old novel, "And they were married and lived happily ever after."

This is of course a fairy-tale for children. ¶ Children want things. Santa Claus may bring them something, or a stranger may, or parents—anybody—the giver is forgotten in the transient joy over the gift. And the things are not valued for long. They are soon broken, uncared for, because the child has not learned what is valuable. He has not earned his plaything.

The Sense of Values

FOURTEEN people built Athens. It is a dream in marble, the despair of all builders since the Age of Pericles. It was the will and brain and tireless energy of this one man Pericles that caused this city to be the miracle in stone which was to rival all cities for all time. ¶ Pericles and Aspasia, with twelve men who believed as they did and who were one with them, made this work possible.

Athens survived thirty-three years—one generation—and then the mob had its way and disintegrated the city.

Athens comes into history as a fragment, a relic.

Lecky says that great cities are always the work of a few individuals, and their destruction is the work of the mob.

The undeveloped mind does not know values. To it a statue made by Phidias is of no more worth than one sold today by vendors in the streets of Rome. And the reason is this: there is nothing within that corresponds to this expression of Phidias. The mob never worked out of its brain and heart a city fairer by far than any dream. So the mob can turn to vandalism and wreck and rob.

The artist can not destroy the work he does; it would be suicide.

Ideal Communities

¶ IN the ideal community there is no leader in authority. All lead. No one commands. All command. No one obeys.

Socialism is a Utopian dream as near realization now as in the time of Sir Thomas More.

¶ Once, in the Wordsworth country, there were three poets who loved and sung. And they had beautiful dreams. Later, they used a little morphine to intensify the dream. The three poets married three sisters, and tried to borrow money so that they might come to America and found an ideal colony.

They never crossed the ocean. But they formed a community, not ideal, however. Two of the poets left their families with the third to care

for while they sang the immunities of Pan. Southey, the only practical poet among them, told to a purpose how the waters came down at Lodore.

Practical men have not yet seen Utopia except in a vision by night.

The conclusions of these dreamers would be all right if their premises were true. They take for granted that all men are born free and equal, physically, mentally and morally, with the same will, desire and purpose.

All men should be equally good. We every one acknowledge that. But whose idea of good shall be the standard of measurement? That has been the Procrustean bed of agony through the ages of the world.

Socialism wants all people to be equally rich. It thinks there should be one big purse, and each and everybody have the same access to it.

¶ And this would be most beautiful if each body took just so much out every day and put back the same sum at night. But suppose one man has taken out thirty times yesterday and put in nothing. When you speak to him about it, he says the law of his nature demands it and you must not question his act.

When you ask him whether he has added anything to the purse, he politely hints that you are not minding your own business.

To the Procrustean with you! He is living above law and you are fussing about money.

¶ The majority of those who would have access to the common fund might feel as this man ♪ To spend is easy. To earn and save is more difficult ♪ ♪

In Socialism there would be no way to compel those who spend to do their share, for each has rights equal to any other. Each is free to act his own nature.

So the purse is empty according to natural law ♪ ♪

Socialism has forgotten that private ownership and care of property were the factors of most importance in the civilization and development of man ♪ ♪

The Fallacy of Communism

♪ ♪ RESPONSIBILITY must be heavy on man's shoulders to make him think, to make him active and alert ♪ Give him enough pension and he will sit the livelong day under the bow-tree's contemplative shade in a comatose state, wooing Nirvana.

Where the clouds are all the blanket man needs, the dome of heaven his roof, where

the trees drop food at his feet, are conditions which make something less than a man.

"High hopes faint on a warm hearthstone."

¶ Argue as we may that it ought not to be so, yet the stubborn fact remains, it is.

Dugald Stewart says, "The great secret of happiness is to study to accommodate our own minds to things external, rather than to accommodate things external to ourselves."

¶ Socialists tell us of wrong and unpleasant environment. They say that the State owes to humanity the right surroundings.

A man experienced in the life of the poorest districts of New York City tells us that he has seen a family of twelve taken from one room and placed in a seven-room house well furnished and complete. In two days the twelve were again huddled together in a single room.

¶ The community idea, the ideal communal life, is old, ages old. Man is gregarious and knows that alone he is nothing.

Communities have been built up and have prospered for a time, but no community has endured, nor can it, and fulfil the Socialistic dream, because the premise on which they base their thought is not true—because their purpose is to make life easier for all.

They say that five hours' work is enough to make everybody live well, and they would have the other nineteen hours to do with as each wills.

Five hours and everybody stop for the day! Cooks! Mothers! Everybody!

The wheat is dry in the field and the sky is black with a thunderstorm. "Never mind," said the Brook farmers, "we have worked our five hours, and this time is sacred to study and recreation."

This is a theory, but no city or industry was ever built up on five hours of work each day and no more.

It is the principle of a Socialist. Brook Farm is only a memory.

I was talking with a woman the other day who, a few years ago, went with five hundred dollars to join the Ruskin Socialistic Community. This initial admission-fee was all the money to be required, theoretically.

All were on an absolute equality, having paid the five hundred.

Such residents could not be ousted nor safely criticized nor reprovved.

Stockholders were accountable to no one. In a year from the time this woman became a

member of the large family, the sheriff had charge ♪ ♪

"What part of the place went into dissolution first?" we asked. "The common dining-room and kitchen," she said. Waste was everywhere ♪ Everybody took what he wanted. Spoons, knives, forks, dishes were placed on the tables at night ready for the next breakfast. In the morning half had been taken to the rooms of those who wanted them. Each had an equal share in the institution—why could they not do what they wanted with it? Each had as good a right as any other ♪ ♪

The rooms never got stocked, for breakage and carelessness caused dishes to disappear and the tables were perpetually robbed.

And the china-closet became empty. No more credit. Nothing to eat with. Nothing to eat. Fire out. The hearth was cold. Those who had anywhere to go, went.

The Root of the Matter

THE Socialists say this is not a picture of an ideal condition. And they are right. It is not. This is simply a glimpse of the real Socialistic Communities that have had their day and then out, out, brief candle!

The trouble is with the people. If you could find on earth your ideal people, you might get your Ideal Community, or not—I am not sure.

¶ But we have people as they are to deal with. "What kind of a man will I be in Elysium?" asked Crito of Socrates, after one of the discourses on the immortality of the soul ♪ "The same kind of a man you are here," was the logician's reply.

An old Quaker was one morning watering his cow at the town well, when the new neighbor drove his horse up to the trough.

¶ "What kind of people live in this village?" asked the newcomer.

"What kind of people did thee live amongst where thee came from?" asked the Quaker.

¶ "Oh, it was a good place to get away from. The people were always taking advantage of me and were small and mean."

"I am very sorry, neighbor. Thee will find the same here."

And the man did. He quarreled with all who would quarrel and soon moved on.

In a few months another family came to the same town. The Quaker met the new neighbor at the well. The same question was asked by the stranger. Again the Friend asked his.

"What kind of people did we have where we moved from?" said the stranger. "The best and dearest people on earth ♪ We wept in deepest sorrow to leave them."

"Be of good cheer! Thee will find just as good and beautiful people here," said the old man. And the new stranger did.

What kind of a man will I be in an ideal Socialistic Community? Just the same kind of a man you are out of it.

How good a living can I earn in such ideal surroundings? Oh, just the same as you earned before ♪ ♪

If you are wise, industrious and faithful before Socialism is "voted in," you will probably be so after ♪ ♪

If you are able to live happily with the people who are about you now, and if you are a beneficent blessing to them, you probably would be successful in community life.

The Quest of Happiness

BUT those who are successful and happy in their present surroundings are not founding Socialistic Communities. They are content. It is the unsuccessful, the whipped out, sick and undone who want the wings of a dove that they may fly for refuge where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. They come with all their burdens and cast them down on the front steps of the Community House ♪ They announce their arrival with joy: "We've come! At last, we've come! Oh, how we have longed for this place, and now we are here! It is Heaven! It is too good to be true! We have come to share everything!"

They rest for days, basking in the luxury your nineteen hours a day of industry has held together ♪ ♪

If you ask them to share in the toil, in bearing the burden, the ideal surroundings have changed. They find that they have been cheated—the place has been misrepresented to them. Everything is mismanaged and wrong ♪ Your people are the crudest and rudest they have ever seen. The whole place lacks culture and refinement.

There is a floating population of such discontents known to all hospitable industries. They go from settlement to settlement looking for ease. ¶ They are children in wanting gifts of things. They are like the diseased and dying, in wanting to be let alone. Gravitation, inertia, is the law they obey.

You can not explain to them that the highest rest is in motion, and that the only way to get life is in action.

They can not understand that ideal surroundings are only desirable and a benefit to those who have secreted them.

To have created and maintained the ideal conditions is all there is about it that is ideal.

¶ The exercise of the doing, the development gained, the capability evolved by soul, brain and body, are all any human being has.

What you have worked out is an expression of yourself, and this expression belongs to you. Any one masquerading in another's garments sooner or later proclaims the misfit.

The greatness of one who has not acquired greatness through his own effort and exercise is like the muscle acquired via a masseur.

Work is work, whether it is where you are working now or in "ideal conditions" conjured forth by the imagination. If you do not get your joy from your work now, the supposition that you will not elsewhere is a sane one.

¶ When we learn that happiness comes from within our own heart and not from without, that the power which plays through ourselves is the only help we ever have, then we shall be ready to live with ideal people and help to make an expression that is ideal because our hearts live near to God.

And then shall we know that happiness and all that is blessed is not a matter of things or places or people, but a condition of mind and heart.

The few communities that have succeeded have been one-man power. There has been one purpose that has ruled with a rod of iron. There has been one will that has withstood the earthquakes of discouragement and melancholia on the part of the helpers. One will has remained unflinching when the twelve were ready to run for safety under cover of the night. One will has said, "I give my all to this enterprise." One will has said, "I sail in this ship or I sink with it." One will has said, "If you sail on this ship you must obey."

Only such communities will live.

¶ It is not Brick and Mortar and hewn Stone that make the University. Neither splendid Faculties and costly Laboratories, nor Riches and Power and Degrees, nor these combined, but Ideals harmonized into a grand Unity by conscious, appreciative souls.—C. A. Bowsher.

Depew's Birthday Speech

Before the Montauk Club, Brooklyn, New York



O language can express fittingly my pleasure at the renewal of your greeting. For nearly two decades you have gathered annually in honor of my birthday. Members of all political parties, and all religious faiths, men in the professions, men in business, in journalism, in literature, in the multifarious activities and antagonisms of American life, lay their differences aside for this festive night, as they have done during all these years. This holding in abeyance and suspension the antagonisms which divide men upon many lines is only ordinarily possible at a funeral. Even in that case, some go as far as did the late Judge Hoar, who detested Wendell Phillips, and when requested by the family to be a pallbearer, sent back word declining, but with the remark, "I approve of the proceedings." It is a refutation of the universal charge against us that we are so absorbed in materialism that we have lost all faculty for the healthy enjoyment of association and that attrition of minds without rancor which promotes truth and longevity; for tonight, whatever we were yesterday or will be tomorrow, is devoted whole-heartedly and unselfishly to comradeship and good-fellowship. ❀

"What Does It All Amount to?"

¶ It seventy-six the world ought to seem no different on its spiritual, its ethical and its human side than it did at forty-six. A statesman and politician who had won many distinctions and been blessed with a multitude of devoted followers closed his career and his life with the pathetic inquiry, "What does it all amount to?" If I should attempt to estimate what the world had all amounted to for me from the day I entered Peekskill Academy at ten years of age until this hour, volumes would not suffice, and, therefore, I sum it all up in this, "For a long life, abounding in good things, in a capacity for enjoying everything, in reciprocal attachments and contributions with multitudes of men and women, in more than my share of health and of happiness, I reverently thank God both that I am alive and that I have lived." ❀

I read an account the other day of a Russian, named Ivan Kusman, who was admitted to the hospital in Saint Petersburg at the age of one hundred thirty-eight years. He remembered Napoleon's burning of Moscow, and the few incidents that occur in the career of a Russian peasant. He was an agricultural laborer for a mere pittance during this whole period, and could neither read nor write. That is not an experience to be envied. It enforces Tennyson's lines, "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." But, on the contrary, when you think of Auber composing his best operas at eighty-nine, and Manuel Garcia still an instructor in vocal culture at one hundred, and Whittier singing immortal songs at eighty-five, you are in contact with men who have lived and who know "what it all amounts to."

Carnaro's Philosophy

THERE is an Eastern maxim that every man at forty is either a fool or a physician. It is eminently true. That old Italian, Carnaro, who found all his associates in Venice dying at forty, made up his mind that these tragedies were due to excesses. He had the strength of will to adopt a very severe and frugal regimen, both in eating and drinking. At eighty he published his experiences for the benefit of those who were still dying or likely to die at forty. At ninety and at one hundred he repeated the publication and enforced the lesson of the happiness which had come to him with health and longevity, declaring the same might be shared by every man. His plan was very simple. Out of the many things he liked, he selected a few for his table, masticated them thoroughly, long before fletcherism was known, and limited the quantity by measurement upon the scales to half what he had usually devoured, reduced his wine to the minimum, and at that time tobacco had not been discovered.

Threescore and Ten

FIFTY-FOUR years in public and semi-public life, and upon the platform all over this country and in Europe for all sorts of objects in every department of human interest, have given me a larger acquaintance than almost anybody else living. The sum of observation and experience growing out of this opportunity is that, granted normal conditions, no hereditary troubles, and barring accidents and plagues, the man who dies before

seventy commits suicide. Mourning the loss of friends has led me to study the causes of their earlier departure. It could invariably be traced to intemperance in the broadest sense of that word: intemperance in eating, in drinking, in the gratification of desires, in work and in irregularity of hours, crowning it all with unnecessary worry. Pythagoras said, "Beware of ballots if you wish to live long." In other words, the old philosopher advised keeping out of politics. In his time the defeated party ran the risk of death, or imprisonment, or exile, and so the advice was good, "Beware of ballots." But in our country, where the citizen is a sovereign and responsible for the government of his country, his State, his city, his village or his town, an active interest in public affairs and party management gives healthy circulation to the blood, healthy exercise and activity to the muscles, and inspiration and enlargement to the mind, and satisfaction in results, which all tend to length of years and usefulness.

The Year Eighteen Hundred Thirty-Four

THE year of my birth, Eighteen Hundred Thirty-four, seems a long way off on the calendar, but mighty short in the retrospect. The Roman Emperor Hadrian spent the revenues of an empire upon astrologers who should forecast his future from the conjunction of the stars at his birth. If you are so inclined, you can have that work done now for fifty cents. But suppose we leave the stars to the astronomer and come down to earth. In Eighteen Hundred Thirty-four, Cardinal Gibbons, Doctor Eliot of Harvard, President Benjamin Harrison, Justice Harlan of the Supreme Court, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, and Edmund Clarence Stedman, the poet, also fell under the influence of the powers of Heaven and earth which started them on their careers. Every year has its distinction, but this one seems to have brought forth more than most others of the things which have influenced the world. In it were organized the first National Temperance Association and the first National Anti-Slavery Society.

The idea of temperance at that time was purely voluntary. Statutory restrictions had not been dreamed of. At that time and for twenty years afterward, drunkenness was our national vice. At a large dinner like this, a considerable portion of the guests would always be hopelessly gone, and at private dinners of fourteen,

Some More History

A LITTLE over a year ago the Equitable Life Assurance Society celebrated its fiftieth birthday.

Many people do not know how long fifty years is.

Time can only be measured by deeds. If nothing happens, time is merely an illusion.

When the Equitable was organized, A. T. Stewart's "Business Palace" was uptown, and it was the finest and biggest building in New York. All of A. T. Stewart's clerks were male men. The only women around the store, save customers, sold apples on the curb in front.

There were 'buses on Broadway; and there were three horsecar lines on other streets. The cars ran every half-hour. The fare was ten cents, or three tickets for a quarter. Transfers were yet to come.

There were no stenographers in business offices.

There were no typewriters, and consequently no typewritists.

Telephone troubles were unguessed.

There were thirty-three States in the Union.

The population of the United States was thirty-one million.

The postage on a letter to California was fifty cents, and if your correspondent replied promptly you got his answer in six months.

The voyage from Liverpool to New York in the fastest steamer was thirteen days.

The trip from New York to Chicago took three nights and four days, and you changed cars seven times.

There were no sleeping-cars, and no dining-cars.

There was n't a hotel in New York that had a room with bath attached.

The first year's business of the Equitable showed no losses by death, and no dividends were paid to either stockholders or policy-holders. The salary list, attorneys' fees and fees of examining physicians and all expenses totaled nine thousand five hundred dollars for the year.

The Equitable turned the corner into its second year with capital unimpaired and a surplus of ninety-six thousand dollars.

Being An Advertisement

Written by Elbert Hubbard

The president of the big competing company, who a year before had sneezed, now coughed.

Since its founding The Equitable has paid back to its policy-holders—mostly widows and orphans—over seven hundred and fifty million dollars.

The Equitable was the first life-insurance company to adopt the immediate-payment plan. Ninety-eight per cent of its losses are paid the day proofs are received.

Some critics, kindly, but misinformed, imagine that the surplus of the Equitable is withdrawn from circulation and hoarded. This is a great mistake. The amount of actual cash on hand is insignificant. The surplus is put back into circulation through carefully secured loans to the business world.

Over a thousand clerks are employed at the Home Office. System and organization are complete. Absolute economy is on every hand. Industry is the unfailing rule.

From errand-boys to president everybody works and works hard. Good-cheer prevails, and there are enough breathing spells to prevent work becoming drudgery. But the thought that to work for the Equitable is to be a servant of the people is never forgotten.

The Equitable stands for human service.

Through numbers it eliminates accident, abolishes chance, blots out risk, and gives an assurance against dire calamity which no individual, or group of individuals, can possibly bestow. Insure in the Equitable and your peace of mind is assured.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

of the United States

"Strongest in the World"

The Company which pays its death-claims on the same day that it receives them.
PAUL MORTON, President. One Hundred Twenty Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend to us some good man—or woman—to represent us there? There are great opportunities today in LIFE-INSURANCE WORK for THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

sixteen or twenty, it was common for several of the guests to be disgracefully drunk. This never occurs now, either at public or private entertainments, no matter how free the wine.

The Anti-Slavery Movement

THE purport of the anti-slavery movement was perfectly understood by the slaveholders and their sympathizers. Meetings in New York and in Philadelphia were broken up by riots which sometimes lasted for days, and in which many were injured and large amounts of property destroyed. In Connecticut, a mob with a brass band interrupted a lecturer for the abolition of slavery and drove him out of Norwich to the tune of "The Rogues' March." The Legislatures of the Southern States called upon the Northern States to prohibit the printing of anti-slavery publications and, in fact, did prohibit their circulation in their Commonwealths. President Jackson sent a message to Congress recommending the passage of an act for the suppression of anti-slavery literature.

The agitation begun by the formation of the National Anti-Slavery Society in Eighteen Hundred Thirty-four continued with increasing volume and vehemence. The Society preached the horrors of slavery and then, on the patriotic side, a sentiment that the Declaration of Independence should be true in spirit as well as in letter. After thirty years, at the cost of a million lives, and directly and indirectly of ten thousand millions of dollars, and up to date three thousand millions in pensions, slavery was finally abolished and the Declaration of Independence made true in our country, both in letter and in spirit.

In that year occurred the first record of a beat in journalism which has since become the life of the press. The Journal of Commerce established relays of horses between New York and Philadelphia and secured the news of the White House and of Congress a day earlier than the other New York papers.

There was great intellectual activity in the country resulting in breaking away from the old universities. A liberal education was thought impossible except at Yale, or Harvard, or Columbia, or Princeton, but in Eighteen Hundred Thirty-four there were twelve colleges founded in different parts of the country, all of which are now successful and have done and are still doing magnificent work in higher education.

The Spoils System

ANDREW JACKSON was President of the United States and William L. Marcy Governor of the State of New York. The President gave his approval to the party platform, "That political workers are to be rewarded with political offices, and political parties are to be held together by the cohesive power of public plunder." That doctrine controlled the civil service of the United States without check or hindrance for over fifty years. In that year the United States national debt was paid off and the country started with a clean slate. In that year General Jackson gave his famous order for the removal of government deposits from the banks. This was the beginning of an agitation which threw our financial system into chaos. It made currency upon a scientific basis impossible, and was the fruitful mother of the country-wide and disastrous panics which have so often shaken our financial and industrial stability. The most delicate, difficult and dangerous of all the functions of government, the one upon whose proper creation and administration rests the whole fabric of national and individual credit, the one which should be adjusted and settled by the lessons of the experience of highly organized governments for hundreds of years, has from that time to this been the sport of party warfare, political passion and partisanship. The dead hand of that great, strong man still holds our financial system by the throat.

Political Power

OUR institutions and political policy came from England and were so modified by our ancestors as to meet conditions under a republican form of government and the expansive necessities of the new country. All power in the motherland was originally in the throne. By succeeding revolutions the people gained more and more power until now they have it all, and in many respects Great Britain in its government is the most democratic of all countries. On the other hand, we began with a distrust of executive power and authority, and our evolution has been the other way. Our first confederacy was a rope of sand. In our government under the Constitution we protected ourselves against the Executive by a clear definition of his powers, by the right to override his veto by Congress, by the veto upon him from the Supreme Court, and by the power of impeachment. Our early Presidents who had

taken part in the formation of the government were in thorough harmony with these limitations upon the President, and with the apprehension of kingly authority which had brought them about. With Jackson a new generation came into the government, a generation removed from the experiences and opinions of the Revolution. The leader of this generation was one of the strongest, most self-centered, autocratic and arbitrary of men who have ever appeared in our public life. He not only defied Congress and the Courts, but won the applause of the people and changed public opinion as to the powers and duties of the President. From his time until now there has been not only in the Central Government, but in the States, a growing distrust of the representatives of the people in Congress and in the Legislatures, and an increasing confidence in Presidents and Governors. The literature of our magazines and of a large portion of the press casts doubt upon and arouses suspicion of the actions and the methods of successive Congresses and Legislatures, and appeals to the President or the Governors to control and lead them. The writers put their faith in the Executive and justify everything that he may do, on the ground that the only safety of the people is in the strength, integrity and courage of the Executive against their betrayal by their representatives.

The National Congress

AND yet, any competent man who will conscientiously and impartially study the question must come to the conclusion that the conditions of our National Congress are today infinitely better than ever before. There is no lobby at Washington. There are no interests there seeking to influence Senators and Members. For the times in which we live, for the varied necessities of our Government, for the legislation so much more difficult than it was in earlier days, both Houses of Congress, in ability and patriotism, will stand favorable comparison with what are called the great days of Webster, Clay and Calhoun. With Grant began the present system of not only recommending legislation to Congress, but of transmitting bills prepared to carry that legislation into effect.

Rise of Corporations

IN Eighteen Hundred Thirty-four, Abraham Lincoln was elected to the Legislature of Illinois and began his extraordinary public career * *

In Eighteen Hundred Thirty-four, Chicago received one mail a week, carried on horse-back from Niles, Michigan; and in Eighteen Hundred Thirty-four, the Whig party was formed out of the disruption of the old Federal organization and Democrats who were anti-slavery and believed in a liberal construction of the Constitution.

We can go back to this period for the beginning of the extraordinary change which has taken place in our business methods and social life. A railroad was built from Jersey City to New Brunswick and projected on to Trenton. A start was made on the Erie Road. The Harlem, which extended through the fields from the present site of the City Hall in New York to the end of Manhattan Island, crossed the Harlem River. In other words, from small beginnings of a few miles for local traffic the expansion which began in Eighteen Hundred Thirty-four has in seventy-six years covered the country with two hundred thirty-four thousand miles of railway mileage and developed new territories with a speed unknown in the history of immigration and settlement. It has transformed our land from isolated communities in which individual initiative and enterprise supplied nearly all the manufactures which they required into great centers of industries where mills and factories with enormous capital can, because of cheap transportation, get their raw material from great distances and give universal distribution to the manufactured product and place their output upon the market at a cost so low as to make competition by the individual impossible. More and more the United States because of cheaper cost is bringing into every department of human industry greater capital and larger employment. It has produced, on the one hand, the gigantic corporation, and on the other, in self-defense, the labor-unions.

The Trend of the Times

THE problems growing out of this development are the ones which this generation faces and of which the preceding ones were ignorant. There can be no reasonable doubt that the proper method of dealing with these great questions is not by government ownership but by government control. Corporations are to grow larger and combinations stronger. It is the inevitable tendency of the times. The safety of the people is to be in having the hand of the government, through responsible com-

missions and courts, upon every process of organization and operation, in frequent reports and publicity, in the press constantly informing the people, and in the President and Congress, Governors and the Legislatures being in constant and enlightened touch with the situation. It is only thus that we can promote beneficent expansion, give opportunity for individual initiative and prevent monopolistic control.

High Prices

JUST now there is both suffering and alarm because of high prices. I have not much sympathy with those who say that this condition is due to national extravagance. There was tremendous complaint of high prices in Eighteen Hundred Thirty-five. There is on file in the Treasury Department a copybook of the expenses of a clerk who wanted an increase of salary because of the unusually high cost of living. His family consisted of five persons, and his food for the year cost him \$338.10. The Bureau of Labor of the Government estimated last year that the food for a similar family now would be \$312.92. This clerk says that his boots cost him \$3.75, his cotton sheeting 10 cents a yard (both now are about the same), his lamp-oil \$1 a gallon (now 10 cents), blacking of shoes 25 cents a shine (now 5 cents), flour \$8 a barrel (now \$7), transportation for himself and wife from Washington to Martinsburg, Va., and return \$32.03 (now \$8.02), Martinsburg being 77 miles from Washington; an ordinary cooking-stove \$49 (now about \$16.50), and a firkin of butter \$10.22 (now about \$21.50). Extravagance is a relative, not a positive, condition. Nobody would live now as the whole country did in Eighteen Hundred Thirty-four and Eighteen Hundred Thirty-five. Both men and women of that period were largely the manufacturers of their own clothes in their own houses. They cultivated their own little gardens without help. If they kept a horse, as many of them did, the care of the animal, the mending of the harness, and the painting and repairing of the wagon were all done by the head of the family. The wife made the children's clothes, and ran the house and a kindergarten.

The Case of the Foreigner

THE laborer who comes here from abroad and continues, as he will for a time, to live as he did at home finds that upon our wages he is saving money rapidly, and accumulating, according to his ideas, a comfortable

fortune. In fact, many, retaining the habits of living which they brought with them, go back in a few years to lives of ease on little places upon the Continent. That sort of thing is carrying out of the United States a hundred million dollars a year, but those who remain to become citizens, and those who are born here and are citizens, endeavor to live as an American artisan should and will live, in housing, clothing, food, educational opportunities for the children, and surplus for travel, books and pleasure, which make the glory of American citizenship. By our system of protection we have made it possible for the American workingman to receive wages in many cases double and in all cases much larger than in other countries. But we have not as yet protected him against competition by immigrants who will work for what he can not afford to work for and who live as he will not and should not be asked to do.

Woman's Rights

THE most beneficent of the changes which have occurred during my time have been the laws granting rights to women. In my earlier days a woman's property was her husband's, his debts were hers, and it was not until Eighteen Hundred Forty-eight that she could have her independent possessions, or safety in any business she might undertake. It was still later that she was accorded the privilege of a higher education and her intellectual necessities as well as ability considered to be fully equal to man's. As I used to travel through the country on railway-inspection trips, I noticed at every station a crowd of idlers. They knew the names of the trains, of the conductors, and of the engineers, and were eager to tell the waiting traveler whether Number Two was late or the Empire State Express on time. I noticed that they disappeared at noon and at about six. Upon inquiry, I found that they were supported by their wives. These capable, hard-working, energetic women were dressmakers or milliners or kept little stores, and their worthless husbands hung around the depot because they had no other means of passing away time unless the circus was in town or elections in progress, and turned up invariably for meals which had been earned by the wife. This experience has done more than all things else to bring me toward woman suffrage, for in all these cases she is assuredly the better half.

People are all influenced largely by their point of view rather than by the merits of the question. When Captain Schmittberger in New York arrested a sleep-walker, the man said: "Hold on; you must not arrest me. I am a somnambulist." "I don't care a cuss what your religion is," said the Captain; "you can't walk the street in my precinct in your nightshirt."

Trouble-Spreaders

ANY one who has had the opportunity to watch closely for half a century the psychological development of people finds many interesting results. The vast majority are neighborly, generous, sympathetic and kindly. In the evolution of influences the other sort sometimes take the lead. The man who inquires about your health with a suggestion that you are in a decline, who sympathetically wants to know why your wife or daughter or son was not at church last Sunday, with an intimation that he considers his or her condition rather serious, who hastens to drop everything to convey to you some bad news, is common in every community. If some provincial journal which you are never likely to see has a mean article about you, this candid friend buys two copies, puts them in sealed envelopes, with two-cent stamps attached so that you will be sure to open them, and mails one to your wife and one to yourself. I wonder what this person, who fears or is ashamed to give his name or address, gets in return for this investment of four cents? He may gloat over imaginary suffering as worth that expenditure, but can never be sure that his bolt hits the mark. He is a blind speculator in malice and meanness. Coming from a long railway journey, I landed in the Grand Central Depot one morning between four and five o'clock. A man stepped up to me and said in regard to a very dear and valued friend, "Have you heard about Jim?" I said, "No. What?" He hit me a whack in the back that sent me off the platform onto the rails and shouted, "He is dead. My God! He is dead." When I recovered sufficiently, I said, "How came you to be here at this early hour?" The answer was, "The family sent me to meet you and break the news gently."

Scandal Rampant

THERE is a singular prevalence, temporary I am sure, of this sentiment just now. A well-known writer, whose contributions are very acceptable to the magazines, told me that he thought there had been quite enough

of misrepresentation and unfair criticism of President Taft and his administration, and so he wrote some articles stating the conclusions at which he had arrived, and the reasons for them, which were favorable to the President. His employers, the publishers, said: "Our readers don't want that. If you have any scandal about any public man or about Congress with enough truth to make it, when properly presented, seem to be very bad and, therefore, sensational, that suits our readers and increases our circulation." I heard a story from a journalistic friend, who publishes a broad and liberal paper, that the proprietor of one of the newspapers who makes this view of measures and men a specialty, having been absent for some time, turned up in the editorial rooms and called the staff about him and wanted to know if they had been off on a vacation. "Why?" said the astonished manager and editor. "Because," said the boss, "I have not seen anything which flays or dissects anybody for a week." "But," said the manager, "no one of any account has said or done anything for a week." "Well," said the boss, "we have got to keep up our reputation or lose our circulation. Take the hide off Bishop Potter."

The Inspiration of the Older Generation

THE boys of my period were inspired by the Waverley novels as no other generation has been by books. If the ground was susceptible, they created statesmen, soldiers and poets, and aroused ambitions in receptive minds to be followed by the best efforts of which they were capable. It was a liberal education to read Dickens' novels as they came out one after another; the enjoyment in the last and the eager expectancy of the next were sensations never forgotten. Dickens' intimate picture of the life of the ordinary home, its joys, its sorrows, its comedies and tragedies, touched every heart and broadened every mind. So, when Thackeray's novels began to appear, their exquisite literature, their superb English, their masterly dissection of human motives and of the springs of action, gave us exquisite pleasure and created a generation of brilliant thinkers and great writers.

The Popular Taste

TWO years ago, while in Europe, I was at one of the big hotels at a watering-place on the Continent. The table of the reading-room was strewn with cheap editions which

the visitors had read and left behind. I never dreamed that so much eroticism, nastiness and brutal depravity could be printed and sold by reputable booksellers. But a popular writer told me that the publishers claimed this was the public taste, and it demanded novels whose basic action should be the domestic infelicities brought about by faithless wives and husbands and by immoral adventuresses, and that no detail should be omitted which would give spice to the narrative. This sort of thing can be done in a French novel so as to seem a work of art, but in English it becomes the quintessence of badness and vulgarity. In the course of a half-century I have noticed these cycles. It is difficult to decide whether they are protests against Puritanism or a certain and sudden eagerness to show that contact with the worst is not injurious. Happily, this deluge of filth did not sweep over our country, and the reaction in Europe is leading to happy results. Serious books by eminent men upon live topics and with lofty ends are becoming popular, and the wings of genius, scoured of mud, are working to lift the novel, which is the companion and teacher of our daily life, into the air which was breathed by Walter Scott, Dickens, Thackeray and Kingsley.

Trained Minds

GALILEO, being one day in the cathedral at Pisa, watched the oscillations of a lamp suspended from the ceiling. He observed that the vibrations were performed in equal time, and from that he invented the clock and the machinery whose accuracy created modern astronomy. But people had been watching the swinging of that lamp for hundreds of years and saw nothing in it. Its lesson came to Galileo because he was the most eminent of the trained scientists of his time. James Hargreaves lived by spinning and weaving, his wife and children helping him. He was always experimenting and all his experiments were failures. One day the youngest member of the family, toddling over the floor, fell against the spinning-wheel while it was working and upset it. Hargreaves noticed that while he retained the thread in his hand the wheel continued to revolve horizontally for a time, giving a vertical rotation to the spindle. That suggested the spinning-jenny, which, by giving England the command for so long a time of the cotton industry, made her one of the greatest manufacturing countries in the world.

The lazy man says, "What a lucky accident!" but Hargreaves had been trying for twenty years to discover this secret. Hundreds of weaving-machines had been upset in the meantime, but it was the training, experience and genius of the observer which brought about this result. Charles Goodyear spent the best part of his life trying to produce vulcanized India-rubber. Angry at his failures, he flung a piece of rubber upon a hot stove, to find afterwards that the problem was solved. Rubber had been burned in one form or another ever since it was discovered, but it was the mind intent for so long upon the one purpose which saw in the accident the realization of his hopes. So, my friends, the longer we live the more firmly we are convinced that it is only training and work which win. A people have recently been discovered on one of the islands in the Bay of Bengal who wear no clothes, for in that climate they need none, who do not have to work for food because it grows in superabundance upon the trees, while a little exertion gathers fish from the stream or game from the forest. Under these conditions of absolute indolence and no necessity for exertion, their average age is twenty-six years; while the hardy peasants of the Balkan Mountains, who with the greatest difficulty can scratch enough for existence out of the inhospitable soil, are the longest-lived races in the world.

Hope and Inspiration

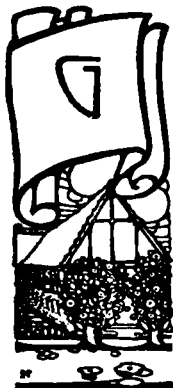
IN closing, there rises out of the past the one great fact of hope and aspiration. During all my earlier years I sat under the preaching of a learned minister of the old-school Presbyterian Church. His most fervid sermons were on Christmas and Easter. He claimed there was no historical authority for these dates, denouncing them as "Popish superstitions." Liberalism or modernism, or rather Christian charity, has softened the antagonisms and lowered the barriers between churches and creeds. Around every altar on Christmas are evergreens and on Easter flowers. The question of dates becomes insignificant, and all can now unite in a common celebration of these festivals. It is a long step toward the peace of the world, the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.



Our own are those who are in our key; and when this is struck we answer back out of the silence.

The Press and the Post-Office

By Nathan B. Williams



REAT American magazines announce lofty and ambitious aims for the public good. Such as: "We believe that the present chief political task in this country is to uproot entirely the privilege system—no favored class and no favored man should be our aim"; and "The public interest before private gain." Yet, the publications which announce these praiseworthy objects are violators of

the law—favorites of the privilege which they condemn ❧ ❧

These and most other publications—great newspapers and magazines—unlawfully send out a large portion of their editions by express at an express-rate of one-half cent per pound, while the mail-rate is one cent per pound ❧ They give the shipment to the outlawed competitor of the postal service on the short hauls, while the long unprofitable hauls they consign to the tender care of the mails, and the mail-car runs light at the same pay.

This has been going on for forty years or more, and all this time it has been against the law. These unlawful practises have cost the people of this country more than a billion dollars; and are now costing the whole people more than fifty thousand dollars every day. The press does not get all of this. A large part of it is to be charged to unlawful carriage of third and fourth class mail-matter. Only a portion is to be charged to second-class mail-matter, but quite a large sum is daily divided between express companies and the great papers and magazines of the country; while the whole people pay monumental postal deficits and officials suggest fanciful plans for increasing postage-rates upon periodicals.

Enforce the Law

NO increase of postage-rates is necessary or expedient. Merely Enforce the Law. This will bring about a substantial increase in the amount of postage which the great magazines and newspapers pay, and at slight additional cost to the postal service. The law is fair to all, both great and small, and none should be permitted to be above the law.

"Nothing but a newspaper can drop the same

thought in a thousand minds at the same moment." This terse remark of De Tocqueville, along with his statement that "the press is the chiefest democratic instrument of freedom," shows with what exactitude the mind of this great philosopher understood American conditions, and the duty, responsibility and power of a press alike honest, informed, fearless and free.

An Honest Press: a press which is fair and will tell the truth even if it does temporarily affect its cash-drawer.

An Informed Press: a press which takes time and opportunity to learn the truth.

A Fearless Press: a press which has the courage of a William Goddard and the wisdom of a Ben Franklin to smite outrage and wrong, wherever, whenever and by whomsoever committed ❧ ❧

A Free Press: a press which has its relations to the law well defined and established, and is subject to no unreviewable power of any postal official—that is not liable to be attacked and ruined by an irresponsible hireling, but is beholden only to its ideals and the judgment of duly established courts and the law of the land; or as was said by Lord Erskine: "To be free is to live under a government by law. The liberty of the press consists in printing without any previous license, subject to the consequences of law," which laws should be fairly drawn and indiscriminately enforced ❧

Press Restrictions


THE citizen by his fireside, complacently enjoying his favorite publication, may believe that this nation has such a press; but the editor, the publisher and the student of affairs know that only in sporadic instances is such a condition true. Not that the press is not as free as most any other business, but it is lamentably true that it is not as free as the best interests of this country demand.

Illegal and burdensome restrictions lately put upon the press of the country, and the suggestion to increase rates upon publications, can benefit no one but express companies. Suggestions of this character are not beyond the energy and capacity of these crafty express-company farmers in the field of legislation. Publications may regard much of present post-office law as tyrannical. It is. But such tyranny is mere child's play compared to the censorship of express companies over your utterances, once you find yourselves wholly

within their grasp—and many of you are there now. An increase of postage-rates would put what publications survived in the grasp of express companies, circumscribe their circulation and influence, and be a real public calamity ♪ ♪

Freedom is only to be preserved when men may freely write, publish and circulate. You can not have a nation-wide circulation without the instrumentality of the postal service. Even small publishers should have an equal chance in the sending out of sample copies of their publications, so they may have a fair show with the big publishers as long as their money holds out to burn. The great mass of smaller publishers seem content to trot along behind, picking up the crumbs, using the mails from necessity, neither pointing out to their readers these violations of law, nor urging reform ♪


Beginning of the American Postal Systems

 EDITORS were the first to use in a large way the American postal system. William Goddard, printer of the Maryland "Journal," established, in Seventeen Hundred Seventy-four, the first American postal service. He did this in order to circulate his papers: "those necessary and important alarms in time of publick danger" which had been shut from the British mails because he dared with patriotic fervor to urge the liberty of the Colonies, and refused to pay the unjust and illegal exactions of the Crown post-office.

The first Postmaster-General was a publisher—Ben Franklin. He administered the service with consummate skill. He was a businessman, and our first Economist. The doughty Benjamin would never have toiled, Atlas-like, under mounting postal deficits while express-company competition enabled express companies to slice large, luscious, dividend melons, having secured this profitable business while sneering at the lack of public wisdom and patriotism which permits such practises longer to continue ♪ Express companies have already secured through neglect a large part of the profitable postal business of the country, and have their eyes upon what is left. I opine that the postal service will yet remain a public agency, but to hasten the day when it shall rise to its legal rights and assert them requires the early aid of the honest press of the country—that portion of the press which does not understandingly expect the Government to haul its publications from New York to California for one cent per


pound, while what it sends to Buffalo or Boston goes by express for one-half cent per pound.

Publishers by No Means Blameless

 PUBLISHERS are partly to blame for postal deficits. They should be fair and admit it and ask that the laws be enforced. Would that we had a few publishers with the courage of William Goddard! A few who were willing to attack this insidious enemy of the post-office and at the same time be fair to the whole people. Put your publications in the mails, gentlemen, if you would observe the law, and then insist, loudly and daily, that Congress shall give you and the whole people, and give you Now, a fair and reasonable postal code and a post-office department free from express-company competition, influence or domination.

The first express company was an idea, a man and a carpetbag. The first "carpetbagger" was an expressman. Express companies have ever been "carpetbaggers" in the transportation systems of this country.

Laws Against Private Competition

 HE question of private competition in the carriage of the mails of the country, as was stated by a Committee of Congress in Eighteen Hundred Forty-four, is: "A no less momentous one than this: Shall the constitution and laws of the country or a lawless combination of refractory individuals triumph?"

The laws against express-company competition in the carriage of mailable matter were passed in Eighteen Hundred Forty-five, re-enacted in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-two, shelved by departmental neglect forty years ago, but re-enacted in the New Criminal Code of the United States in Sections One Hundred Eighty-one and following. This Code went into effect January First, Nineteen Hundred Ten, but these laws are yet unenforced, and fifty thousand dollars per day of postal revenues goes a-glimmering.

These laws make it unlawful for any private express to carry for hire over any post-route of the United States, or between any points or places between which the mails are regularly carried, any "letter or packet." All railroad-lines are post-routes.

Likewise these laws make it unlawful for any person "to transmit by private express or by other unlawful means" "any letter or packet."

Ruinous Competition

WITHIN the month of October, Nineteen Hundred Ten, one of the best lawyers in the employ of the general government, after several months' consideration of this question wrote the following:

"We are not alone concerned about the transportation of ordinary merchandise, but that perhaps the greatest and most harmful competition between express companies and the postal department is in respect of newspapers, magazines, pamphlets and other printed matter which is now carried as merchandise."

Sufficient exceptions are in the law permitting mail matter to go by private hands without compensation or by special messenger employed for the particular occasion only.

A distinguished Attorney-General has said that the term "packet" used in the law includes a bundle of newspapers. To the same effect is the opinion above quoted, wherein it is stated: "I do not myself doubt that the word 'packet' as so used referred to packages or parcels of merchandise or printed matter. It seems to me that the considerations advanced by Mr. Williams in his brief make this view quite conclusive."

"Letter or packet"—a fateful and interesting term! It has been in postal law and postal history since Sixteen Hundred Fifty, and has always meant and included mails or mailable matter. It includes newspapers and magazines, matter of the second class without regard to weight, and it embraces matter of the third and fourth class, merchandise, up to four pounds in weight and single books without regard to weight; all mailable matter; all matter by law made mailable.

Elimination of Private Competition

THE post-office is going to remain a public agency, but it will be a very expensive one unless we put an end to private competition. In Eighteen Hundred Forty-four it was stated by those competent to judge that express-company competition was costing the government one-third of its revenues, and these laws were passed to prevent such loss of postal revenue, and their passage was undoubtedly clearly within the power and duty of Congress. Even if such competition now costs only one-eighth of such revenues, the forty years in which express companies have run riot athwart the laws, to the shame and disgrace of press and people alike, has certainly cost

the government One Billion Dollars—and we have postal deficits yet.

In Eighteen Hundred Fifty-nine it was for the first and last time proposed in Congress to repeal the laws which "prevent express companies and others from carrying mails or mail-matter," but this Congress solemnly refused to do. But somebody stumbled and fell, the laws were forgotten and postal deficits followed and continue.

There are provisions in the pending Senate Bill Number Six Thousand Nine Hundred Seventy to revise and codify postal laws which unless stricken out will effectually nullify some of the mentioned provisions of the Criminal Code and will legalize express-company competition.

Let Us Turn Over a New Leaf

THE full story of these laws and of the effect of the failure to enforce them is fully told in Senate Doc. No. 542, 61st Cong. 2 Sess. Your Senator or Representative should send you a copy for the asking.

Being fully informed, may we now hope that the free press of this nation will proclaim its independence as did Goddard of old, and remembering President J. Q. Adams that the use of the postal establishment "embraces the comforts of friendly correspondence, the exchanges of internal traffic, and the lights of the periodical press may be distributed to the remotest corners of the Union at a charge scarcely perceptible to any individual and without the cost of a dollar to the public treasury," join with the whole people for a reasonable and just postal measure, honest to all alike, and which will fully protect the liberty of the press, the security of the citizen and the full revenues of the department.

Shades of the immortal leaders of the American press! May your spirit imbue, quicken and direct the activities of your successors as "the chiefest democratic instrument of freedom."

FOREIGN investors during the last four months have withdrawn from contemplated purchases of one hundred thirty million dollars of our railway bonds—money that is very greatly needed for the proper development of our railway facilities. These millions would have come to America were it not for the bitter radicalism that yet lingers here regarding railroads, and the sinful warfare waged by bear raiders, harming all American property.—A. E. Stilwell.

En Avant

By G. Warren Landon

THOUGH the path of life be stormy,
Play the game.
Troubled waters may surround,
Disappointments will confound:
Yet, though heartaches still abound,
Play the game.

Do you think your life a failure?
Play the game.
Discords all the songs you sing,
Lost your grip on everything,
Have you known keen sorrow's sting?
Play the game.

Friends there be with love unselfish,
Play the game.
Beacons they, for every mile
On the road; so you can smile—
For they make this life worth while:
Play the game.

Wise initiative is the finest gift of God to man.

The Sunny Side of the Street

By Ewing Herbert



EWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, who is now standing in the shoes of Henry Ward Beecher, is reaching an immense audience every week by writing a series of sermonettes. Here, for instance, is a sample of his commonsense advice:

There are only two kinds of people in the world—the people who live in the shadow and gloom and those who live on the sunny side of the street.

These shadowed ones are sometimes called pessimists; sometimes, people of melancholy temperament; sometimes they are called disagreeable people; but, wherever they go, their characteristic is this: their shadow always travels on before them. ¶ These disagreeable people travel forward enveloped with gloom and hopelessness. One of them was in the Subway last Wednesday when the tunnel was full of smoke from a burning fuse. That man will carry the odor of smoke in his conversation, to terrify his friends, for the next ten years.

One man was ungrateful to him, and henceforth he will represent the whole world as made up of ungrateful wretches. Having read the new book on "The Menace of Privilege," henceforth this man will represent plutocracy and corporations as hanging over New York as the day of judgment hung over Sodom. These people never bear their own burdens, but expose all their wounds to others. They are so busy looking down for pitfalls and sharp stones and thorns on which to step that they do not even know that there are any stars in the sky. These folk live on the wrong side of the street. And yet it is only twenty feet across to the other sidewalk, where sunshine always lies.

It is better to be victimized occasionally than to go through life filled with suspicion.

Mental Meanderings

By Bert Moses



ATURE plays no favorites, and neither does God.

The only religion that rings true is the religion you make for yourself.

If you think you possess a value greater than the world recognizes, it is safe to presume you are mistaken.

There are few great men, simply because it takes a dense background of fools to set them off.

¶ The knowledge you get out of knocks is the knowledge that lifts you above the "push."

The farther away you keep from church, the nearer you keep to God.

If you think you can change values by changing labels, you will never rank with such thinkers as Darwin and Huxley.

The man who is intent on his job generally figures, at the end of the season, among those who hit above .300.

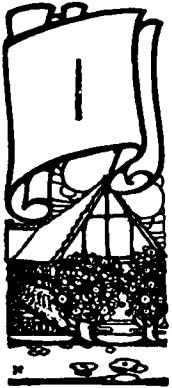
To become a philosopher, read much, remember well, and loaf.

It is well to put some trust in God; but the more you put in yourself, the higher will the world rate you, including both Bradstreet and Dun.

¶ In looking for a man to run the business when you are away, do not pick one who is overly anxious about harmony between his necktie and his socks.

Some Things I Know About Milk—A Lacteal Preachment

By Elbert Hubbard



HAVE been investigating the Milk Business.

I began when quite young, and have been at it for some time.

¶ In truth, I've been interested in the milk business, more or less, for over fifty years.

To drive the cows home from pasture was a thing I did when I wore dresses.

And I can not remember a time when I did not ride horse-back, and round up the cattle.

I helped the hired man milk when my hands were so small I could only "strip."

To assist yourself to cream from the milk-house at the spring, and let no one know it, was an accomplishment that the boys in our village all possessed; and the cows that would "stand" in the pasture to be milked, I would now know if I could see them.

Kicking cows were common, and to caress such with the milking-stool was quite the vogue. And if a cow accidentally stepped in the pail it was really no difference, as long as the milk was not spilled. And even if it was, we made it the rule not to cry over spilt milk.

¶ Everybody then, so far as my world was concerned, had their own cows, except ranchmen. And a ranchman is a man who owns a thousand head of cattle and buys his butter.

¶ Then there came a time when I went to work for a milkman, who lived a couple of miles out of town. At first I worked on the farm, but as I was small and nimble, and glib of tongue, the old man decided I could peddle milk.

So I went with him to work the route.

It was quite unnecessary for him to have gone along, for the horse knew the house of every customer, and there were nearly a hundred of them.

We had two big cans of milk in a spring-wagon. Also, we had a big brass bell, and that was the only thing we shined or kept really clean.

I grew to be very proud of that bell.

It made the Missus or the girls come a-running. I practised with it until I could play a sort of tune. I could express with it my mental

attitude toward the different customers. That bell would clang warningly, harshly and contentiously, softly and respectfully, and at certain times would tinkle a little ditty of adoration.

The milkman is coming!

Hurry, ye busy housewives—it's now or never! Time, tide and the milkman wait for no man.

To miss your milkman was to go without milk for a whole day, and be taught a necessary lesson in obeying a summons.

Old gentlemen in carpet slippers shuffled out in the cold morning light, women with shawls thrown on their heads, little girls, sometimes boys who were set "to watch for the milkman"—these would come with a pitcher, bucket, pail or calabash.

Then there were pretty girls who wore blue ribbons on their hair and beamed a welcome.

¶ The price was five cents a quart, or twenty-five tickets for a dollar, for this was Out West and things were cheap. We dipped a long-handled measure into the can and slopped out a quart, and then always added a smitchen more for good luck and good measure.

Some of my customers had "bottle-babies," and a few finicky mothers were accommodated with "one cow's milk," which was carried to them in little tin pails. Occasionally, the boys who milked for us would forget to save the milk from some special cow, in which case they would fill the little pails from the big cans.

¶ Of course, in those good old days of yore, the pump was absolutely unknown as an adjunct to a dairy.

We simply washed our cans at the well, and if the cows were holding back a little it is barely possible we left a little water in the can. What mattered it?

We had no ice, and no plan of caring for or preserving milk. To get it to the customer before it "turned" was the only thing desired. Milk that soured on us we fed to the pigs.

I might have kept my job of peddling milk until now, if I had n't borrowed a two-gallon can with a handle and long spout and started in delivering at the back door in places where the party was old and slow, or the daughter pink, pert, pretty and sixteen.

Then I was reprimanded, and the remark thrown out, "This thing of coddling people is all right, but the first thing you know they will all be wanting you to get out of your

wagon and carry in the cow-juice for 'em." When I argued the case, defending my business methods, I was told that if I did n't want to stick to customs well established I could try something else.

And so I tried something else.

The thought that there might come a day when folks would shove up the sash and pick milk off their window-ledges was absolutely unguessed ♪ ♪

I can well remember the first time I heard of a man in Chicago who had forty milk-wagons, and owned no cows.

The milk was shipped to him by farmers, some of whom lived ten or fifteen miles out of town.

¶ It was a great stroke of enterprise, this buying milk and peddling it.

Later I found that this was the method employed in all large cities ♪ In Buffalo, Cleveland, Syracuse, Albany, the milk would be brought to the city on the early morning trains, picked up at stations along the way, then dozens of milk-wagons would be on hand, waiting ♪ ♪

Each driver would load up with three or four cans and start at once on a smart trot for his route ♪ ♪

Where this milk came from no one knew. It was simply lacteal fluid shipped in by John Jones from Jamison Road Station, and once a week paid for by the boss milkman at one-half the retail rate.

The farmer was satisfied, the boss milkman was satisfied, the customers were satisfied. Everybody was satisfied, until about Eighteen Hundred Ninety, when the Department of Agriculture began to issue bulletins about Milk Inspection, and the dangers of disease from impure milk.

Then there was a lot of wrathful talk from the boss milkman about this being "a free country." A few were fined for selling watered milk, and this made all parties cautious, but as for government inspection of cows and barns, these were things absolutely unguessed.

The Walker-Gordon Way

¶ RECENTLY made a Little Journey to ♪ ♪ The Walker-Gordon Milk-Farm, at Plainsboro, New Jersey.

It is simply one of various farms, all over the United States, owned and operated by this same concern.

This New Jersey Farm is situated on the main line of the Pennsylvania, and consists of

eight hundred thirty-four acres. To the North two miles, can be seen the red roofs and towers of Princeton University buildings. The land is gently undulating, and the prospect fair and passing beautiful.

The barns and various buildings used by The Walker-Gordon people stand nearly in the middle of the farm and are isolated from the other buildings, being a quarter of a mile or more from the public highway.

No swamps are near, nor rubbish. All drainage is conducted through tile to a rapidly flowing stream half a mile away.

For the benefit of the humorist a reference to the pump is in order. So let it be said that the entire water-supply for this milk-plant comes from a well which is situated three hundred feet from the nearest dwelling.

No surface drainage can reach this driven well, as the water comes from two hundred seventy feet below the surface. The water is raised by a steam-pump to a tight storage-tank.

These details are here mentioned, simply as a token of the general care that is exercised in every part and detail of this strictly modern milk business. Nothing to equal it has ever been done in the history of the world. And yet how perfectly simple it all is!

Nothing is deep, difficult or profound when understood.

On the Ol' Farm—and Now

¶ IN the good old days ago—now happily ♪ ♪ gone—we used to think that if milk came from the farm it was all right.

All good milkmen in the various cities had their milk shipped in by the farmers. The man who handled the milk never saw the farm and seldom saw the farmer. The milk came to town in cans ♪ These cans were transferred to wagons, and the milk was then dipped out to the confiding customer.

The assumption was that only a healthy cow would give milk, and any cow that gave milk was supposed thereby to be immune, fit, proper and altogether lovely.

The first step in the way of improvement was for the merry milkman to bottle his milk ♪ I can well remember when I saw this done at the milk-depot for the first time.

I remember the bottles were washed in the same room where the milk was bottled, and the bottling was done simply by dipping milk out of a can and pouring it into the bottles, which stood in a big, shallow pan.

The bottles were then stood in well-water up to their necks, until the wagon was ready to start, and this was the whole process.

The management of the Walker-Gordon business was to me a great and satisfying revelation. I had read descriptions of this process, but the complete organization and scientific systemization were not borne in on my consciousness until I made this little journey. I spent the entire day, going through every part of the various buildings. My experience in the past in caring for cattle undoubtedly helped me to appreciate the completeness of this most beneficent commercial venture.

At the Walker-Gordon farm in Plainsboro there are seven buildings where the cows are housed. Each of these buildings consists of one large room containing two rows of stalls, with twenty-four cows on a side.

The cows are headed toward each other, and a wide hallway separates them. Down this hallway the feed-carriers are pushed on a little railroad. To the rear are wide walks. The compost and all refuse is carried out on overhead railway-cars that run mostly by gravitation.

On all sides of these cow-houses are windows, so the place is flooded with light and streamed with sunshine. There is neither loft nor cellar in any of these cow-houses.

Great attention is paid to ventilation, and the whole room is absolutely sweet and wholesome. The buildings are separated fifty feet or so from one another.

The floors are cement and are elevated from the grade of the ground, and every day the cement is flooded with water.

The drinking-basins and feeding-troughs are made of metal or cement, so there is no rotting wood in connection with feeding anywhere around the institution.

At a little distance away are exercising-yards. The cows are out of doors a good deal of the time when the weather is pleasant. And when the cows are out, the windows and doors of the barns are thrown open so the fresh air flows in free.

When new cows are purchased they are kept in quarantine at a special barn for several weeks, and the milk of each is tested. The cows are also tested with tuberculin and must pass the examination of the veterinarian.

I noticed that the cows were not overfed nor forced, but every cow licked up her food

absolutely clean and called for more. This insures a natural, even flow of milk.

The cows are groomed twice a day.

New shavings are used for bedding.

All of the compost is carried to a distance of one-eighth mile several times a day, and from there removed daily.

At a little distance from the barns there is a clubhouse for employees, with shower-baths, lockers and a reading-room. I noticed that the employees were a happy, healthy lot, and far above the average farmhand in intelligence—without any aspersion on our old friend, "the hired man."

These milkers have little lectures given them occasionally by the veterinarian or the head chemist, and take much pride in their work.

¶ This is the first time I ever saw a farmhand manicured.

The sight of these hearty young fellows lining up in their sterilized white suits, milk-pail in hand, white-capped, boots blacked, and starting for the barns, was something worth going miles to see.

After the milker has milked one cow, he washes his hands before he starts in on another.

¶ To avoid dust, no feeding is allowed before or during milking time, which was a new one to me, because in the good old days we used to feed the cow to keep her quiet, and then if she did not stand quiet we reproved her with a Number Ten brogan or with the milking-stool.

¶ The tops of the pails used by the Walker-Gordon folks are three-quarters covered, so the milk goes into a small aperture, which lessens the opportunity for dust and bacteria.

¶ Immediately when the cow is milked her milk is weighed and recorded, so that any variation which might token change in the physical condition of the cow would be shown.

¶ The milk is then poured into a sterilized can, which is only open while the milk is being poured in.

While the milking is in progress, one man is detailed to haul these cans on a truck to the milk-building some distance away, and he brings back the empty, sterilized cans to the milk-building.

This is so the milk shall not stand near the cows after it is milked.

When the milk reaches the milk-room it is poured from the cans into a big receiver and mixing-tank.

From this it flows in a wide, shallow stream


into a tank which reduces the temperature to forty-five degrees Fahrenheit.

After this it is drawn into another tank, from which the bottles are filled and covered with freshly sterilized caps—this process all being done without the touch of human hands.

When filled, the bottles are placed in shipping-cases and covered with ice. The entire time occupied in transferring the milk from the cow to the bottles was, I noticed, only twenty minutes. Each bottle represents milk which comes from twenty different cows.

Shipments are made by fast train, and the milk is in New York City or Philadelphia within a very few hours after it comes from the cow * *


A Startling Fact

 I WANT here to state a great and startling fact, and at the same time file my caveat as the discoverer. The fact is this: that in a state of nature, milk flows direct from the producer to the consumer. It is not exposed in the open air or subject to contamination or dust, dirt, bacteria, impure air, or the handling by human hands.

No middlemen are employed.

This maternal proposition does away with all the dangers of impure milk, provided the source is pure. On the way the temperature is neither raised nor lowered, and as before stated, contamination from outside sources is absolutely impossible.

Nature's Food

 MILK is man's first food; also, it is his last * *

Milk is on our tables three times a day, and in the case of bottle-babies with good healthy appetites, somewhat more often.

Milk is a partly predigested food, and its very sensitiveness and delicacy make it quickly take on the conditions that form its environment * *

Nothing is so easily contaminated as pure milk. ¶ To avoid this danger of contamination, no care that cunning can contrive and science invent is too great to be brought to bear in its manipulation between the cow and the consumer * *


After visiting this wonderful farm at Plainsboro, where all is so simple and beautiful and clean and wholesome and altogether lovely, where there are no secrets and nothing to hide, where only health and happiness exist, one is amazed to think of the old farm with

its careless and happy-go-lucky ways, its ignorance of sanitation and its indifference to health. Yet bad as was the ol' farm, there was something worse.

Near all large cities were cow-barns wherein cows were fed on slop from dish dairies, breweries and glucose-works.

There cows were tied up in dark stalls and milked until their milk dried up, then they were fed up for a few weeks and killed for beef. But after they were tied up they were not once allowed out until the time came to kill them. This method of "dairying" was in general use up to ten years ago.

Our Food-Supply

 WE all eat—don't argue!—and the amount of sickness caused by unwholesome foods can not be calculated * Very few housewives give as much attention to their food-supplies as to dress. In eatables they take what the grocer sends; but in dress-goods they select with great care, and often with the help of an expert. In one case some one's eye may be offended, but in the other the whole family may be poisoned.

Which is of the greater importance?

Fortunately most of us possess great resiliency or resisting power, so we get away with our "peck of dirt" without difficulty, but sensitive people with a low degree of vitality often, no doubt, suffer from impure and adulterated foods * *

The moral seems to be: Buy your supplies from men of intelligence, who know what they are selling and who have a pride in their business * *

In German universities the students use the word "Philater," or grocer, as an epithet. There is no good reason why a grocer's business should not be just as honorable as that of a doctor, lawyer or preacher. The doctor looks after you when your body is impaired; the lawyer takes care of a reduced or threatened estate; the clergyman cares for the sick soul; but the grocer is supposed to supply your needs when you are well and in health.

Pick your grocer with the same care that you do your doctor, your lawyer or your clergyman. His responsibility is just as great as theirs. He should be just as moral and just as intelligent.

Above all things, pay your grocer—whether you do the others or not. He has to pay for his goods—the others mostly supply advice.

And advice is an article which, having no use for it yourself, you pass along to others. The peculiar thing about advice is that the more you give out the more you have left. This is not so with groceries. ¶ And often the poor grocer feels compelled to sell adulterated stuff because his loss is less if you do not pay him.

In food-supplies it pays to buy the best. Also, it pays to buy from a man who sees that his customers pay for what they buy. Cheap men sell cheap goods to cheap people. An adulterated life is fed on adulterated stuff.

Buy the best and pay for it what it is worth. Food paid for is much more digestible than the other kind.

In Sunny Italy

AFTER looking over the Walker-Gordon plant, I came to the conclusion that there is only one method in the milk business that rivals it. Whether it is exactly practicable here in America, I do not attempt to say, but I merely give the facts as I saw them, and as every traveler in the Orient sees them.

The Milk Monopoly there consists in driving a herd of goats through the streets.

The young fellow who has charge of the procession looks like an opera singer in one of George Ade's Indiana musical melanges. He wears a jaunty cap with a feather in it, and velvet jacket with breeches to match. If he is prosperous, he wears shoes with silver buckles, otherwise he goes barefoot. As he drives his herd slowly through the streets, with their tinkling bells, he makes merry music on a reed.

Then the housewives come out with gourds or little wooden pails, and the merry musical wight in the velvet breeches milks a goat right on the spot. Thus is the milk business inspected by the consumer, and subterfuge, lack of sanitation and indifference to hygiene and H_2O are put on the kibosh.

The natural milk-inspector is the consumer. Thus are things simplified in the Far East. ¶ These methods were in vogue in the days of Isaiah the Prophet, and in the Far East when they get a good thing they never change.

This method of driving cows through the streets might be a bit disconcerting to traffic—for instance, if three hundred Walker-Gordon cows were sent mooing up Fifth Avenue, while matrons, misses and puffy millionaires came out in bathrobes with the "growler" in hand.

¶ It would mean, however, a short haul for

the milk. And while I do not claim it would improve upon the present best modern methods, it would certainly be far preferable to the good old plan of drinking anything that the milkman left on your window-sill and eating anything that the grocer left on the doorstep.

Faith is a good thing, but knowledge is better. ¶ And as for myself, as much as I love milk, I prize inward peace more. I indulge me only in the brimming beaker of buttermilk when I know where the buttermilk comes from. ✧

A Census Report

THE last United States Census shows a marked decrease in the death-rate since Nineteen Hundred. The average death-rate per thousand has dropped from eighteen to fifteen or less. ¶ The cause of this increase in human life possibly can not be traced to any particular source. Some folks attribute it to the increased output of East Aurora literature.

Many things have come about to make life more worth living. We are told that it costs more to live now than ever before, but surely it is worth the money.

But there is no single betterment in modern instances that has equaled in importance the betterments that have occurred in this one thing of supplying milk to the customer.

Also, there is no concern in the wide world that handles milk in a way equally beautiful, sanitary and hygienic as the milk supplied by the Walker-Gordon people. The dreaded second year of the baby fed on Walker-Gordon milk goes merrily by, and no one thinks of it until the year is past.

The Walker-Gordon people are scientific specialists in the line of milk production; and it goes without argument that the farmer who supplies milk to the city milkman almost invariably makes milk a side issue.

The farmer has rabbits, dogs, cats, skunks, pigs, chickens, ducks, geese, guinea-hens, horses, pigeons, sparrows, rats, mice, cockroaches, all in one enclosure. The pump is in the barnyard. The manure piles high until Spring; and in the good old days Out West we never cleaned out our stables; but when the compost got piled up so high we could not get our horses through the door, we tore down the stable and built a new one.

The Bloomin' Bacteria

BACTERIA in milk are of four kinds, which generally speaking we might call: ¶ First, those of a neutral sort, which do not

affect milk either one way or the other. Second, the kind that injures milk. Third, the kind that injures man. Fourth, the favorable kinds, or what Bishop Fowler called "friendly germs." ¶ Life, we understand now, is a matter of bacteria, although about ten years ago we were so crazed over the subject of antiseptics that many worthy people were willing to kill the favorable germs in order to keep from catching a disease. Life is a matter of microbes, and the body of a man is a battleground between the forces of life and death.

In healthy milk, properly cared for, the friendly germ is predominant. This is the kind of bacteria that builds up tissue, and at the same time eliminates the enemy in the way of unfriendly or vicious germs.

If milk is contaminated by refuse thrown off from the skin of the animal, and by dust, dirt and compost, the deadly germs then are apt to be in the ascendant, and may produce a culture-bed of germs in a can of milk which are a thousand times more dangerous to us than any war that may come with Japan.


Dry and dusty hay is a favorable soil for bacteria. Animal germs spring out of the vegetable, and vegetable germs out of the animal. That most deadly of germs, the germ of tetanus, is found most frequently in dusty hay. Warm milk takes up these germs and quickly matures them.

¶ The terrestrial program is simply absorption and dissipation. If you absorb the wrong kind of germs, and have n't enough of the right kind, it is you for the ether-cone.

Pure milk contains the germs of life to a degree that no other food does. Buttermilk carries a battery of life-germs which give a Maxim volley to the bacteria that destroy through sedimentation or calcareous deposits.

Buttermilk is n't good for new-born babies, but as a tippie for those who have cut both their milk-teeth and their wisdom-teeth it is safe, efficient, helpful, and spells neither headache nor regrets. ¶ If men had used buttermilk with the same lavish favor that they have some other drinks, Doctor Bright His Disease would never have been heard of.

Heat and Time

 EAT is a great contaminator as well as a great source of life. Some germs grow to manhood in an hour; and the same degree of heat which from a healthy, palatable egg will produce a chicken will at the same time destroy and turn to a rank poison another

egg that looks just as good—all by keeping the egg at a temperature of one hundred four or one hundred five degrees.

The Walker-Gordon milk will keep for days and perhaps for weeks, without losing its palatable and nutritious qualities.

In truth, never a steamship leaves New York, Philadelphia or Boston for Europe but that there are several cases of bottles of the Walker-Gordon product on board. ¶ Milk is a universal food. It supplies all the nutritive needs of the body. A quart of milk is equivalent in food-value to a pound of beef. And more and more as the days pass will we idealize this beneficent natural product. Also, more and more will we demand hygienic raw milk, and we will see to it that we use none other.

Personally, with my present knowledge, I do not see how an absolutely sanitary milk can be produced or supplied to the consumer except it be through the specialization of milk-farms that are run on a sanitary system, such as our friends, the Walker Gordon people supply.




Let us not flout the ability that is beyond us, nor take flings at the men who can do things which we can not do.



Just Don't

By C. L. Armstrong

 O you feel you 'd like to quit? Don't!
Get to feeling you don't fit? Don't!
Do you want to yell "all-in,"
Cause your wind's a little thin
And you think you 'll never win?
Don't!

There's a kick you want to make? Don't!
There's a head you want to break? Don't!
Do you feel you want to whine
Like a genuine canine
And send blue streaks down the line?
Well, Don't!

When you see a chance to duck, Don't!
When you want to chuck your luck, Don't!
Keep right on without a stop
And you 'll sure show up on top,
If, just when you want to flop,
You Don't!



Morality is simply the attitude we adopt towards people we personally dislike.



JACK afloat or ashore is neatly shaved; it's part of the U. S. Navy regulations.

Thousands of Gillettes are used in the Navy. On a modern battleship the men shave wherever they happen to be. You will see one man using the Gillette while another holds the glass for him.

It is shaving reduced to its simplest form—and best. The sailorman can shave in two minutes and in the roughest weather, with the ship rolling at all angles and with seas washing over the decks.

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, 40 W. Second Street, Boston
New York, Times Building; Chicago, Stock Exchange Building; Gillette Safety Razor, Ltd.,
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The Gillette is a godsend to a sailor. It is as popular with the officers as with the men.

Wherever you find neatness, dispatch, discipline—men with work to do, business to attend to—you will find the Gillette Safety Razor.

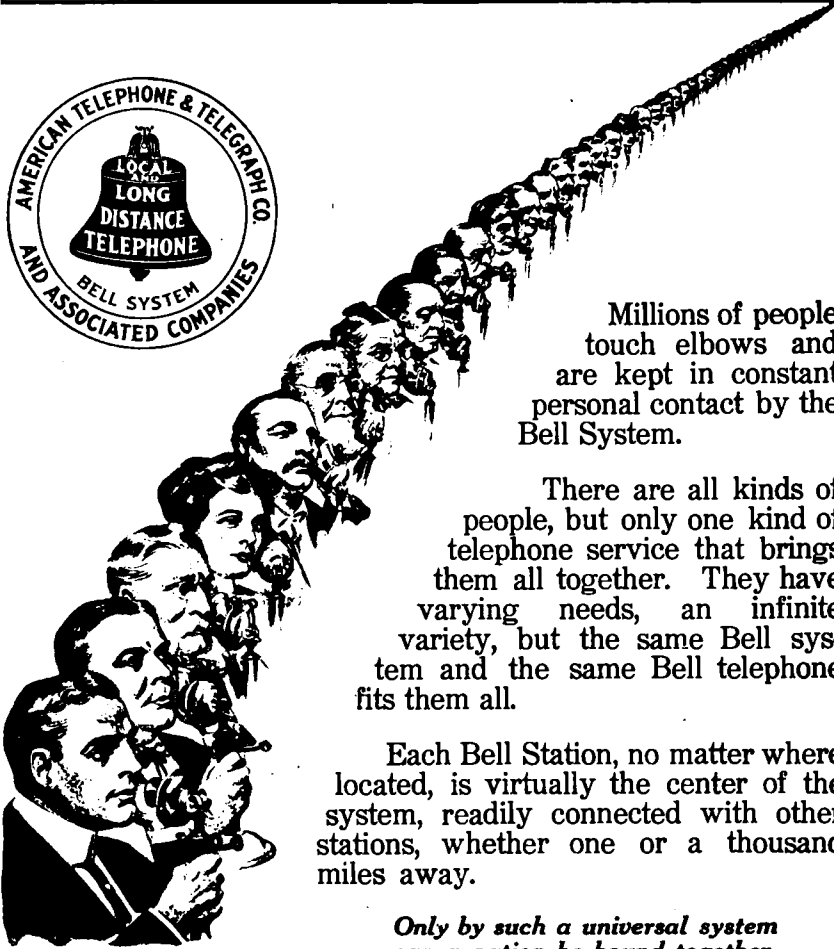
Standard Set, with twelve double-edge blades, \$5.00. Blades 50c. and \$1.00 per packet.

Write and we'll send you a pamphlet—Dept. A.

Gillette

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A United Nation



Millions of people touch elbows and are kept in constant personal contact by the Bell System.

There are all kinds of people, but only one kind of telephone service that brings them all together. They have varying needs, an infinite variety, but the same Bell system and the same Bell telephone fits them all.

Each Bell Station, no matter where located, is virtually the center of the system, readily connected with other stations, whether one or a thousand miles away.

*Only by such a universal system
can a nation be bound together.*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BEAUTY may be degraded, it can not be vulgarized. With the beauty of their lives and love, time has tampered but without marring the perfection of which both were made and to which at the time the love of Vittoria Colonna and Michelangelo alone is comparable.

Michelangelo, named after the angel of justice, as Raphael was after the angel of grace, separated himself from all that was not papal and marmorean. Only Leonardo da Vinci who

of the Renaissance as he did the conscience. The love that thereafter subsisted between them was, if not perfect, then almost as perfect as human love can be—a love neither sentimental nor sensual, but gravely austere as true beauty ever is.

Since the days of Helen, love had been ascending. Sometimes it fell. Occasionally it lost its way. There were seasons when it passed from sight. But always the ascent was resumed. With Michelangelo and Vittoria Colonna it

had gone and Ludwig of Bavaria who had not come—the one a painter, the other a king, but both poets—were as isolating as he. He was disfigured. Because of that he made a solitude and peopled it grandiosely with the grandeur of the genius that was his, displaying in whatever he created that of which art had hitherto been unconscious, the sovereignty not of beauty only but of right. Balzac wrote abundantly to prove the influence that names have on their possessors. In the curious prevision that gave Michelangelo his name there was an ideal. He followed it. It led him to another. There he knelt before Vittoria Colonna, who represented the soul

reached a summit beyond which for centuries it could not go. In the interim there were other seasons in which it passed from sight. Meanwhile, like Beauty in the medieval night, it waited.

—Edgar Saltus.

LOVE is the only bow on life's dark cloud. It is the Morning and the Evening Star. It shines upon the cradle of the babe, and sheds its radiance upon the quiet tomb. It is the mother of Art, inspirer of poet, patriot and philosopher. It is the air and light of every heart, builder of every home, kindler of every fire on every hearth. It was the first to dream of immortality. It fills the world with melody, for Music

is the voice of Love. Love is the magician, the enchanter, that changes worthless things to joy, and makes right royal kings and queens of common clay. It is the perfume of the wondrous flower—the heart—and without that sacred passion, that divine swoon, we are less than beasts; but with it, earth is heaven and we are gods.—Robert G. Ingersoll.

Health is the vital principle of bliss, and exercise of health.—Thomson.

Melba came to America a week ahead of time



Photo Copyright Hootburn

"I have tried the records and find them really wonderful reproductions of my singing. I feel that in them all the care and trouble to which your experts went have found great reward. My friends who have heard them are simply delighted with them."

Nellie Melba

Melba makes records exclusively for the Victor

for the sole purpose of making records for the Victor.

She spent the entire week of August 20-27 in the Victor laboratories at Camden, making a series of records by our new and improved recording process, and was so enthusiastic with the result that she made over her records already listed in the Victor catalogue.

These new Melba records are truly remarkable examples of the famous singer's glorious voice and conclusively demonstrate the great progress of the Victor.

These Melba records will be placed on sale with all Victor dealers in the early future. In the meantime drop in any store where you see the famous Victor trademark and just ask to hear the Victor or Victor-Victrola. You'll be astonished and wonder why you have waited so long.



THE Millionaire is the one who gets a million; the Millionheir is the one who inherits it; the Millionheiress is the one who spends it.—Bolton Hall.

AND we shall be made truly wise if we be made content; content, too, not only with what we can understand, but content with what we do not understand—the habit of mind which the theologians call—and rightly—faith in God.—Charles Kingsley.

SERVICE AND BEAUTY

THE CLOTHING THAT COUNTS



THE first waterproof coat I owned was a "slicker." It was made from the canvas cover of a prairie-schooner, and then dipped in a solution of rosin, turpentine and linseed-oil. It weighed a part of a ton, smelled to high heaven, and its creaking listened in a way to scare a cayuse stiff.

Next, I had a straight rubber coat that was waterproof and airproof. It was cold in Winter, hot in Summer, and gave you first a Turkish bath, then a cold in the head.

The "mackintosh" came in as a glad relief, being a vulcanized cloth of decentable weight. The word, however, covered a multitude of sins, but the thing itself was good until you found something better—just as everything is.

The cloth that is artistic, rarely beautiful, light in weight, strong in fiber, rainproof and yet porous to air—the perfection in all woven fabrics as a "topcoat" for men and women—is Priestley's "Craven-ette" Cloth.

There are two brands of this wonderful weave.

One is called *Priestley's Cravenette English Gabardine*.

The other is *Priestley's Rosebery Cloth*.

A woman once asked William Morris this question: "What is your highest ambition?" And his answer was, "To produce a perfect blue." ❀ ❀

Priestley's Cravenette Gabardines and Priestley's Cravenette Rosebery Cloths come in colors, shades and tints that would have delighted the soul of William Morris, Master Dyer. They represent the "art shades," those elusive colors that fade one into another and are indescribable, since words convey sounds, but not colors—much less tints.

Your Motor-Car Equipment is not complete without a few Cravenette Coats of the Priestley Patent—the aristocrat of coats—always

AN ADVERTISEMENT

By ELBERT HUBBARD

"classy," dressy, useful—no rubber, no odor, no spots. Insist on Priestley's Rosebery Cloth. There are no substitutes.

The thrill of quiet compliment I felt when Hugh Chalmers held a "Rosebery Cloth" coat for me I will not soon forget. It took me back to the day I first saw Lord Rosebery. I think I must have felt as Lord Rosebery felt, when at Epsom Downs he led his winner down past the Grandstand.

Lord Rosebery was Premier of England then: a carefully groomed, singularly boyish-looking man, blushing like a schoolgirl, as we shouted and threw our caps in the air.

I met Rosebery an hour afterward at the paddock. We talked horse and books. He congratulated me on my *Sharps and Flats*, and 'Gene Field at my elbow had to stand and take it. We noticed that Rosebery wore a raincoat—a marvel of lightness and subdued rainbow beauty. It was the "Priestley," just coming into vogue; and the half-blown rose in the Premier's buttonhole gave the last touch of careless grace to this sportsmanlike man, a man of affairs who found his rest in play.

For all kinds of outdoor wear, the Priestley Cravenetted Rosebery Cloth will add to your comfort and peace of mind—autoing, golfing, fishing, yachting, hunting, on horseback or on foot, always take your "Rosebery." It is beautiful and it is serviceable—dustproof, rainproof, mothproof.

When not in use it can be folded so as to take up about as much room as the evening paper. Equip your auto with "Roseberys" and note the gladsome glee of the girls, also the pride of the boys—of all ages.

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AMERICAN SELLING OFFICES

100 FIFTH AVE., COR. FIFTEENTH ST., NEW YORK



THE way to make delicious doughnuts is with Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard. Most of the famous chefs are today using Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard. It's a lard made the old-fashioned way, in open kettles and from real leaf fat—the very "cream of lard." And Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard is made under the watchful eyes of United States Government inspectors who scrutinize closely every step in its manufacture. It comes to you, too, in the original sanitary package, and in all its pristine purity. Think what that assurance means to you. You will find that Armour's is even better for cooking than butter—it doesn't cook so dry. And you need use but two-thirds as much as of ordinary lard. Try it in the recipe below

Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard

New England Fried Cakes or Doughnuts

Scant cup granulated sugar, rounding table-spoonful "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard, cupful sweet milk, two eggs, one-fourth teaspoon salt, one-fourth teaspoon nutmeg, four cupfuls flour, four rounding teaspoonful baking powder. Sift the baking powder with the flour and add the nutmeg, cream the lard and sugar, add eggs and beat thoroughly; then add the milk and flour. More flour should be added on the kneading board until the dough can be rolled out one-fourth of an inch thick and retain its shape when cut. Cut and fry in Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard. (67)



Examine Label Closely

Look closely at the label, for it means much to you. The name Armour stands for highest quality, and the words "Leaf Lard," under Government ruling, can only be applied to lard from the leaf fat—the best. So be sure the label reads Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard.

lision that a-way from soda to hock. One takes nothin' but chances; the other takes everything except. A business man never lets go one hold till he's got another; a gambler lets go all holds an' trusts to outluck you for a fresh one. Thar's other p'int of sep'ration. For example, a gambler never thinks of lendin' you money until you're busted; which is the precise eepock a business gent won't let you have a splinter. ¶ Go weavin' forth an' try it, if you nurses doubts. ✱ Approach a kyard-sharp for a stake, an' you with a bundle. That indignant sport'll onbosom himse'f in a way to take the nap off your coat. What he says, you bet!

BUSINESS men an' gamblers is onlike each other all along the line. Their attitoods is as wide apart as poetry an' prose, an' for this yere edyoocational reason: At his game, when a gambler gives, he don't get; an' when he gets, he don't give. Your business gent is sent through the chute of existence the other way about. He never gives without gettin'; an' he never gets without givin'—assoomin' he's on the level, which he frequent ain't. Gamblers an' business men is in head-on col-

will be more decisive 'than encouragin'—hot an' plenty explicit. Come around when you're broke, an' he'll reevive your faintin' fortunes with half his bank-roll. As opposed to this, whenever you goes troopin' up against a business gent to make a borry, you'll have to back the play with a bale of secoorities as big as a roll of kyarpet. He'll want to know you've got 'em, too, before ever he lets you so much as lay bar' your errand. Wharfore is this yere difference? You don't

have to dig none deep for causes: gamblers by nacher is romantic; an' a business gent roots close to the ground. One is 'motional; the other's hard an' pulseless as a iron wedge. The former's a bird, an' gaily spends his onthinkin' time among the clouds; the latter never soars higher than he can lift himse'f on wings of bricks an' mo'-tar ❖

Likewise, gamblers is more excellent as company. When I'm onbuckled, an' romancin' 'roun' for sociability onp'isoned of ulterior designs, I shore searches out your kyard-sharp everytime. Gettin' sociable with a business gent is about as likely a enterprise as winnin' the affections of a burglar-proof safe. Thar's a time-lock goes with his friendship, an' even he himse'f can't break into it none outside of business hours.—Alfred Henry Lewis, in "Wolfville Days."

❖ **JAMES J. HILL**, of Saint Paul, is the man that is needed to run this country at the present time. No other man in the land has given us such wise utterances as he. He says that not a dollar more of indebtedness should be incurred by the States and the Nation, save

Ostermoor \$15.

20 Years here

**The Home of
Dr. Robert H. Williams,
Kansas City, Mo.**
June 20, 1910.
Messrs. Ostermoor & Co.,
"Ostermoor Mattresses are unquestionably the finest mattresses possible to be obtained."
"My father, R. N. Williams, of Cameron, Mo., bought an Ostermoor Mattress over TWENTY YEARS AGO, and it is today the very best mattress I have ever seen."
"I am using the Ostermoor constantly, and have frequently had my patients get your mattresses, and do away with hair ones."
"The Ostermoor is a non-conductor and a conservator of vital force; hair is quite the contrary."
Yours very truly,
R. H. WILLIAMS.



Twenty years of service in this family is proof of quality—it's another thing merely to claim.

That's the difference between the Ostermoor mattress and—the others. **Proven Quality** is more important than price, and yet the genuine Ostermoor costs no more than the swarm of "just as goods" that strive for recognition by copying the Ostermoor trademark and the famous Ostermoor advertising. Get what you ask for.

Send For Our 144-Page Book with Samples—Mailed Free

MATTRESSES COST
Express Prepaid
Best blue and white ticking
4'-6" wide—45 lbs.
\$15.
In two parts, 50c. extra
Dust-proof satin finish
ticking, \$1.50 more
French mercerized Art
Twill, \$3.00 more

The Ostermoor Mattress is not for sale at stores generally, but there's an Ostermoor dealer in most places—the liveliest merchant in town. Write us and we'll give you her name. But don't take chances with imitations at other stores—make sure you're getting the genuine Ostermoor—our trade-mark label is your guarantee. We will ship you a mattress by express prepaid, same day your check is received by us, where we have no dealer or he has none in stock.

OSTERMOOR & CO., 182 Elizabeth St., New York
Canada: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

"Good for a lifetime's bed time"



in case of war. ¶ This broad sweep for economy at once does away with all the paternalistic demands that are continually being presented by Democrats and Republicans alike. Individual, municipal, State and National extravagance is ruining the Nation.

—Francis B. Livesey.

❖ **WILL** live this life with no thought of a hereafter: then I may live it as I would were there no hope to retrieve.—Muriel Strode.



JAMES OLIVER

THE OLIVER HOTEL at South Bend, Indiana

WHEN James Oliver, the Plow Man, built The Oliver Hotel he built his personality into it. This Hotel is just like the "Old Man" himself—four-square from the ground up—no veneer, no pretense without the premise, nothing cheap, nor tawdry, nor out of place, but fine, airy, clean and comfortable.

Men who know little of Art or Harmony sense the serenity, the "smoothness" of THE OLIVER and linger long whenever time and business permit.

South Bend is a small city, as cities are rated numerically—say fifty thousand—yet many a place of greater size yearns for a Hotel like THE OLIVER. James Oliver built this Hotel because of his love for South Bend. He built it anticipating the next fifty years.

Outside the door the country stretches away and the river ambles slowly along. Inside is Metropolitan convenience set to the sure motion of many men on busy business bent.

Traveling men on their way West arrange their headquarters at THE OLIVER instead of in Chicago. There is rest and Hominess at THE OLIVER.

THE OLIVER may not produce great profits, that is not necessary. But it has well-paid, happy, helpful help—and the Hotel never wants for guests to fill its rooms.

Any one who comes once to THE OLIVER comes back, and that's certain.

Are there other hotels in South Bend? There may be, but no one knows nor cares. Ask the Oldest Inhabitant!

South Bend and THE OLIVER are on the Main Line of travel from Everywhere to Anywhere—particularly when going East to West or West to East.

For an Auto Party—just a good run from Chicago. Come down one day and go back the next. Regular stopping-place for Glidden Tourists.

Rates are most moderate and service exceptional.

Have you read "A Little Journey to the Home of James Oliver," by Elbert Hubbard? If not, drop us a postal card and we will be glad to send you a copy, gratis.

THE OLIVER HOTEL
SOUTH BEND, INDIANA



COWARD IDEALS

**Comfort
Quality**

**Style
Constancy**

**Service
Economy**

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD

This year, as in years past, I held a Convention here in East Aurora for men rated 'way up by the Advertising Profession.

To one man I sent a very Special invitation. I pictured to him the Joys of the Weeding Party, and the Sport and Exercise to be had at the Woodpile. Discreetly, I suggested the Early Morning Milking Bee with Ali Baba.

The Man's name was James S. Coward.

Shortly I received his regrets. He could n't come.

And the Reason he gave was so peculiar, so near to my own sympathies, that I remembered it—remembered it word for word. And now I give it to you:

"The people put me here forty-seven years ago, in this same Old Spot, as a boy, fifteen years of age, and I never had a Journey of over one and a half days away from the Shop. The Other Fellow may have had a good time, but I am having a better one. I am making Coward Shoes."

In this day and age, when the almost accepted way to take a Vacation is to throw down your pen or sledge or shears or chisel, and hie away to the giddy whirl!—I bowed my head over James Coward's Note.

Then, for the First Time, I grasped the full meaning, the symbolism of Coward Shoes.

Lest you overlook it, friend, I want to write me here that this Loyalty to Craft is the same that moved the Mallet of Michelangelo and held Leonardo da Vinci to his Brush.

Can you doubt the Coward Shoe, made by a man who has worked his work, been Loyalty to his Ideals for forty-seven years? I can not—and I wear them.

¶ James S. Coward has only one Store—but His Shoes are sent 'round the World!

¶ At the last, this may not be an advertisement, but it is the word of my Heart.

THE COWARD SHOE

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

You Folks who have never been quite *foot-suited* should write to Coward for His Little Book, picturing the Coward Family.

Some Coward "Special" Shoes

The Coward Good-Sense Shoe (made especially for tender feet)

The Coward Straight-Last Shoe (for slim, straight, slender feet)

The Coward Bunion Shoe

The Coward Arch-Support Shoe

The Coward Corn-Room Shoe

The Coward Orthopedic Shoe

JAMES S. COWARD, 264-274 Greenwich St., New York
(Sold Nowhere Else)

MAIL ORDERS FILLED. SEND FOR CATALOG.

Trust Company Bulletin.

THE HABIT of HABITS

"Sow an Act and you reap a Habit,
Sow a Habit and you reap a Character,
Sow a Character and you reap a Destiny."



HATEVER you teach yourself—good or bad—you are.

¶ Assume habits carelessly, and you have careless habits—you are a careless citizen.

¶ Every man, every woman, is a living, breathing biography of his Own Life.

Wellington said, "Habit is ten times Nature." It is.

¶ Heredity marks strong lines in you and me, but the stronger lines are those grooved by Habit.

¶ Just as you Plan your Life, so shall it be lived.

¶ All the effect of Habits assumed in youth will burden or bless you in your age.

¶ So then it behooves us all to Cultivate our Personal Habits carefully—gracefully.

¶ The greatest of Modern Philosophers said: "Get the Bank-Book Habit." He meant to conserve your funds is to Protect your Character, bring Order into your Life and defy the ravages and revenges of time.

¶ You should start the "Bank-Book Habit" Today. No matter how few your Dollars at the start—*make the Start.*

¶ On Regular Savings-Accounts at the Fidelity Title and Trust Company Four per cent interest is paid and compounded semi-annually. On Accounts subject to check at sight, and where the Balance warrants it, Two per cent per annum is paid. Certificates of deposits are issued and interest paid thereon.

Fidelity Title and Trust Company
341 and 343 Fourth Avenue, PITTSBURGH, PENNA.

AFTER selecting from the best literature of the world a number of books that can be placed on a five-foot shelf, Doctor Eliot says:

"It is my belief that a faithful and considerable reading of these books, with such re-readings and memorizings as individual taste may prescribe, will give any man the essentials of a liberal education, even if he can devote to them but fifteen minutes a day."

This deliberate expression by a man who has

saying that not only may an education on special subjects be obtained from the reading of books, but also the essentials of a "liberal education."

Doubtless Doctor Eliot has always known this, as most reasonable persons have, but he has kept the knowledge to himself until, now that he is practically through with active college work, he thinks that he might as well be honest about the matter and give the public the benefit of his mature judgment.

spent his life in higher educational work coincides exactly with my own belief as I have expressed in several of my papers on education, and that is: Young men who wish to become enlightened or educated on any particular subject may obtain from books all the knowledge required, provided they can find what books to read. Such persons do not need to be urged to read and study for themselves; neither do they need to go to a teacher, for the teacher can tell them nothing more than they can find for themselves in the books.

There is nothing that is specially remarkable in President Eliot's statement—save it be that he goes farther than I have done in

The Roycroft Goods are the Best of Holiday Presents—Individual, Artistic—not Common, Unusual, Unique and Peculiar. You should have our Catalog

All educators must know this fact as well as Doctor Eliot, yet they go right along encouraging young men to spend their time and money going to college, when they might be earning their living, developing their character without the risks incident to college life, and getting the essentials of a liberal as well as a practical education from the best books of the world.

—R. T. Crane.

WHY invent some anti-toxin cure when the God-given antidote of pure air can be had in abundance just outside the hermetically sealed windows of the present-day civilization?

Women complain of the exhaustion incident to shopping. Is it any wonder that they and those still more unfortunate behind the counter become exhausted in the polluted, enervating atmosphere which envelops them? He would be a wise merchant who with fresh air cheered, encouraged and invigorated not only his patrons but his exhausted clerks as well.

As matters stand, critical examination would show that almost every shop, every church, theater or business office is in some measure a disease manufactory, owing to the amount

of unoxxygenated poison exhalations from human lungs.

¶ If some philanthropist, understanding the successful results of the "fresh-air cure," would encourage experimenters to devise some efficient means of draftless ventilation so that every domicile inhabited by man or bovine could receive this life-giving air-current, how sensible it would seem. We should hear less concerning the hopeless outlook of the white peril.—K. G.

ROOSEVELT

Recalls the Names of His Rough Riders



HE value of a well-trained memory has never been more strikingly exemplified than in Theodore Roosevelt. *He Never Forgets!* His is the ability to summon instantly to his aid the information necessary for prompt, accurate judgment and quick decision.

¶ *Roosevelt* is a strenuous, forceful proof that *A Good Memory is "The Key to Success."* After an interval of excitement and travel so strenuous that it would blot from the minds of most men recollection of names and faces, he greeted his famous Rough Riders, recognizing the faces of each and addressing them by name.



A Striking Example of Success
Due to a Well-Trained Memory

¶ What Roosevelt can do, *you can do*. Learn to remember and you will forget to forget. Perfect memory, like perfect health, can be acquired. Poor memory, even more than poor health, means failure.

¶ *Cultivate your Memory.* The average memory and the trained memory are at as great extremes as the properly handled acre of land yielding \$1,000 and the 100-acre farm yielding but \$500. No matter what you do or where you live, you should learn to focus your mind on the vital points of a proposition. Do you want to remember names, faces, facts and figures—how to acquire the faculty of systematizing your mind—concentration? Then write Henry Dickson.

¶ *The Dickson School of Memory* is acknowledged the most successful school of memory training in the world. Its graduates fill every walk in successful business, political and professional activity.

¶ *The Dickson System of Home Instructing in Memory Training* has been highly recommended by such notables as Elbert Hubbard, Prof. David Swing, Dr. Latson and thousands of others.

The First Step is My Free Book, "How to Remember"

Get the free copy of Prof. Dickson's valuable book, "How to Remember." Fill out the coupon and mail it today

MY BOOK FREE		Memory the Basis of All Knowledge THE KEY TO SUCCESS	Send me your free book, "HOW TO REMEMBER"
"HOW TO REMEMBER" Write to-day	Prof. Henry Dickson, Principal Dickson Memory School 963 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago	NAME _____ STREET _____ CITY _____ STATE _____	



Ladies and Gentlemen:

Allow me to introduce my friend under the pecan-tree—Mr. J. E. Branch, of Aberdeen, South Dakota. Mr. Branch has represented the Cudahys in South Dakota for twelve years. He is big enough to hold a big job, but not big enough to quit one. When there is meat on the block, you could n't interest Branch in a scoopful of diamonds at ten cents a quart. We caught him during his thirty days' vacation and whisked him down to Florida; he is back home now and may be so interested in beating back the wolf from the door of the Cudahys that Pecans may be taking second place, but while he was here he used to get so excited talking about them that he left knuckle-dents in my Southern-pine, Johnson-stained, made-by-myself library-table; and then he would end by getting angry because he knew his friends would n't believe him when he returned home, and told the real truth about Pecans in Florida. We got the following letter from him while under one of these paroxysms:

Aberdeen, S. D., September 3, 1910.

Florida Home Development Co.,
Tallahassee, Florida,

Gentlemen:

Acting upon your request for a statement concerning the Florida Paper-Shell Pecan, I arise with joy to proclaim the Pecan the greatest promiser of big returns on a small investment I ever investigated or heard of that was outside the realm of gambling. I came to Florida the Tenth of August, expecting to purchase a five-acre or possibly a ten-acre Pecan orchard, and incidentally got "all het up." I was on the move continually every day of the fifteen I spent in the State and did not find it uncomfortable day or night, and the thermometer during my stay never came within six degrees of the high mark in South Dakota for the same period. Altogether, I spent fifteen happy days full of action, and soaked up some new facts. The Pecan proposition attacked me so violently during my first two days of investigation that I felt that perhaps I had been handed some sort of mental dope, so I refused to act until whatever it was had sufficient time to work out of my system. To that end, I broke away from my friend Bell and put in a week traveling over the Pecan territory within a fifty-mile radius of Tallahassee. During that time I questioned horticultural experts and about every one else I met, many of whom seemed not particularly expert at anything. I bunched the evidence, cut a line through the center and formed my conclusions. The next move I made was to close a contract for forty acres, which is to be planted to the Florida Paper-Shell Pecan. If it is not bringing me a fair rate of interest at five years, and from six to eight thousand dollars per annum at ten years, my information and estimates are all wrong. And yet if it does only a half of this, it is still the biggest thing I ever heard of.

You may use my name and influence in any manner you see fit in the boosting of Pecans and Pecan Villa.

Very truly yours,

J. E. BRANCH.

WHAT WE HOPE TO HAVE YOU DO

Purchase five or more acres in Pecan Villa, a twelve-hundred-acre plantation within four miles of Tallahassee, the same to be set out to standard varieties of the Grafted Florida Paper-Shell Pecan, we to care for the trees for five years. Then, that you may feel safe, we will not require payments made direct to us, but the same are to be deposited in one of Florida's strongest banking institutions. This bank agrees with you to complete our contract, should we fail in any particular. The initial payment is One Hundred Dollars per five-acre orchard, the balance on monthly, semi-annual or annual payments, as you choose.

Our booklet is said to be interesting, has some good pictures of Pecan orchards, gives our plan in detail; we want to send it. A request for it will be to your profit if you give it a chance to work.

WM. A. BELL, Tallahassee, Florida, Secretary, Florida Home Development Company

The Certainty of The Burroughs

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

If it's an Adding-Machine you want, you need, you can not possibly overlook, the Burroughs.

The Burroughs is the first in the field; the Burroughs is the last in the field; the Burroughs is *the Field*.

The Burroughs is not a Machine of Eastern manufacture, nor Western make, nor North, South, nor Central. The Burroughs is of the Country, for the Country.

In Kalamazoo, Michigan, or Phoenix, Arizona, or Salem, Massachusetts, or Salem, Oregon, or Baton Rouge, or Carson City or Key West—there you find the Burroughs an integral part of the Business Life.

The Burroughs is a Fact proven by Business Men Everywhere—under all conditions, tried by all tests. The Burroughs is a *Certainty*.

* * * * *

Ringling Brothers run a Circus. Let it be known that this Circus is a great Business Institution. They own and operate the Burroughs.

Not long ago the Ringling Brothers received the Burroughs *Service Inquiry*: "Is your Burroughs in Good Shape? Is it giving you Good Service? Can we make that Service a better Service?" They replied that, owing to the jolting of their ticket-wagon, the carriage of their Burroughs had worked slightly loose. Otherwise, fine, dandy—without fault, greatest ever.

The next stop for Ringling Brothers Circus was Decatur, Illinois. When the ticket-wagon reached the Show-grounds, their first visitor was the Burroughs Inspector. In twenty minutes the Adding-Machine was repaired, hard at its day's work.

* * * * *

You can not get away from the Burroughs. No matter where you go—Town or Country, Seaside or Mountain, your Hotel, the Railroad-Station, the Local Factory—use the Burroughs.

The *Certainty* of the Burroughs makes it indispensable.

Our System of Inspection extends over the *entire* country. Owners are never in fear of a disabled Machine and the consequent stoppage of work, for substitute machines are carried in every one of our 106 branch offices.

THE BURROUGHS SERVICE IS THREEFOLD

Systems Service—in which our Users are shown how to get the greatest possible use from the machine.

Mechanical Inspection Service—guarantees to the User of the Burroughs that he is always insured of the uninterrupted use of his investment. This Ringling Brothers episode proves the point.

Inventions Service—by which our Users are insured in the future that they will always have the advantage of having the most advanced types of practical adding and listing machines to draw on in exchange for the machines that they have bought. An old Burroughs is always worth money in exchange for a later model.



Seventy-One Styles of Burroughs Bookkeeping Machines—One to Handle Any Kind of Work: and Made to Fit Any Pocket.

If you are interested in "A Better Day's Work," write us (using letterhead) for our unique book under that title. Now in its fourth edition—102 pages. 125,000 already distributed. * Other books: "Why Don't You Go Home?"—a 46-page book for retailers. Also "Cost-Keeping Short Cuts"—180 pages—giving simplified methods for cost-keeping departments.

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE CO.

Dept. F, Burroughs Block, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

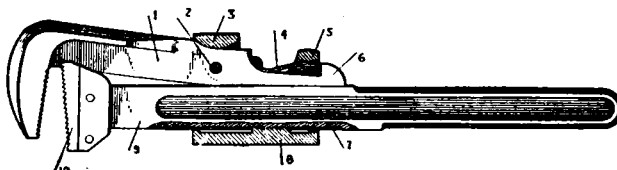
European Headquarters: 76 Cannon St., London, W. C., England.

THE STRONGEST PIPE-WRENCH ON EARTH!

Explanation of Figures on Cut

- No. 1. Movable Jaws.
- No. 2. Pivot only holding parts together when not in action.
- No. 3. Rocker in Sleeve.
- No. 4. Spring.
- No. 5. Back strap of Sleeve.
- No. 6. Lug on end of the movable jaw, taking all strain from pivot when wrench is in action.

Patented Feb. 15, 1916.



Instantly adjusted with one hand; no rivet to pull out if wrench is given side pull; no spring to depend on, under strain or release.

Explanation of Figures on Cut

- No. 7. Inserted rack in handle or bar.
- No. 8. Inserted Pawl in sleeve to engage with rack in bar.
- No. 9. Handle or bar.
- No. 10. Inserted tooth-plate in bar, extending up on each side of movable jaw, so as to prevent locking.

Other Patents Pending

THE J. F. WRIGHT PIPE-WRENCH

For the past twenty-five or more years, the Stilson and Trimo Pipe-Wrenches have supplied the market demand. Many attempts have been made to develop some improvements, which have generally ended in some make of Pipe-Wrench that was so complicated and full of mechanism as to be worthless for practical, all-around, hard work. The Old and Same styles of Stilson and Trimo have held the field, returning MILLIONS in profits to their manufacturer. After years of careful study, hard and expensive development work, Mr. J. F. Wright has perfected a Pipe-Wrench that will bite and release quicker and more positively than any pipe-wrench ever made; that can be adjusted INSTANTLY, and will stand more hard work or strain, as it is constructed with fewer parts, and more strength where strength is required, and is absolutely anti-locking.

READ THESE THREE LETTERS

Mr. A. C. Eynon, a practical Plumber with years of experience, and now Vice-President National Association of Master Plumbers, has watched the development of the Wright Pipe-Wrench and says:

"Being engaged in a business that the Pipe-Wrench is a standard and everyday tool in use by every journeyman employed, I feel that it is no egotism to say that I Know Something about Pipe-Wrenches, and I pronounce the Wright Pipe-Wrench equal, in my judgment, to the best tool made of its kind."

Mr. Eugene Childs, for eleven years Superintendent in charge of the plant which manufactures the Trimo Pipe-Wrenches, says:

"After eleven years' experience in the management of the Trimo Manufacturing Company, I feel justified in saying that the Wright Pipe-Wrench is greatly superior to the Trimo or Stilson, and with First-Class equipment can be made for from Ten to Fifteen per cent less. It has the merits of GREAT STRENGTH, FEW PARTS and QUICK ADJUSTMENT, which will recommend itself to every user of Pipe-Wrenches."

Mr. Fred E. Sands, for ten years Salesman for the Trimo Manufacturing Company, says:

"During my connection with the Wrench Business, I have come in contact with all the different kinds of Pipe-Wrenches, and will frankly state that the Wright Pipe-Wrench is the only one I have seen that I would be willing to handle in competition with the Trimo and Stilson."

This Wright Pipe-Wrench will be one of the Selling Sensations of the Century. Even as the Breakfast-Foods filled a Public Want and the Safety-Razors performed a Public Service, so will the J. F. Wright Pipe-Wrench free the mechanic from much tireful toil.

You can not buy stocks in the great Food Concerns, the Safety-Razor Companies, now. The Investors who had faith in the beginning are realizing and will not sell. You can buy Stock in the Wrench Business; but if you wait to warm your feet there will be no Stock for Sale. You must act quickly.

Owing to the numerous cities seeking the location of the plant, this question will be decided by Stockholders or Directors of the Company.

Ask any good Mechanic to pass judgment on the J. F. Wright Pipe-Wrench—the Wrench that he can adjust instantly with one hand. If he says the J. F. Wright Pipe-Wrench is a great achievement and a great time and labor saver, write for particulars concerning our Company, Now, as we are organizing. This is a chance for a Commonsense investment for Commonsense investors. Address your query to

J. F. WRIGHT, 1334 Worley Avenue, CANTON, OHIO

The Catalog has one hundred twenty-eight pages of Roycroft Wares displayed in fine form—and the printing and general get-up will not miss your appreciation

Elbert Hubbard Tells Us

DOCTORS prey upon the moral and physical maladies of society; and to a large extent they excite, stir up, foment and bring about the ills they pretend to alleviate.

If so, doctors are knaves plus. But, why?

Medicine spells Ignorance, Superstition, Deceit, Immorality. But, why?

It's gotten to be no trick at all to raise thirty-thousand-dollar pinks, fifty-thousand-dollar horses, billion-dollar trusts, but it still is the toughest proposition in the world to raise anything better than thirty-cent brains. Why?

Because our universities and colleges graduate "Doctors of Medicine" when mankind needs **Doctors of Health**—doctors who would teach and practise that Health is Commonsense; that Health is Wealth, Wisdom and Happiness; that Health is Business and Brains; and that Sickness is Hell, inexcusable, self-inflicted, degrading; and only brain-lazy people get sick or stay sick; or would rather die in an orthodox manner than to get well or cured in the Commonsense way—the Autology way.

Dr. Moras has written a Commonsense Book on Autology, and by so doing placed the Standard of the Creed of Health farther to the front than any man who has lived for a thousand years.



Well or Sick, You Need AUTOLOGY

Autology is no theory, no fad, no creed. It deals with the **practical business** of your **body and brain** as you have learned to deal with the practical business of your home affairs, plants and flowers, your land and grain, your dollars and cents.

With it there need be no such thing as pain or sickness in your life. Do you realize what that means? That you may see and know for yourself, write for

"GUIDE TO AUTOLOGY," FREE



We consider "Autology" one of the most wonderful books ever written.—"Physical Culture" Magazine.

Address your request for a Free copy of "Guide to Autology" to

E. R. MORAS, M. D., DEPARTMENT 14, HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.
Harvard University Medical School, '88; College of Physicians and Surgeons (Chicago), '89; Formerly House Physician and Surgeon in Cook County Hospital (Chicago); Professor of Obstetrics, College of Physicians and Surgeons (Chicago); Member of Chicago Medical Society, etc.

Even though you can not think of anything that you want, offhand, send for The Roycroft Catalog. It carries the Voltage

The Opportunity



of The Hour

The Seal of a Safe Investment

ONE OF THE MOST PROFITABLE APPLE-ORCHARDS OF THE NORTHWEST

It is always a pleasure to talk to the readers of THE FRA through its advertising pages.

I have done so for month after month on the subject of the Apple-Orchard Industry of the Northwest, and today it is my good fortune to have over a hundred readers of this magazine interested with me as part owners in some of the commercial apple-orchards being developed by my Company.

I have taken this space to make a request.

I want to send our new booklet, entitled, "*The Apple and the Dollar*," to as many readers of THE FRA as may be desirous of increasing their income by becoming identified with this enormously profitable industry.

Right now as I write this advertisement, the greatest apple crop that the Spokane Country has ever produced is being harvested.

Within a few weeks the bulging bank-accounts of the

Apple-Growers will add \$25,000,000.00 to the deposits in the banks located in the respective apple sections.

¶ It is possible for you to share in the profits of this industry, and between the covers of the aforesaid booklet *I have pointed the way* whereby you may do so without ever having to leave your home.

The investment that I shall tell about *pays 7 per cent from the start—guaranteed*—and the financial side has been brought within the reach of any one willing to lay aside a little each month for a purpose.

In this book I have discussed the growing of the apple in a careful and conservative manner, for our mutual benefit and your personal prosperity.

May I send it to you?

If so, just clip the coupon and mail it to me today, and you will be surprised with the facts submitted.

Your own judgment will tell you what to do.

A. G. Hanauer

President

The Commercial Orchard Company of Washington

General Offices: FIRST NATIONAL BANK BLDG., CHICAGO.

Executive Offices: OLD NATIONAL BANK BLDG., SPOKANE.

COUPON

A. G. HANAUER, President,

453 First National Bank Building, Chicago.

Please mail me your Free Booklet, *The Apple and The Dollar*.

Name.....

Address.....

How long will you Doubt Truth?

SO extravagant have been the exaggerations in safety-razor advertising, that we have great difficulty in making the public believe that the AutoStrop Safety Razor really does get the head barber's edge and give the head barber's shave.

But reason it out for yourself, to wit:

The AutoStrop Safety Razor, like the head barber, depends on expert stropping for its edge. That is why it gets the edge. And, as it makes everybody able to strop as quickly, handily and expertly as a head barber, it makes everybody able to shave as quickly, handily and expertly as a head barber.

Some men live a life of doubt — doubting everything, everybody. Doubt makes them failures.

Stop doubting the AutoStrop Safety Razor. Get one from your dealer today on '30 days' free trial.

Get One—Try It

(Dealers Also Read This)

If it does n't give you head-barber shaves, dealer will willingly refund your \$5.00, as he loses nothing. We exchange the razor you return or refund him what he paid for it.

Consists of one self-stropping safety razor (silver-plated), 12 fine blades and strop in handsome case. Price \$5.00, which is your total shaving expense for years, as one blade often lasts six months to one year.

The best way to forget to get an AutoStrop Safety Razor is to put it off until "tomorrow."

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO.

358 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK; 233 Coristine Bldg., MONTREAL;
61 New Oxford Street, LONDON.



AutoStrop
SAFETY
RAZOR



**STROPS, SHAVES,
CLEANS WITHOUT
DETACHING BLADE.
QUICK, HANDY.**

The Battle Creek Sanitarium



For the Overworked—the Overtired—

For the man or woman fighting a daily battle with ill-health, even a short stay at the Battle Creek Sanitarium often means rejuvenation—new health, new strength, a reawakened joy in living—for the business man, an increased capacity and efficiency; for the woman, rekindled vigor for household and social duties.

A month, or possibly a fortnight, here in this atmosphere of health and good cheer, will greatly increase your efficiency and fortify you against winter trials.

The rates are very moderate, the total cost, medical attention and all, being less than the charges at most resort hotels.



WHAT'S the matter with the Church in our town?

I don't know. It may be that there was a time in which man was no more capable of contemplating a "Great First Cause" or the unanswerable questions of origin and destiny than a tadpole, and that through long years of evolution he finally reached a stage of intellectual development in which he created unto himself a God.

This was his first effort, and he did the best

A system of general health culture and training corrects errors of eating, drinking and living, and establishes new and correct health habits.

Every visitor receives a special, individual study of his or her individual needs.

For those who have been too much indoors, there are the country walks, automobiling, outdoor gymnasium and outdoor sleeping.

In the great gymnasium, physical exercises are taken on gradually under the constant care of individual trainers.

The Battle Creek Sanitarium System comprises over 200 baths, including Nauheim, Electric-Light Baths, Phototherapy, Electricity, X-Ray, Finsen-Ray, Mechanical Vibrations, Massage, Manual Swedish Movement and others.

There are four splendid swimming-pools—swimming instructors if desired.

Indoors there is a great palm garden—a delightful visiting-place for guests. The sun parlor, rest foyers and long porch promenades all provide ideal places of rest and recreation.

Please send a postal for a beautifully illustrated portfolio containing sixty photographic views, showing Battle Creek Sanitarium from within and without.

THE SANITARIUM
Box 128, Battle Creek, Mich.

and adds that "God is the Great Unconscious moving toward the conscious"—(unconsciously, I presume). And the advanced Protestant Church is not so very far from accepting this theory.

Now, can the Church give any reason, or offer any excuse, for bowing its head in worship and adoration before a "Great Unconscious, immovable, unchangeable, without passion and without parts"?

In the great march of progress, man has for

he could—probably as well as you or I would have done under the circumstances. ✱ ✱

Now, this God "walked in the garden in the cool of the evening." What put that idea into the barbarian's head? ✱ Experience had taught him that the cool of the evening was the most pleasant time to walk in a garden. In the early afternoon his God was probably stretched out under the shade of a tree.

¶ And then through long periods of evolution it became a part of an orthodox creed that "God is immovable, unchangeable, without passion and without parts."

And now comes forward the greatest authority in the Unitarian Church

The New Roycroft Catalog will be off the press when you read this

a time retraced his steps. The glad tidings of great joy ushered in one thousand years of the Dark Ages, and they were dark. And for aught I know, man may go back to savagery and the dugout—but I don't believe it. And it may be, for aught I know, that Universal Man from the Seventh Heaven of Intelligence will one day look down upon the fallen thrones and altars of all his Gods. And that may be what is the matter with the Church in our town. I don't know.—W. Y. Murphy.

It is to be regretted that the Woman Suffrage movement is not universally based upon a demand by her for a limited suffrage. Experience has taught that the suffrage has been too generously conferred. The possession of property—the fundamental basis of all permanent civilization—should be required, and a test of education, and a certain mental capacity, and of freedom from criminality, and a longer period of residence than is now required from the alien. The laws regulating the right of suffrage have gone beyond rational boundaries. Women can help to readjust this unbalanced situation—if they do so in a large, political

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That Little Bar and Nut has solved the Problem! It has put all other Encyclopædias out of date! "It is used as an authority in our Editorial Rooms."—Review of Reviews. The most valuable, durable and beautiful set of books published.

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1. Nelson's Patent Binding Device makes Nelson's Perpetual Loose-Leaf Encyclopædia the only absolutely New Reference Work obtainable, because this Wonderful Device enables the Publishers to keep Nelson's always up to date.

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Write today for the FREE loose-leaf portfolio on Nature study, particulars of the Bureau of Research for special information, facsimile endorsement letters from Scientists and Educators, and full information about Nelson's Loose-Leaf Reference System. Our special introductory price and easy-payment terms interest all who appreciate a bargain.

N. B. Nelson's Perpetual Loose-Leaf Encyclopædia has so completely revolutionized encyclopædia-making and put out of date the old-fashioned, regrettably homely encyclopædias, that we are constantly receiving inquiries asking us to make an allowance on old encyclopædias to apply as part payment on Nelson's Loose-Leaf Encyclopædia. We have, therefore, prepared a price-list stating the amount allowed. This price-list will be mailed upon request.

THOMAS NELSON & SONS, DEPT. A 381-385 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK
Founded in Edinburgh, 1798 Over 100 Years in Business Established in New York, 1854

Publishers of The American Standard Bible—Endorsed by Universities, Theological Seminaries and Colleges throughout America

Approved, Adopted and Used by the United States Government Departments and by Universities, Colleges, Libraries and School-Boards throughout the Country; also The Officially Recognized Authority in Canada.

READ THIS LETTER

Ottawa, 8th April, 1910

In going over the subject of reference works purchased for the use of the Departments at Ottawa, I found that you have sold about ten times as many sets of Nelson's Perpetual Loose-Leaf Encyclopædia as have ever been purchased of all general reference works combined. I thought that you might be interested to know this, as the sale of one or more to each department of the Government is unprecedented.

A. G. Little
Superintendent

NELSON'S PERPETUAL LOOSE-LEAF ENCYCLOPÆDIA CONTAINS MORE THAN 70,000 SUBJECTS—TREATING OVER 1,000,000 TOPICS—7,000 ILLUSTRATIONS—500 MAPS.

way, urging their own rights, and take the stand indicated; they will be displaying a conservative wisdom of judgment, united with their demand, that will make their action one of the most enlightened in history, to the infinite benefit of all republican institutions.

—T. Levering Jones.

Time is precious, no book that will not improve by repeated readings deserves to be read at all.—Carlyle.

One of the New Roycroft Catalogs was meant for you, but you will have to ask for it

The Roycroft Fraternity

Questions from the October FRA. Use these questions for topics of discussion at the meetings of your Junta. Members who are working for Certificates or Diplomas should answer the questions on separate sheets and send papers to us for examination and marking—no charge.

Lesson Number One

- 1 Are large families desirable?
- 2 What do you think of Colonel Roosevelt's race-suicide idea?
- 3 For what are the Hartz Mountains famous?
- 4 Who was (a) Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy? (b) Sebastian Bach? (c) Richard Wagner?
- 5 What does this expression mean: "The infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast"?
- 6 Where and for what noted is (a) Elba? (b) Brussels? (c) Saint Helena? (d) Solferino?
- 7 Describe the "pipes of Pan."
- 8 Give a brief description of the probable origin of musical instruments.
- 9 Musical instruments are divided into how many classes? Name them.
- 10 Distinguish between a cithern, a dulcimer and a clavichord.
- 11 What is the Law of Supply and Demand?
- 12 Where is the following quotation to be found: "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting"?

Lesson Number Two

- 1 Do you believe in Sunday baseball?
- 2 Explain the anomalous assertion that an enemy is a friend.
- 3 Give three noted examples of the advantages of persecution.
- 4 What is a business general?
- 5 Distinguish genius, ability, talent and skill.
- 6 What is work—a punishment, a necessary evil or a privilege?
- 7 What is meant by "Higher Criticism"?
- 8 For what is Mrs. Humphrey Ward noted?
- 9 Who was (a) Stradivarius? (b) Josiah Wedgwood? (c) Richard Arkwright? (d) Clio?
- 10 Is competition the life of trade?
- 11 What is humanitarianism?
- 12 Are men superior to women?

Lesson Number Three

- 1 Which do you prefer—a horse or an automobile? Why?
- 2 To what does the Good Roads Movement owe its origin?
- 3 How does life on the farm today compare with that of forty years ago?
- 4 What causes the increase in farm values?
- 5 Is the influence of the automobile good or bad?
- 6 Should the automobile be classed as a luxury?
- 7 Distinguish between parody, caricature, burlesque and travesty.
- 8 What is a ward-heeler?
- 9 Does the market price of labor keep pace with the cost of living? Why?
- 10 What are the chief tests of citizenship?
- 11 Is laughter a criterion of happiness?
- 12 Do you believe in the doctrine of "Grin and bear it"?

Lesson Number Four

- 1 Is taciturnity a virtue?
- 2 What is the distinction between sang-froid, taciturnity, reserve and reticence?
- 3 What is the Red Cross Society?
- 4 Would you consider Switzerland a potent influence in world affairs?
- 5 What is the "American Amendment"?
- 6 What is the Playground Movement?
- 7 Is a playground as necessary as a school?
- 8 Is our present method of dealing with juvenile offenders to be commended?
- 9 Should Corporations be under Federal control?
- 10 How about State control of Public Utilities?
- 11 Distinguish between imitation, emulation and counterfeit.
- 12 What is civilization?



CATTLE, Heanor, Derbyshire, England
WANTS TO BUY BOOKPLATES BY
HURD, DAWKINS or REVERE





Chalmers

MOTOR CARS

THE Chalmers "30" is the only medium-priced car that was ever awarded the Glidden Trophy.

Of all the Glidden Tours, that of 1910 was the longest, and by far the hardest. It lasted for sixteen running days and covered 2,851 miles. It started at Cincinnati and went "by way of Dallas, Texas," through thirteen States to Chicago.

Words and pictures can not make plain the racking cobblestone roads of Kentucky—the stump-studded forest trails of the Tennessee mountains—the swamps of Arkansas—the deep and treacherous sands of Texas—the mud of Kansas, the bridgeless Southern streams or the sweltering heat that punished car and men alike.

It is the opinion of experts who made this tour that no car in the world could have completed it with a perfect score. Yet, from Cincinnati to Louisville—to Nashville—to Sheffield, Ala.—to Memphis—to Little Rock—to Hot Springs—to Texarkana—to Dallas—to Lawton, Oklahoma—to Oklahoma City—to Wichita, Kansas—eleven consecutive days out of the sixteen, through the hardest part of the trip—and for five days after every other car on the tour had been penalized, not a single point could be assessed against the Chalmers "30"—the \$1,500 car.

In all the history of motoring, there is no performance like this. The Glidden Tour had never been won before by a car costing less than \$4,000.

If you are thinking of buying a car, what better proof could you ask of reliable performance under all conditions than you have in the Glidden Tour record of the winning Chalmers "30"?

The Chalmers "30" has never been defeated in any important motoring event by any car of its price and power class. The Chalmers "Forty" won the Detroit Trophy in the 1909 Glidden Tour. Chalmers Cars have won more events of all kinds in proportion to the number entered than any other cars.

In addition to perfect mechanical performance, you get in the Chalmers all the beauty of line and finish that you can find in any car.

What more could you ask in any car at any price than you get in the medium-priced Chalmers?

We have never had so large a volume of business as we have now. There has never been so satisfying a demand for Chalmers cars as there has been since we announced our 1911 models. Yet this demand will not affect the Chalmers' policy of building cars for quality, not quantity.

We suggest, therefore, that you place your order now, in order to be sure of getting the car that is your first choice. Chalmers cars are the first choice of those who look most carefully into the automobile question and know the most about automobile values.

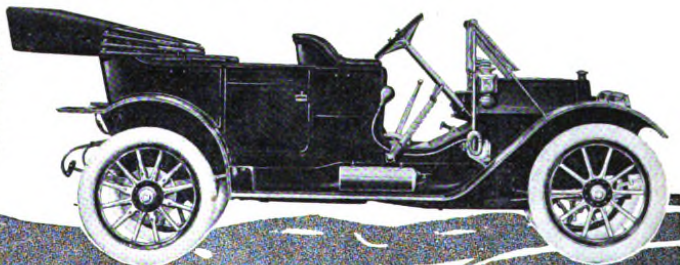
1911 cars will be delivered in order of purchase. All of our dealers have delivery schedules and will be able to tell you when delivery can be made. Write for new catalog "BN" and name of nearest dealer.

Chalmers Motor Company

Licensed under Selden Patent.

CHALMERS "30"		
Touring-Car, - - -	-	\$1,500
Pony Tonneau, - - -	-	\$1,600
Roadster, - - -	-	\$1,500
Limousine, - - -	-	\$2,000
Landulet, - - -	-	\$3,000
Coupe, - - -	-	\$2,400

CHALMERS "FORTY"		
Touring-Car, - - -	-	\$2,750
Torpedo Body, - - -	-	\$3,000
Roadster, - - -	-	\$2,750



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YOU
KNOW

THE NAUTILUS?



The Magazine That's Helping Thousands. The Magazine
ELIZABETH TOWNE

Edits, Publishes and Owns. And it is n't one of those freak things that skyrocket for a day and are seen no more. It is in its *thirteenth* year of steady growth. And why? Because it deals effectually with practical subjects connected with daily living—health, success and personal development. **Q** Yes, and it is *timely*, too. The editorials by Elizabeth Towne are about new-thought topics from every angle, and about current, political and social questions: written so that you do not need an encyclopedia. A few of the regular contributors are *Ella Wheeler Wilcox*, *Edwin Markham*, *Grace MacGowan Cooke*, *Thomas Dreier*, *Wallace D. Wattles*, and many others. **Q** Part of

each issue is personality sketches about men and women who are doing big things. Besides this, each issue is a special number; The Dramatic Number will be out soon. Contributions from Israel Zangwill, George C. Tyler, Mrs. Robert B. Mantell, Billie Burke, Adora Andrews, Walter Perkins, S. J. Kaufman and others. Plays and players are a big factor of our life today. The effect of new-thought plays on audience and actor is a big idea.

CAN YOU AFFORD TO RESIST

OUR BIG SPECIAL OFFER:—Send \$1 now for NAUTILUS 12 months in advance, 12 back numbers, and a free copy each of *Thought Force for Success*, by Elizabeth Towne, and *Thought Force for Health*, by Julia Seton Sears, M. D. Or, if extra cautious, send 10c. for NAUTILUS 3 months in advance and a free copy of *Thought Force for Success*, by Elizabeth Towne. Address **ELIZABETH TOWNE**, Dept. 74, HOLYOKE, MASS.

CASSEROLE



ECONOMIZE

on your meat bills by cooking your foods in
"Fulper" Earthenware
Utensils

and follow the recipes as printed in the **Free Book of Recipes** which we send with every order for the Home Assortment of Cookers

- Two 4-inch Casseroles and Covers
- Two 1-pint Bean Pots, no covers
- One 8-inch Casserole and Cover
- One No. 2 Petite Marmite and Cover
- One 2-quart Bean Pot and Cover

These seven pieces and five covers for only \$2.00, delivered Free.

Your guests will envy you the hot, tasty, savory viands, cooked and served in these seven, quaint, snub-nosed dishes. They'll all want to learn how to cook and serve "En Casserole" and "En Marmite."

MARMITE



Send Us \$2.00 Right Now, together with your Dealer's name; we will see that you get this Home Assortment. Be the first to serve a luncheon in this new style.

FULPER POTTERY COMPANY

Founded 1805

21 Main Street, Flemington, New Jersey
References: Dun's or Bradstreet's.

Buy Furs Now at Maker's Summer Prices



Buy now: take advantage of advance-season discounts; have your pick of complete assortments; and avoid delay in getting your furs.

Our location for over half a century at Saint Paul, the gateway to the great American fur country, one of the largest fur markets in the world, enables us to buy raw skins direct from the trappers. These selected skins are made up in our own clean, airy workrooms. Our designers are the best; our styles the latest. Furs are sent on approval to responsible persons. Fit and satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

To attract early orders and avoid rush later, we offer, until November First

Ten Per Cent Discount Off 1910 Catalog Price of ALBRECHT FURS

All our furs are genuine, true to name: made from whole skins by workmen of lifelong experience. We do not make or sell cheap, unreliable furs. Hundreds of styles of Fur Garments, Neckwear and Muffs; photographs, in colors, of actual furs; how to take home measurements; valuable information about all furs, etc. given in our

60-Page Catalog No. 25
Sent for Four Cents in Stamps

Write today: take advantage of advance-season discounts; and get your furs in time for first cold days. We refer to any bank or business house in Saint Paul or Minneapolis.

E. ALBRECHT & SON, Established 1855
Sixth and Minnesota Sts., Station P, Saint Paul, Minn.

✱ WILL endeavor to be kind at all times, both to mankind and to animals.

I will be courteous and considerate to the aged, realizing that the burden of their years makes the lightest burden seem heavy ✱ ✱

I will keep my troubles and heartaches to myself, so that other hearts will not be burdened by the weight of my misfortunes.

¶ I will endeavor at all times to be cheerful, and smile, so that my smile may be an incentive for others to smile. I will endeavor to be unselfish, not striving for more than what is mine in all fairness, and realizing that other people have rights and deserve consideration.

I will earnestly try to avoid saying unkind things to people and about them, realizing that slander is a blow from behind, and the act of a coward, and I know that kind words have eternal life. In short, I will try to make this sad old world less sad, because I will never pass this way again. Every influence ignoble or unkind goes out from me like the vapor from the bottle and can never be recalled. This is my resolve, and may the Power that rules the world keep me steadfast.

—W. J. Robinson.



The Country Home in Early Fall

The quickly obtainable heat that the Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater gives is nowhere more gratifying than in the home in the country after an overnight drop in the mercury. There is no need to start a furnace or stove, as very likely the next day will be warm. Thousands of housekeepers know what to do. They just get out their Perfection Oil Heater, strike a match, and in a few minutes they have raised the temperature of the dining-room or living-room to just the degree of warmth they desire.

PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

Absolutely smokeless and odorless

This heater has an **automatic-locking flame spreader**, which prevents the wick from being turned high enough to smoke, and is easy to remove and drop back, so the wick can be quickly cleaned. The burner body or gallery cannot become wedged, because of a new device in construction, and can always be easily unscrewed for rewicking.

An indicator shows the amount of oil in the font. Filler-cap does not need to be screwed down, but is put in like a cork in a bottle, and is attached to the font by a chain. Finished in Japan or nickel, strong and durable; well made; built for service, and yet light and ornamental. It has a cool handle and a damper top.

Dealers Everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the

Standard Oil Company

(Incorporated)

NTIL philosophers are kings, and princes of this world have the spirit and power of philosophy, and political greatness and wisdom meet in one, cities will never cease from ill—no, nor the human race as I believe—and then only will our State have a possibility of life, and see the light of day.—Plato.

✱
SOME books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.—Bacon.

The New Roycroft Catalog is fairly complete—Books, Leather, Copper, Mottoes—all of Good Roycroft Make

“When the Frost is on the Pumpkin and the Fodder 's in the Shock” —Send Flowers



WHEN the Autumn days are dull and drear, send Her some bright, cheerful and cheering Flowers.

¶ Fox Flowers take the chill from the air and the chill from her thoughts of you.

¶ Fox Flowers are Sunshine and Summer and Good Will and Beauty and Kindliness and Love. Fox Flowers carry the Heart Message.

¶ If you can not compete with The-Son-of-His-Wealthy-Father, the Bold-Bandit-of-the-Baldhead-Row, or the Gent-Who-Made-His-Pile-Quick, in the *value* of your Offering—you can do better. You can show Good Taste.

¶ Fox knows the Philosophy of Flowers—and their Psychology, too. It is quite impossible to do the wrong thing when you are allied with Fox.

¶ Write to Fox—*Fox sends Flowers anywhere*. Tell him that the girl is a Blonde or a Brunette, and something about her habits of mind and her disposition—but not too much—and Fox will box just the right buds or blooms and send them P. D. Q., on time every time.

¶ P.S. You might suggest how much you care to spend for the Flowers.

¶ P.S.S. You might send the lucre, spondulix, dough, mazuma, when you write.

October Suggestions

FALL WEDDINGS—*Special Attention to the Orders of Jilted Parties*

FOOTBALL GAMES—*Intelligent Help in arranging Color Bouquets*

HAPPY FLOWERS—*For those who love Perpetual Summer*

Charles Henry Fox

AT THE SIGN OF THE ROSE

Broad Street Below Walnut, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

FRA Fox will accept the application of two young men or two young women to learn the Florist Business as he knows it, and under his Personal Supervision. Moderate Tuition Fee.

MANHATTAN AND HENRY HUDSON

BEING AN ODE AND AN APPRECIATION

By Joseph I. C. Clarke and Elbert Hubbard



MANHATTAN, an Ode, by Mr. Clarke, is one of the greatest poems of the century—so says the New York "Times."

It pictures in glowing words the greatness of Gotham, and forecasts, in hope and love, its future.

¶ As a literary production it will live and grow greater in the minds of readers as the years go by.


The sketch of the life of Henry Hudson, who discovered and located the Isle of Manhattan for us, is a fitting companion-piece to Mr. Clarke's wonderful poem. Mr. Hubbard's story of the life of Henry Hudson is a vivid picture of one of the world's heroes. Mr. Hubbard uses fairly good English, and says he, tells he the tale, in a way so that child or grown-up will never forget it.

This story of hope, ambition, endurance, suffering, failure—and success—grips one's attention and holds it to the last word.

The book is on handmade Italian paper, bound in boards, Roycroftie. Cover design by Dard Hunter. Two Dollars

T H E R O Y C R O F T E R S
EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, STATE OF NEW YORK

Blaisdell Paper Pencils



The Earmark of Efficiency

The man who works fast, the "do it now" fellow whose desk is always clear of work at quitting time uses Blaisdell Paper Pencils because they—like himself—are "always on the job." A worn down or broken point on a Blaisdell Pencil means no delay to his work; a nick of the paper, a pull and his Blaisdell is again ready to write, fast, big and clear. And a Blaisdell can be *sharpened* when a wood pencil would be too short to *whittle*, effecting an actual saving of *time and money*.

Blaisdell Paper Pencils in graphite and colored crayon, and for special purposes, photo work, china marking, copying, etc., cover every pencil requirement.

Any two pencils Sent Postpaid

We will mail any two best quality pencils on receipt of ten cents. State color wanted or for purpose used. Don't fail to try them.

A Color Check System

With Blaisdell Colored Crayon Paper Pencils, effectively places responsibility. Assigning a color to each department or department head enables you to tell who checked an order, filled it, or made notations on it. On shipping or order desk, in cashier's cage, or in your pocket, Blaisdell Paper Pencils will save time, mistakes and money.

BLAISDELL PAPER PENCIL CO., 4408 Wayne Ave., Phila., Pa.

YOU'RE NOT HEALTHY Unless You're Clean INSIDE

AND THE ONE WAY TO REAL INTERNAL CLEANLINESS—BY WHICH YOU ARE PROTECTED AGAINST 90 PER CENT OF ALL HUMAN AILMENTS—IS THROUGH PROPER INTERNAL BATHING, WITH PLAIN, WARM WATER.

There is nothing unusual about this treatment—no drugs, no dieting—nothing but the correct application of Nature's own cleanser. But only since the invention of the J. B. L. Cascade has a means for proper internal bathing existed. Pending its discharge from our bodies, all waste matter is held in the organ known as the colon. This waste, like all other waste in Nature, is poisonous. And twice during each 24 hours every drop of blood in the human body circulates through the colon. Unless the poisonous waste is properly washed away, more or less of it is necessarily absorbed by the blood and carried to other parts of the body. To accumulated waste may be traced the original cause of many dangerous ailments, of which appendicitis is one of the most common. Naturally, this poison in the blood weakens the system and produces that "run-down" condition which opens the way for attack from countless diseases, either by contagion or by natural processes. Typhoid rarely can secure a foothold in the system of one who bathes internally as well as externally. Indigestion, headaches, dizziness, and, most common of all, nervousness—these are some of the distressing and life-shortening troubles caused by continued absorption of the poisons in the colon. Only one treatment is known for actually *cleaning* the colon without the aid of elaborate surgical apparatus. This is

THE INTERNAL BATH

By Means of The

J. B. L. CASCADE

Professor Metchnikoff, Europe's leading authority on intestinal conditions, is quoted as saying that, if the colon and its poisonous contents were removable, people would live in good health to twice the present average of human life.

Address, TYRRELL'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE, Dept. 140K, 134 W. 65th STREET, NEW YORK

One Physician's Experience

25 Jacobson Building, Denver, Colo.

DEAR DOCTOR:—Your "J. B. L. Cascade" received, and I have tried it in a number of cases. It is excellent. I can truthfully say that I have had the very best results in my experience with the "Cascade." I treat a great many chronic cases of wasting diseases, and I find ninety per cent of them the result of impacted faecal matter. By the old method, one had to coax and persuade the patient to continue internal bathing; but with the "Cascade" it is a pleasure, since I received the "Cascade," I have cheated the surgeons out of a good operation for appendicitis. Upon examination, every symptom pointed to an operation immediately, and in a few hours she would have been on the table under the knife. You certainly have struck the keynote of many diseases. Sincerely yours,

PROFESSOR HORACE T. DODGE, M.D.
Professor of Materia Medica and Pharmacology, Homeopathic College, Denver, Colo.

Let Doctor Tyrrell Advise You

Doctor Tyrrell is always very glad of an opportunity to consult freely with any one who writes him—and at no expense or obligation whatever. Describe your case to him and he gives you his promise that you will learn facts about yourself which you will realize are of vital importance. You will also receive his book, "The What, The Why, The Way," which is a most interesting treatise on internal bathing. Consultation with Doctor Tyrrell involves no obligation.

in the agricultural world. This wheat fact has been seized upon by the exploiting companies and the boosting Government bureaus, and so much so that many persons can't think of the vast land of Canada without thinking of wheat. "Wheat" has made a wonderful slogan for Alberta and Saskatchewan. Ten years ago the impression was prevalent that these lands were too near the North Pole to grow anything but blizzards and frozen toes. Now it has developed that the nearer the North Pole that wheat can be made to grow, the better will be the quality.—Randall R. Howard.

BUT while making the best of these

WESTERN missionary is said to have named the greatest obstacle to his salvation work in the Alberta-Saskatchewan country by uttering the single word: "Wheat." Wheat is here life and religion, the topic and the thought at all times. The traveler will see occasional fields of sugar-beets, flax, barley and oats—but the chief crop is wheat. There is excuse for this wheat enthusiasm, for Alberta wheat, both for amount of yield and quality, has created an enviable place for itself

conditions, we need not acquiesce in them or maintain their permanence. At any rate we may fight a good fight with commercialism. The evils of heartless and unlovely production under the grind of an unnecessary greed are patent enough to lead us to reflect that we have after all in these matters a choice. We need not spend our money on that which is not bread.—Edward S. Prior.

Laws die, books never. Bulwer-Lytton.

WE are unalterably opposed to violence, bloodshed and murder, both wholesale and retail. We are opposed to it because in the last analysis all wars grow out of economic injustice. We seek, therefore, to establish justice that war may be unnecessary. In the light of this new century, war is a hideous crime.

Furthermore, when war breaks out it is not the rich nor the master class that do the fighting.

It is the common workingman that must shoulder the rifle and make the weary march. It is the common workingman who must stand out under the stars and in the storm on sentinel duty. It is the common workingman

that must take the cold steel to his breast and writhe in anguish upon a field dyed red with the blood of his comrades. It is the common workingmen, massed like huge projectiles, hurled in murderous conflict at each other that become "lava contending with lightning, and volcano contending with earthquake," until the earth beneath them trembles with terror.

It is the common working class that must drink all the bitter dregs of all the blood, of all the tears, and of all the anguish of this

Hugh Chalmers

in his address before THE NATIONAL UNDERWRITERS ASSOCIATION, at the Hotel Pontchartrain, Detroit, Friday, September 9th, 1910, said:

"I consider the advertisements written by Elbert Hubbard in THE FRA Magazine the best copy now being put out in America. Mr. Hubbard instructs, amuses and convinces. He makes us laugh and he makes us think. One thing sure—his advertisements are read. The tragedy of an advertisement is to have it so very smooth and unobjectionable that few will read it, and nobody remember it.

"Elbert Hubbard is Human—a human high-brow—and nothing he says is denatured."

vicious thing that we call war. And today the workers of the world are aware of it all. They long for peace. They struggle continually for justice, that mayhap peace will come.

—Carl D. Thompson.

THE established systems of Education, whatever their matter may be, are fundamentally vicious in their manner. They encourage submissive receptivity instead of independent activity.—Herbert Spencer.



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A handful of raiders, understanding human nature, its fears and moods, plays with investors, and makes the financial refrain one of sorrow or of joy. The market falls or rises at their will, and no organist more completely masters his instrument than this handful of raiders, working all stops of the organ of speculation. Their betrayals of sacred trust, and power to exact the pound of flesh, would make a pawnbroker green with envy, and Captain Kidd turn over in his grave and wish that he was on earth now.

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EDUCATOR CRACKERS

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Undenially nutlike in flavor, tempting in taste. A delight to eat and to serve. There are twenty kinds of Educator Crackers—how many have you tried?

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Shortened with creamy butter—slightly salted. Fine for crackers and milk.



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Made of Golden Corn and Entire Wheat. Children and grown-ups never tire of it.



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Delightful in its nut-like flavor enriched by selected Sultana Cerebina raisins.



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Wheat bran and spring water. Full of nourishment—a trap and natural laxative.

SEALY

TUFTLESS MATTRESS

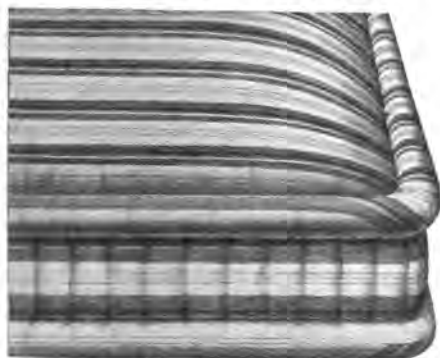
TRIPLY GUARANTEED:

We guarantee the Sealy to be made entirely of pure, new, long-fiber cotton, without liners, or mill waste. (Do not buy any mattress sold as cotton without such a guarantee.)

We guarantee the Sealy for 20 years against becoming uneven or lumpy.

We guarantee that after 60 nights' trial you will pronounce the Sealy the most comfortable mattress that you ever used, or your money back.

New Imperial Roll-Edge Style in best
A. C. A. or Sateen Ticking, \$20.00



This is the most comfortable mattress in the world, because it gently conforms to the body in any position, giving perfect rest and permitting complete relaxation.

The Sealy Mattress is made of pure, long-fiber cotton, springy and buoyant. And in the Sealy way of mattress-making, the natural springiness and resiliency of this cotton is not destroyed by felting it into sheets or layers, nor by tying it down with tufts.

The Sealy is made without a single tuft. When you lie down on it, its surface undulates into complete conformation to the form of your body. Thus the Sealy gives the evenly distributed support that permits full relaxation, perfect rest, and sound sleep.

This can be said of no other mattress, and is why Sealy Tuftless Comfort is a comfort found only in the Sealy Mattress.

By the Sealy process the pure, long-fiber cotton is blown apart by compressed air, then by the same pneumatic action blown into one giant batt five feet high, and as long and as wide as a completed mattress. This batt is then compressed down to the proper thickness and encased in the tick.

The Sealy is made of pure cotton and formed by pure air. It is the cleanest thing you can sleep on. The cotton is made into mattresses right on the plantation where it is grown. It is not shipped or handled. It passes through no dusty, dirty, typical mattress-factory. The cotton does not have its "life" destroyed by any picking or rolling machine. The Sealy is Nature's bed.

SEALY MATTRESSES are made in all sizes, covered with the best grade of A. C. A., Bookfold Sateen or Mercerized Art Tickings, either in Plain Edge or in the new Imperial Roll Edge, like illustration. Prices: Plain-Edge Style, A. C. A. or Sateen Tickings, \$18; Art Ticking, \$19; Roll-Edge Style, A. C. A. or Sateen Ticking, \$20; Art Ticking, \$21.

Send for our booklet, "The Real Difference in Mattresses"

It describes the SEALY still more fully. We want you to read it. We will also give you the name of our representative where you can see the Sealy Mattress and buy it with the Triple Guarantee.

SEALY MATTRESS CO., Dept. F, Houston, Texas
Factories (also offices) at our 14,000-acre Cotton Plantation, Sugar Land, Texas.



BANKING BY MAIL



HE idea suggested itself one day, when one of our boys asked to have us hold back three dollars a week from his pay and give the accumulation to him January First. You see, he had a saving bee in his bonnet and wanted us to help him help himself. Going to buy a lot and build a house on it!

Right there, it occurred to us that this was an opportunity for us to

enlarge the idea and help all our people who were so inclined. So, The Roycroft Bank, under the title of Elbert Hubbard, Banker, was started. Simply a scheme whereby the boys and girls could have banking facilities handy, and at the same time derive more benefits than banks usually offer. About three hundred Roycrofters have bank-accounts with us now, and when one of them needs a little money to start a home with, why, he can have it. We do not loan money to outsiders, and, in fact, do not want outsiders' business. The policy of the bank is a conservative one, and the main object a lesson—education and opportunity.

We can just as well handle two or three hundred more accounts with the same expense, and so Roycrofters-at-Large with a saving bee are offered our banking opportunities.

All savings-accounts are subject to check at any time: we pay Four per cent interest per annum on quarterly balances, computed and added to the account quarterly. Deposits of One Dollar and up received.

East Aurora is a safe place to put that savings-account for your boy and girl (and yourself, too).

ELBERT HUBBARD, BANKER
EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

as Lord Rosebery and many another has said, was and is incarnated John Bull. What he wrote is largely effete. He is little read. But what he was in himself remains as vivid after a century's passage as it was when he had to touch every hitching-post as he walked along the streets of London. The only Englishman at all to be compared with him for this quality of post-humous vitality is that creature so unlike and yet so like him—especially in a love for London—Charles Lamb. Some folks say that Johnson lives because he was fortunate enough to have had for a friend the sublimest damphool who ever said to himself, "Go to, I will write a

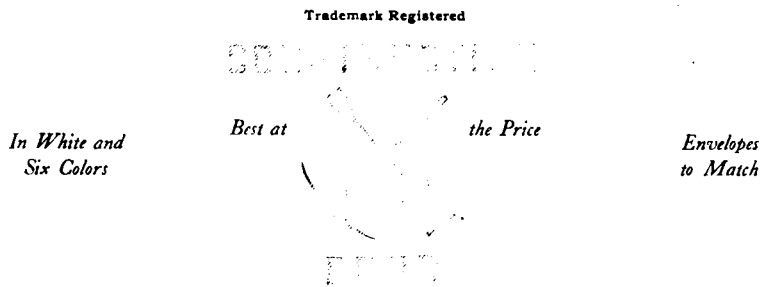
ENGLISH-speaking people the world over have been celebrating the bicentenary of the birth of Samuel Johnson, who made the dictionary that "Becky Sharp" studied. Of all the world's illustrious dead there are many who live as poets, statesmen, warriors, philosophers and what not, but of them all there is not one so alive as a MAN, as Doctor Samuel Johnson, with his brutalities, kindnesses, prejudices, liberalities, wisdom, ignorance, eccentricities and normalities. In him,

book"—James Boswell; but Boswell could not have done what he did in his "Life" without the subject. With all his grotesqueness, his vulgarities, his rudeness, his bullying, Doctor Johnson had a heart sweet with honest human love—a heart as stout and strong, too, as it was sweet. There are many people who like his "Rasselas," and some who read his "Vanity of Human Wishes," but to me the best things he ever wrote are those wonderful poignant prayers for many occasions that are scattered

through the "Life," and after them comes the fine, brave and proudly humble note he strikes in the conclusion of his preface to the Dictionary. His most famous saying, perhaps, is, "Sir, I like a good hater," but his was a marvelous capacity for love for the poor and misfortunate. He even came to like Wilkes, and probably he would have liked, if he had met, that most unhappy misfire genius, "Os-sian" MacPherson, for whose skull he bought a big stick. Doctor Johnson is the one great Englishman whom all men should know. He explains the race as no other one man can explain it or exemplify it, and when we

come to know him, likely as not we shall gain incidental to that knowledge a glimpse of the truth that James Boswell was very much more than the "sot" Mr. Kipling has proclaimed him. What Boswell was, Johnson knew, and Johnson was fond of him though often pestered by him. It helps to give a man "a heart for any fate" simply to know Samuel Johnson one hundred and more years away. And who does not warm to him, seeing him standing bareheaded in the rain, in

We want to be of greater service
to the business public. That is
why we seek to increase the use of



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If you want *your* letterheads on a strong, crackly, impressive paper—and *need* them at a price that *permits* their use in *quantities*—specify and secure Construction Bond.

In value-for-the-money it is *unequaled*, because it is sold *only* in lots of 500 pounds or more, *direct* to *responsible* printers and lithographers, instead of in ream lots through jobbers. The *marked economies* of this method of distribution and the *superiority* of our product have brought us the support of the most reputable and progressive members of the Lithographing and Printing Trade.

So, you can get letterheads and envelopes of Construction Bond from the *leading* makers of high-grade stationery in nearly every city in the United States—from Boston and New York to Seattle and Los Angeles, from the Twin Cities to Galveston. Specify Construction Bond on your next order.

Specimen letterheads sent *free* if you ask us on your *business* stationery.

W. E. Wroe & Co., 304 Michigan Blv'd, Chicago

front of the place in which his father kept a bookstall, in penitence for an act of filial insubordination years before.—W. M. Reedy.

PROPERLY thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working: the rest is all yet a hypothesis of knowledge; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic-vortices, till we try and fix it. "Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by action alone."—Carlyle.

JONES DAIRY FARM SAUSAGES

Now get your mouth in trim—we know you have been waiting anxiously many months for this event.

On October First comes

the great inaugural day—once more we start sausage-making. These sausages are mighty good. We know because always on October Second we, ourselves, have them for breakfast, with delicious buckwheat cakes smothered in maple-syrup—on October Second and many other days throughout the season. We always eat them with vim, for they taste so fine and we know just how they are made.

We make these sausages. We know just how we want them to taste, and so every one gets the same as we have on our table.

We make Jones Dairy Farm Sausages today with the selfsame old-fashioned recipe that our ancestors used way up in New England. Folks in those days did n't add preservatives or fillers or anything that did n't properly belong there, so we don't either.

Just pigs—little pigs, their loins and shoulders and spices as pure as the air—that's all there is in Jones Dairy Farm Sausages.

Then there's buckwheat-flour, and tender hams and bacon, there's the rich, direct-from-the-maple syrup—and other good things to eat; all made in the same clean, homelike, honest way.

You will like Jones Dairy Farm Sausages, if your taste resembles ours at all, because they are sweet, appetizing, digestible and absolutely pure.

Grocers sell our farm products. But if you can't get them, write us for our prices, which are reasonably reasonable; and don't forget to ask for a neat little book gotten up in the Jones style—giving some real old-fashioned country recipes that'll make fine eating today and five thousand years from today.

The people who eat the Jones Dairy Farm delicacies now number in the thousands—many distinguished people among them. Ask any one of them if he'll change from Jones Dairy Farm Sausages to some other kind. Oh!—the answer—but that is too funny to think about.

Place your order with your grocer now. And here's a plan that has worked well with hundreds of our customers. Leave standing orders for him to supply you on certain days and you will always be sure that you won't be disappointed. A disappointment with Jones Dairy Farm Sausages is disheartening. Then, too, you will always be sure of having them fresh.

MILO C. JONES, Jones Dairy Farm

Post Office Box 622

Ft. Atkinson

Wis.



"THE FARM"



Woman is the great civilizer. If it were not for her man would revert to whiskers and carry a club.

Woman does much for the Gillette because it is her presence, her influence, that puts the emphasis on good clothes, clean linen, and a clean shave.

She admires the clean, healthy skin of the man who uses a Gillette. She does not approve the ladylike massage-finish of the tonsorial artist. The massaged appearance ceased to be "class" largely because she said so.

There is something fine and wholesome about the Gillette shave. It does not reek of violet water and pomades.

The use of the Gillette has a decidedly good effect on the

skin. It gives a healthy look that suggests the outdoor rather than the indoor man.

Then think of the comfort—the convenience—the morning shave in less time than the morning dip.

A million men will buy Gillettes this year. Now is the time to get yours.

Standard Set with twelve double-edge blades, \$5.00. Regular box of 12 blades, \$1.00; carton of 6 blades, 50c.

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A Quality Watch

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\$5 to \$15

*The Watch Beautiful
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The Watch of Long Service*

Here is the one watch selling at a moderate price which will satisfy the requirements of the man who demands *unusual* accuracy. Each of these time-keepers is tested and regulated to the second in its individual case at the factory. By all who know it the I-T is regarded as an extraordinary production for the money.

It will give a generation of service and is as beautiful to look at as any watch made.

The \$5 watch has 7 jewels and is in a solid nickel case. The \$15 watch has 15 jewels and is in a 25 year guaranteed gold-filled case of the highest quality. Equally accurate models in a variety of cases at \$7, \$8, \$9, \$10 and \$12.

There is more watch-value for each dollar invested than you have ever seen before.

You can buy an Ingersoll-Trenton only from responsible jewelers who buy direct from the factory. 8000 jewelers sell it and usually display it in their windows. We have the most informing watch book every published. Write for a copy of "How to Judge a Watch."

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro., 99 Frankel Bldg., New York

session and to see hydra-headed demagoguery rear its head and hiss in the legislative halls makes one blush with shame," said the soldier-builder, who loves Texas as a seaman loves the ocean. "Now, if a body of citizens would attempt to blow up a railroad or destroy an industrial plant, we would call out the Rangers and hunt them down, but our legislators can assault an industry with impunity, and regard themselves as heroes. But the dawn of a better day is before us, and the swords will soon be sheathed and the guns spiked, and then Texas will come into her own." Back to the soil with the Legislature! We need builders instead of regulators in the Legislature.

THE man who said 'war is hell,' probably never came in contact with a Texas Legislature," said Captain B. B. Paddock of Fort Worth, who served four years in the Confederate Army, and who has served forty-five years in the upbuilding of the State. "Sherman's march through Georgia with all its blight and destruction has a counterpart in a Texas Legislature on its march through the business affairs of the State. To read some of the speeches made in the House during this

The world is full of men who know how to run the other fellow's business, but we are short on men who can take a business of their own and run it successfully. I have an old-maid sister who knows how children ought to be raised, and when she comes on the place she reminds me of a session of the Texas Legislature—simply making trouble. Now, in my section we need State aid in studying dry farming, soil culture, the propagation of products peculiarly adapted to our

soil and climate, and the marketing of our products; but we farmers struggle along as best we can and never hear of the State except when they call on us for taxes, and occasionally a politician standing on the grave of a dead industry boasts to us of his bloody deeds, but I have noticed that severe droughts are always followed by a deluge, and I am expecting to see statesmanship that will make Texas grow, exhibited in the next Legislature. —T. M. Caton, Avato, Texas.

YOU will find all great cities border lake, river or sea. And, too, you find great business activity, labor employed, and prosperity on every hand, when there is a chance for "water" (increased values) in business life. Look at the wonderful strides recently taken by Argentine, Mexico and Canada; note the millions and millions that have gone into those countries in the last thirty years. What has attracted this great capital? It is the chances for "water," which has caused this wonderful prosperity. Look at the market value of the Canadian Pacific and the Mexican Railways, brought about simply because these nations



The Work that Counts

There is no wasted energy, no lost motion in the work of the 'Varsity Crew. Perfect team work, co-operative effort and uniform action are strikingly exemplified.

The same principle of intelligent co-operation exists in telephone communication in its broadest application.

In handling the talk of the nation the Bell operators respond to millions of different calls from millions of different people, twenty million communications being made every day.

Ten million miles of wire, five million telephones and thousands of switchboards are used to handle this vast traffic.

More than a hundred thousand employees, pulling together, keep the entire system attuned. Unity is the keynote. Without this harmony of co-operation such service as is demanded would be impossible.

One policy, broad and general, in which uniformity of method and co-operation are the underlying principles, results in universal service for nearly a hundred million people.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

"One Policy, One System, Universal Service"

do not object to Reasonable Profits ("water") for the risk, work and worry of building a railroad.—A. E. Stilwell.

MEN'S minds are as variant as their faces. Where the motives of their actions are pure, the operation of the former is no more to be imputed to them as a crime than the appearance of the latter; for both being the work of Nature are alike unavoidable.—George Washington.

GETTING ACQUAINTED

OR THE LAW OF MIXABILITY

*If I knew you, and you knew me,
And both of us could clearly see,
I'm sure that we would differ less,
And clasp our hands in friendliness,
If I knew you, and you knew me.*

OLD Doctor Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith were once seated in The Mitre Tavern fletcherizing on tripe and Great Themes.

A man entered and took his seat over in the corner.

"I hate that fellow!" said Ursa Major, jerking his thumb in the man's direction.

"Who is he?" asked Oliver.

"I don't know."

"And yet you hate him?"

Doctor Johnson rocked and swayed like a scow in the wake of a liner, and then sputtered in a softened voice, "Goldy, that's the trouble—I don't know the man—if I knew him, I'm sure I would love him."

To know people intuitively and to sympathize with their good qualities, tends to bring out the best in both.

If nations knew each other, war would be done away with. If individuals knew each other, love would be supreme.

:: :: :: :: :: ::

Give out a grouch and you get it back with interest, grim, grum and ginxlike.

Give out the generous thought, the self-reliant, helpful, honest desire to benefit and bless, and all doors open at your touch.

In hotel dining-rooms I often hear men fuming, fussing and flaring because they got no pie. All the time, the waiter was bringing me two nice quarter-sections that I had n't even suggested, except in a telepathic way.

There is a great Spiritual Law covering human communication. To get acquainted and quickly—that's the thing.

AN ADVERTISEMENT

By ELBERT HUBBARD

Today, I spoke to two thousand people at the Majestic Theater. Tonight I do the same. I must meet them with smiling abandon, and make them respect me, otherwise it is me for the Mulligatawney. And that is where I've never been yet. I always win; not always to the same extent, but I never get the kibosh. To win your audience or auditor is Salesmanship.

I have advice, humor and words of wisdom to sell. When I speak I get five cents a word. When I write I get double that and more. I reel off a hundred dollars' worth of good stuff in an hour.

Sheldon has helped me to get my goods into the front windows more than any other living man except Hubbard.

Sheldon has a mail-course in Salesmanship, that I have bought and read with care, also with pleasure and with profit.

It has helped me to organize the forces of my mind.

Young men and women—of all ages—should study Sheldon and thus acquire Mixability, or the power to meet people on an equality.

¶ You have a service to render this world, but you must be able to let the world know it, or time will gnaw your heart out as Opportunity ambles by in a hobble skirt.

Do not imagine that Sheldon pretends to take moral and mental defectives, and transform them into Managers. Sheldon performs no miracles.

He simply helps you bring out the powers that lie latent in your soul. He makes you acquainted with yourself, then he shows you how to meet and mix with the world so you can help yourself by benefiting the world. The Science of Salesmanship is the Science of Human Service.

A postal brings you the Free Sheldon Book that tells you what the Sheldon School has done for forty thousand other men—**what it will do for you.** Can you afford to be without it, since it costs you nothing? **Send for it now.**

THE SHELDON SCHOOL, 1086 Republic Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



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RECORDS ARE MADE
ON THE
UNDERWOOD
STANDARD
TYPEWRITER
THE
MECHANICAL
MASTERPIECE

“THE MACHINE YOU WILL EVENTUALLY BUY”

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER CO
INCORPORATED
NEW YORK AND EVERYWHERE

mountain, while Moses boasted of an instructive chat with his Maker.

An attempted deduction only arouses a feeling of ineptitude. * Ananias lied for diversion; Cook, if at all, for fame; and Moses for religion. We can not help but look upon Ananias as a feeble apology for a prevaricator when compared with the last named. * How superlatively insignificant the others when likened to the aweless, audacious Moses.—T. S. Emerson.

* **THINK** sometimes that we Americans are the most easily fooled and tricked people on earth.

We have been fooled by a tariff so long that even the great

THE most serious problem of the day and the one that demands our searching investigation is, “Has Ananias been deposed?” ¶ It seems an accepted conclusion in some quarters that the nearest Doctor Cook came to reaching the dizzy heights of Mount McKinley was during an acute attack of mental aviation. But if this was an impossible feat, do not overlook Moses, who also indulged in a hill-climbing stunt. * The Doctor merely claimed to have reached the summit of the

advance in the price of all necessities of life, concurrently with the growth of immense fortunes to tariff beneficiaries, and deepening poverty on the part of the working classes, has not aroused us to the realization of its iniquity. We complain of the extortions of tariff-supported trusts and combines, and yet we send lawyers who are, or have been, in the pay of these combinations as our representatives to Washington, childishly expecting them to guard our interests.

Everywhere in our federal and municipal affairs the influence and power of "Big Business" is apparent. Its interests are always conserved, while the people are treated as geese to be plucked, just as that corresponding institution, the House of Lords, in England, has for so many years fooled and plucked the English people.

It should not be overlooked, though it often is, that the vast wealth which finds its way to the pockets of English and all other landlords must be produced by some one. It does not come to us from Heaven, nor is it cast up by the sea. It is the product of man's labor, toil and endeavor, and when the pride and boast of any class in a community is that they do not work, that neither they nor their ancestors for many generations back were ever "tradesmen," and when it is apparent that they enjoy all the things which workers or "tradesmen" produce, it must be equally manifest that some are working without getting, while others are getting without working—that some are unjustly enriched while others are robbed.—Joseph Fels.

To be strong is to be happy.—Longfellow.

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READ THIS LETTER



Ottawa, 8th April, 1910
In going over the subject of reference works purchased for the use of the Departments at Ottawa, I found that you have sold about ten times as many sets of Nelson's Perpetual Loose-Leaf Encyclopædia as have ever been purchased of all general reference works combined. I thought that you might be interested to know this, as the sale of one or more to each department of the Government is unprecedented.

John A. Gault
J. A. Gault

NELSON'S PERPETUAL LOOSE-LEAF ENCYCLOPEDIA CONTAINS MORE THAN 70,000 SUBJECTS—TREATING OVER 1,000,000 TOPICS—7,000 ILLUSTRATIONS—500 MAPS.

THE exclusion of women from the rights of citizenship leaves one-half of the race without political responsibility or representation. Women suffer from industrial evils and exploitation equally with men, and to be denied the ballot—to be denied a voice in the making of laws they must obey—is the acme of injustice and outrage.

—Mrs. Dora M. Montfiore.

States are great engines moving slowly.—Bacon.

HEALTH, WEALTH AND HAPPINESS

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my strength"



FELLOWSHIP is heaven & The lack of fellowship is hell." So said William Morris, and he knew.

Fellowship is hygienic. The presence of the right person brings health, joy, life. "Had 'st thou been here, my brother had not died," is the

lament of many whose loved one has gone to California seeking health & Sixteen miles from Los Angeles is El Reposo Sanatorium, at Sierra Madre, California. It has one hundred acres in the lovely foothills of the Sierra Madre Mountains, and complete Sanatorium buildings.

There are two large buildings with screen porches for all the patients, tent cottages, mission bungalows, a clubhouse, and an arts and crafts shop.

Best of all, there are men and women, experts and specialists, who have the heart and the brain to patiently care for every mood of the often impatient consumptive.

Here the patient can make his home, for he will find a home, love, skilful care. More patients die because they

leave a Sanatorium before they are cured, than die because the disease can not be cured.

It is the care you get at El Reposo that effects the cure.

Most important of all is this: that the patient comes to The Sanatorium before the dread disease has taken toll long. An early battle with the enemy is victory for the man, not the microbe.

At El Reposo are orchards containing most of the fruits grown in California. Among them are oranges, lemons, figs, prunes, peaches, plums, pomegranates, guavas, grapefruit, loquats, nuts and limes.

There is a vital interest in the life here for sick and well, for young and old, for there is something to do, something to think about and talk about, all in working and playing toward health and life.

There is climate, not weather, the year round. You can sit or work in the sunlight, with flowers blooming at your door, every day; a fresh rose every morning served with oranges and grapefruit.

Here is a moderate-priced Sanatorium and village for those having diseases of the throat and lungs.

Write for Booklet to Haviland H. Lund, Managing Director, El Reposo, Sierra Madre, Cal.

Los Angeles Office, 104-109 Coulter Building.

Telephone: Home, A 3592; Sunset, Main 1911

THE OFFICERS OF EL REPOSO SANATORIUM ARE:

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The Spirit of the Hive

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

COMMERCE is carrying things from where they are plentiful to where they are needed. Business is a science of Human Service. Business is life! To deceive is to beckon for the commissioner in bankruptcy. Nothing goes but truth. We know this, because for over two thousand years humanity has been trying everything else. But this has been part of the great evolution.

¶ We are going forward. There is nothing static for a second in all the universe. The first commandment written by the creative hand, which was to last through all eternity, was a move-on ordinance.

¶ Every day, we are discovering better ways and means of performing human service in business. Excellent systems are swept into the dust-bin of time to give place to something more efficient.

¶ Yesterday a man called my attention to a brand-new plan which he called "a manufacturers', co-operative selling plan, for getting bigger results for less money." He explained to me the *Hamilton Plan*, by which manufacturers and wholesalers are making special inducements to retail dealers, to secure their co-operation in putting a uniformly fine line of goods on the market.

¶ All good things are mutual propositions. To succeed you must answer the universal heart-throbs of men and women, their hopes, joys, ambitions, tastes, and most of all their needs! The *Hamilton Plan* centers on human wants and how they can best be supplied.

¶ By this system the manufacturer increases his sales, the retailer is given an extra compensation by the manufacturer in addition to increased profits, and the people get a more reliable line of goods at no increase in cost.

¶ The *Hamilton Plan* means safety, purity, confidence and prosperity. Of these good things the world has not yet had too much.

¶ Maeterlinck says: "Man is like the Bee. The Bee alone makes no honey, has no intelligence; but the hive has a great and magnificent intelligence. The Bee succeeds only as it works with other Bees."

¶ So, if you are a manufacturer, wholesale merchant or retailer, get into the *Hamilton Plan* high before you are stung by the working bees as a commercial drone. ¶ Detailed information will be furnished for the asking. Get in touch with the *Hamilton Plan* immediately as a matter of duty to yourself.

THE HAMILTON CORPORATION
Guaranteed Resources, One Million Dollars
Twenty-Nine and Thirty-Five West Thirty-Second St.
N E W Y O R K C I T Y

For Thanksgiving Send Flowers

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ALICE HUBBARD

A POET once lived in Philadelphia for a year and a day.

Each and every morning for three hundred and sixty-six mornings there was sent to his room a Rose—just a single Rose, exquisite, beautiful, magnificent. At first the Poet simply thought, "How charming! I wonder who the lady is!"

Then he came to depend upon the Rose for inspiration. ¶ He could not write a line, or think a beautiful thought until the flower came.

"Where did it come from, this Messenger Rose? Who was the Mysterious *She* who sent it? What was *She* like, this wonderful spirit who ministered so subtly, so delicately to his spirit?"

The Rose came from the Shop of Fra Fox, At The Sign of the Rose. So the Poet interviewed Fra Fox, or tried to, but Charles Henry Fox knows his business and he gave no sign, except the Rose that came every morning.

¶ The Poet moved away. No Rose came to him in the morning to inspire, to uplift, to awaken his soul.

No more poems did he write, no more songs did he sing.

¶ The flower had become a necessity.

All his fine words were of no use to him now, because the soul of them was not there.

We do not need to know all the languages spoken on Earth, but we do need to know the language of flowers if we would understand what Heaven is here and now.

¶ Flowers are sometimes a greater necessity than bread or shelter.

Feed your soul today with flowers. Fra Fox will know your necessity and send you exactly what you need.

On your way Down Town, stop At The Sign of The Rose, Broad Street Below Walnut, Philadelphia, and get an Inspiration for the day.

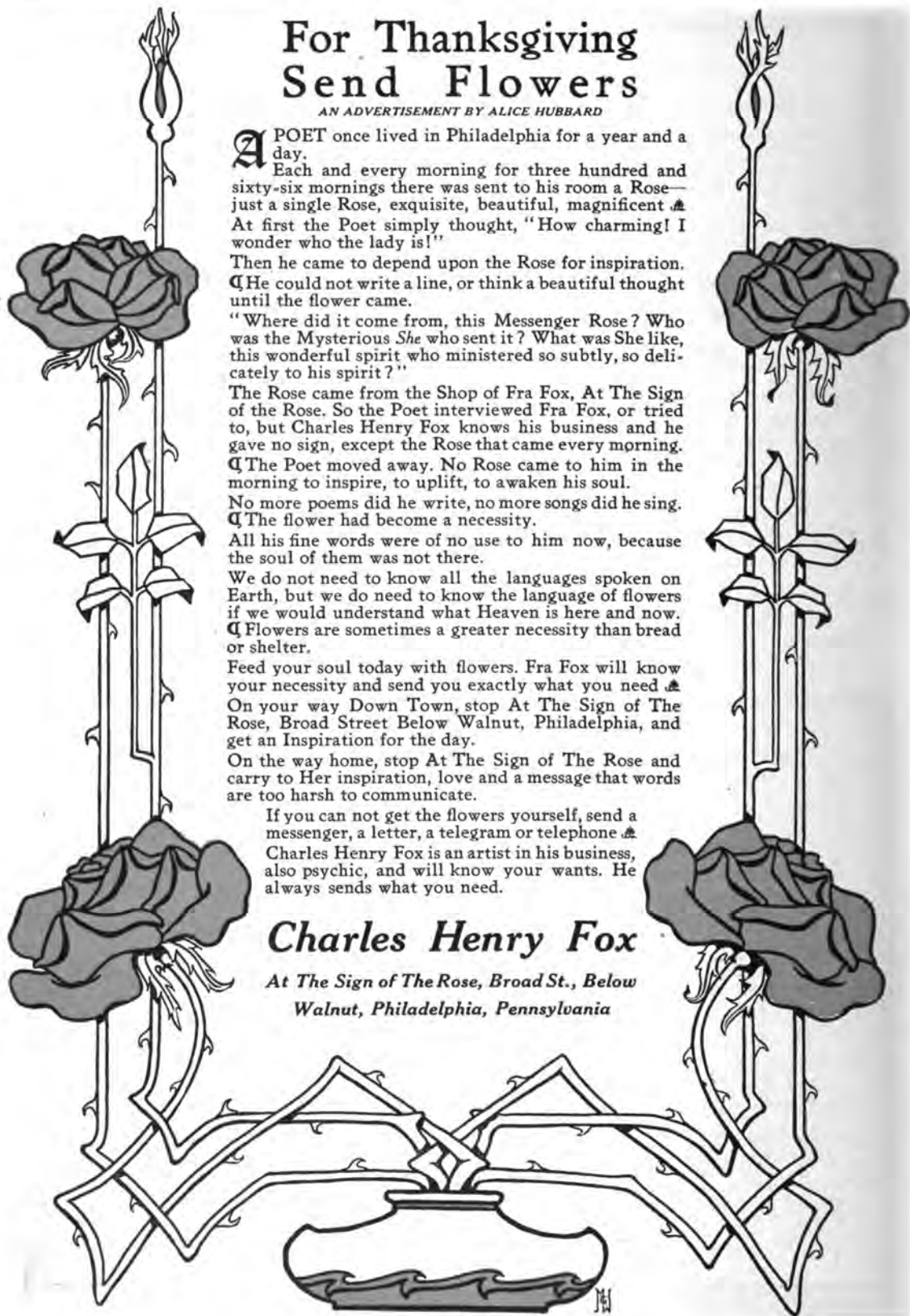
On the way home, stop At The Sign of The Rose and carry to Her inspiration, love and a message that words are too harsh to communicate.

If you can not get the flowers yourself, send a messenger, a letter, a telegram or telephone.

Charles Henry Fox is an artist in his business, also psychic, and will know your wants. He always sends what you need.

Charles Henry Fox

At The Sign of The Rose, Broad St., Below
Walnut, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



BABY MINE, a Message to Baby's Mamma

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

Babies will never go out of fashion—God bless 'em! And anything we can do for their comfort and health we should do.

Incidentally, when we benefit Baby we lessen Mamma's work and care.

Baby's Never-Kick-Out is a simple invention that gives absolute security against Little Blessed kicking off the covers.

It is not a bag. It affords ventilation, and lifts a portion of the weight of covers from Baby's body. Its use will avoid colds, coughs, croup, and adenoids, that most serious thing which causes mouth-breathing. All live, active, healthy children kick, roll and toss—they have n't much else to do.

They exercise in their sleep. This is Nature's plan.

Now, you can't lie awake all night to keep Little Oofygoof covered.

You have to work the next day.

Here's your opportunity—get a Never-Kick-Out for Baby's crib.

A blessing to parents, but, best of all, sound sleep, an even temperature and health for the "little soul fresh from God," to use the phrase of Froebel.

Baby's Never-Kick-Out—invented by a man who used to work on the night-shift. \$2.50 postpaid—Order Today.

If you buy a Baby's Never-Kick-Out, we will give you our Coupon-Bond, worth Fifty (50) Cents in Cash on future purchases made from us. Write for free Booklet, "The Crib Age."

There has been originated for us in France, an exquisitely delicate, subtle, distinctive Perfume, sweetly enchanting, christened "Cupid's Breath." The vogue with mothers.

An Elegant Carton and Beautiful Cut Bottle (about 2 oz.)

Liberal Sample, to delightfully scent Baby's Wardrobe and "Bassinette," sent

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A Superb Toilet Accessory. New and Fascinating.

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THE MISSION INN

By ALICE HUBBARD

 N Sunday, July Sixteenth, Seventeen Hundred Sixty-nine, Father Junipero Serra unpacked and hung the first Mission Bells in California. The bells rang out in the sun-kissed valley. A little band of Christians chanted hymns and praised their God for the gift of that day.

Only a century and a half ago, the Missions established by Father Junipero Serra were the beginning of civilization in California.

Were it not for the Mission Inn at Riverside, California, these Missions would be for us only a memory, a poem, a song, a romance.

Frank Miller has preserved for the world the architecture, the history, of the early Missions.

The Mission Inn welcomes the traveler, and makes him feel that he has come home to Rest and Peace.

Just now, Frank Miller has built a Cloister Addition to the Inn.

There are Monk-Cell bedrooms where he who is weary of this world may retire and forget the present in the sweet memories of the past.

In the great Music-Room is a Cathedral Organ. There you can sit in the mellow light and lave your soul in the rich tones that soothe, inspire and give a new life.

¶ There is, too, the music of the harp, which becomes a part of the architecture and naturally belongs to it.

Enthralled by the music, you again hear the sweet bells of the Mission ring out on the still air. The neophytes flit here and there attendant upon the holy office. You see the hands clasped in prayer and hear the padre's gentle voice inviting to lift the heart to God.

Frank Miller gives to you all the sweetness and light that was given by the Missions of old, and he adds to that all the benefits that have come to us in the past hundred and fifty years.

There is throughout the Inn every modern convenience and luxury, losing none of the natural conditions and charms of the Old.

People who know the Mission Inn love it. They leave it refreshed in soul and body.

FRANK A. MILLER
THE MISSION INN
RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA

This Salt Keeps Dry on Damp Days

How often have you wished for a salt like Shaker Salt—a salt that won't get hard or lumpy, that won't clog your shakers, no matter how moist and sticky the weather may be. Even in dog-days Shaker Salt keeps dry and loose. You don't have to poke and pound it. Just tip the shaker and out it flows, freely, every time. No salt but Shaker can be depended upon to do that. Would n't it be pleasant to know for sure that your salt would always be nice and dry?

Yet Shaker Salt is not mixed with cornstarch or rice powder or flour. It is made from the purest of salt, much purer than the ordinary salt you buy in bags. It is whiter than ordinary salt; but it is not bleached—just purified so it will be fit for the best tables. No other salt manufacturer goes to the trouble and expense of taking the impurities out of salt. That is why no other salt is as pure as ours. Other salt contains Gypsum. Gypsum makes good wall-plaster, but it is a dangerous thing to eat. Inside of you it forms into little hard lumps—gravel, gallstones. Shaker Salt is free from Gypsum. The white, free-flowing Shaker Salt comes to you in a dust-proof, dirt-proof, damp-proof box, with a little spout through which you can fill your shakers easily, without waste or bother. And all it costs, except in the Far West, is 10c a box—10c for enough salt to last the average family, for table use, from four to six months. Is n't that a little price to pay for so much convenience and goodness?

**Don't
Shake**

**It Always
Flows
Freely**



COUPON

Diamond Crystal Salt Co., St. Clair, Mich.
Gentlemen:—I enclose two diamond-shaped trademarks from Shaker Salt packages and ten 2-cent stamps, for which you are to send me, at once and prepaid, one of your exquisite all-cut-glass salt-shakers.

Name _____

Address _____

If your dealer does not keep Shaker Salt, send us his name and address on this coupon, and we will tell you how you can get one of our beautiful salt-shakers just the same.

Dealer's Name _____

Address _____

Get a Beautiful Imported All-Cut-Glass Salt Shaker

(Worth a full Dollar at any jeweler's) for only
ten two-cent stamps.

Just like the one pictured below. Brilliant cut glass with an all-cut-glass top.

No silver or metal of any kind to rust or corrode; nothing but the clean, exquisite cut glass to ornament your table. We imported 30,000 of these shakers ourselves from Austria, which we want readers of this advertisement to have.

They would cost you not less than one dollar at any first-class jeweler's, if you could get them there. This is how you can get one of them:

How You Can Do It

Cut the diamond-shaped trademark from two packages of Shaker Salt, which you can get at your grocer's; mail these two trademarks to us with the coupon above, and ten 2-cent stamps to cover importing and delivery charges, and we will send you, prepaid and without further cost, one of these lustrous rock-crystal all-cut-glass shakers, to have for your very own. There is only one reason why we can afford to make you this generous offer. That is, we know that when you have once used Shaker Salt you will never have any other salt on your table as long as you live. We will gain many thousands of lifetime customers through this offer.

Clip the Coupon Now

Then go to your grocer today and get your two boxes of Shaker Salt. Most good grocers already keep it; but if your grocer does not, just send us his name and address on the coupon. Then we will mail you a small facsimile package of Shaker Salt (free) and will tell you how you can get one of the beautiful cut-glass shakers just the same. Only be sure to fill the coupon out in full. The price of Shaker Salt, except in the Far West, is only ten cents a box. It costs little more than ordinary salt, and once tried will always be used.

Diamond Crystal Salt Co.

ST. CLAIR, MICH.

Makers of the only salt in the world above 99 per cent pure.

Actual Size
Worth \$1



In California

AN APPRECIATION

MORE flowers are being sold today than ever before in the history of the world. This tokens two things—one is that there is more love in the world than there ever has been before, and the next is, that there is more money.

The beauty of flowers has been sung since the days of Solomon and his Shulamite Maiden, and this was a thousand years before the time of Christ. Shakespeare's immortal work, if understood aright, was but a love emanation. Shakespeare has over three hundred references to flowers. "When daisies pied and violets blue, and lady-smocks all silver-white, do paint the meadows with delight."

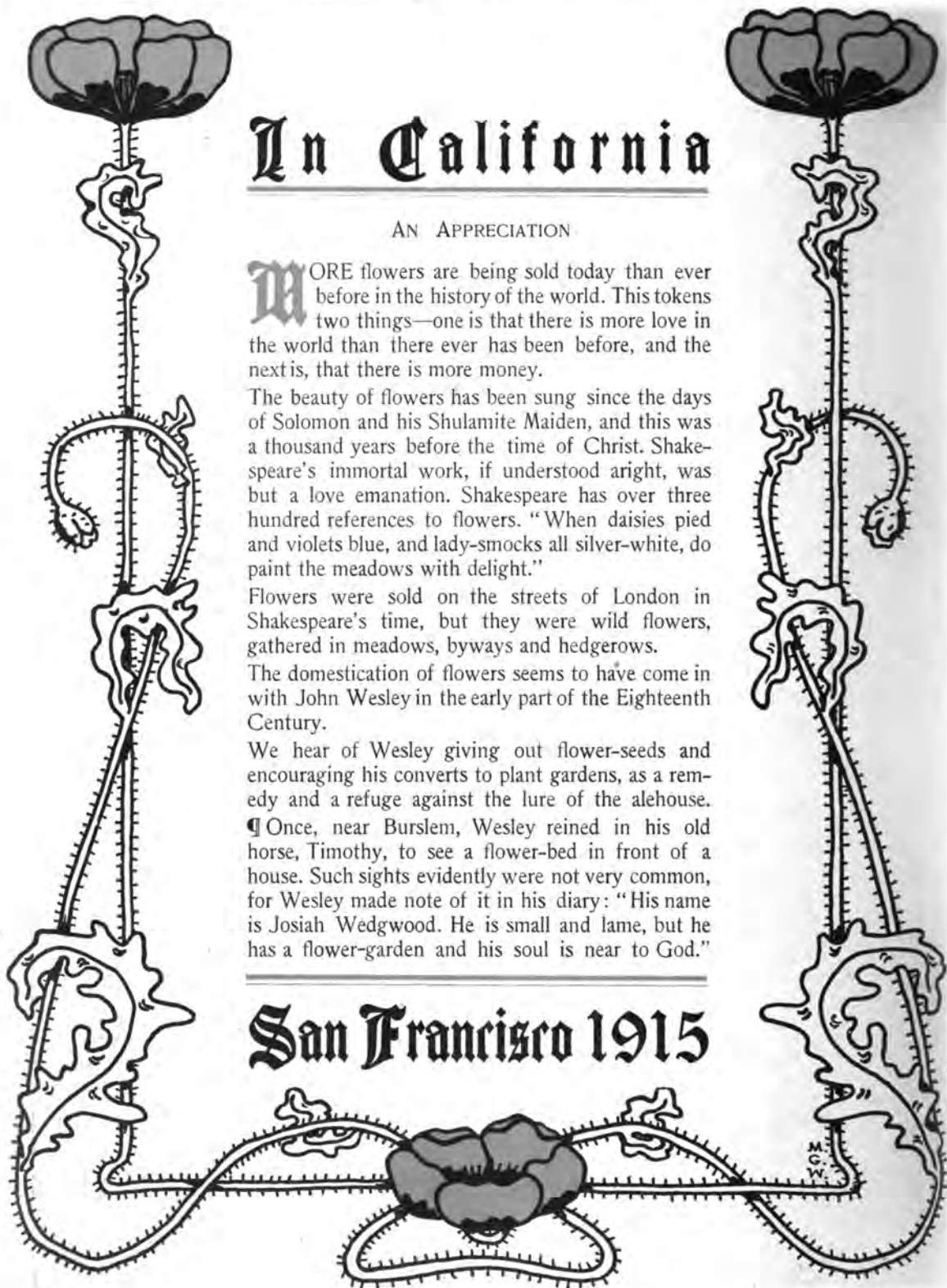
Flowers were sold on the streets of London in Shakespeare's time, but they were wild flowers, gathered in meadows, byways and hedgerows.

The domestication of flowers seems to have come in with John Wesley in the early part of the Eighteenth Century.

We hear of Wesley giving out flower-seeds and encouraging his converts to plant gardens, as a remedy and a refuge against the lure of the alehouse.

¶ Once, near Burslem, Wesley reined in his old horse, Timothy, to see a flower-bed in front of a house. Such sights evidently were not very common, for Wesley made note of it in his diary: "His name is Josiah Wedgwood. He is small and lame, but he has a flower-garden and his soul is near to God."

San Francisco 1915





The Land of Flowers

By ALICE HUBBARD

¶ You see that John Wesley assumed that any man who raised flowers had "a soul that is near to God."

¶ Flowers are lovers' properties, and well might lovers warn all else to keep hands off. "If I had but two loaves of bread I'd sell one of them to buy White Hyacinths to feed my soul," was the remark of a man very much in love, whether he knew it or not.

¶ Flowers symbol sentiment. They can not be hypothecated nor preserved. They touch heart-chords like sweet music, or the memory of glad days ago.

¶ Not only does all the world love a lover, but lovers love all the world.

If you do not have a good time in California, it is because you do not love flowers.

Any one who works and plays as he should, rests when he ought, and eats when he is hungry has health, wealth and happiness in California.

In Sparta, of old, sick people were not considered citizens—it 's almost so in California.

There are native sons of California and native daughters, but there are no native diseases.

The sea-breezes are purified by blowing over the blue waters of the Pacific. Inland the mountains perform a similar service. From the North to the South, the air is vitalized with oxygen. Everywhere there is the eternal sunshine which woos all Nature into joy. Everywhere there is life, and life in abundance. Everywhere there are flowers.

San Francisco 1915



Greater Convenience In Home Life

Convenience, comfort and easy control of household affairs is the aim sought in the modern home.

By providing convenient, instantaneous means of communication between the different parts of a house,

Western Electric Inter-phones

do contribute to home comfort and do make household duties easier. To talk with the servants or members of the family, it's simply a question of pressing the proper button on the nearest Inter-phone.

It's this doing away with nine-tenths of the stair-climbing and tiresome walking from room to room that makes the Inter-phone so popular in the home.

Inter-phones for the home or business are of exactly the same quality, and may be installed, at the same cost—\$6.00 to \$30.00 per station. They are so simple any one can use them. The fact that they are made by the manufacturers of the celebrated "Bell" telephones is assurance of their reliability.

Inter-phones can also be connected to the stable, garage, conservatory and all other buildings about the house. Such a system will be doubly welcome during the Winter months.



Wall Set



Ask our nearest house to mail you Booklet N. 7966, giving complete information about our different Inter-phone systems.

EVERY "BELL" TELEPHONE IS



The Western Electric Company Furnishes Equipment for Every Electrical Need

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Vancouver

Omaha
San Francisco
Los Angeles
Seattle
Salt Lake City

Sydney Tokyo

"SAVE TIME AND FREIGHT"





The man with a motor-car gets to his office with the sparkle of the sunshine and fresh air in his blood and brain.

You're Paying for a Motor-Car

You may think you don't *want* a motor-car. But there is n't any question about your *needing* one.

If you need a car you are paying for it. Paying in the time that a car would save you. In the opportunities that get away. In the fresh air and recreation which now you do not get.

Whatever we really need we pay for, whether we actually own it or not. You could get along without an overcoat this winter, but you would pay for one with discomfort and bad colds.

The motor-car did n't create its demand after it arrived. The demand has been waiting for forty centuries.

When the steamship, the railroad and the trolley took care of the problem of public transportation, the world took a long step ahead.

When the automobile took care of the problem of individual transportation, the world took another long step ahead.

How the Family Benefits

Head of the Family:—Going to and from business in fresh air. Making business calls. Entertaining customers and business associates. Tours in the country. More knowledge of the country. Mental and physical exercise of driving. Good appetite—better digestion—better humor—better health. Prestige.

Wife and Daughter:—Social calls. Entertaining. Plenty of fresh air to drive away "nerves." More time with husband and father.

Sons:—Educative value of understanding and caring for a wonderful piece of machinery. Training of mental and physical faculties in driving. Clean, fresh air, recreation and decent entertainment in company of other members of the family.

The man with a motor gets down to his business in the morning quickly, cleanly and with gladness—the sparkle of the sunshine and fresh air in his blood and brain.

He is able to take up his business problems with clearer vision and greater energy than the man who has been worried and doped by the rush and jam and the bad air of a crowded car.

At noon he can use his car to entertain a business associate with a ten-mile ride to a pleasant luncheon place. He can send it out in the afternoon to entertain guests while he goes ahead with his business.

After the day's work, he drives home again; arrives with weariness and worry air-sprayed from his brain; with a keen appetite and good humor for dinner.

In the evening he may use his car for a spin into the country with family and friends.

The man with the motor-car lives a fuller life than if he did n't have one. He has more experience—more sensations. He lives twice as long in the same length of time as the man who has n't a car.

There are many good cars made nowadays, and any good car is a good investment. Yet we honestly believe that Chalmers cars offer the best value for the money of any on the market. We ask you to see the Chalmers before you buy. Compare them with others. Comparison has sold more Chalmers cars than all our advertising. The new models are now on exhibition at all dealers' showrooms. We have a brand-new catalog "B.N."—write for it.

Chalmers Motor Company (Licensed under Selden Patent) Detroit, Mich.

HERE IS A GREAT BOOK!

And they come only once or twice in a decade. Man is what he is because of what he experiences. This book is a record of the sorrows and the joys of man expressed in words of wondrous power and beauty

"Classics of the Bar"

By SENATOR ALVIN V. SELLERS

AGAIN you hear Beech's burning words in the suit against Henry Ward Beecher for leading the plaintiff's wife astray, and you hear the eloquent Tracy in the minister's defense. You hear Delmas in the Thaw case picture Evelyn's life along the primrose path. You hear Prentiss in Kentucky's greatest murder trial and Susan B. Anthony's dramatic response to the court that condemned her. You view the life-and-death trials of Croker, Tammany's chieftain, and O'Donnell, the Irish martyr. You hear Clarence Darrow and Senator Borah in Haywood's recent trial. You hear Merrick in the trial of Surratt for the murder of Lincoln, and you stand for two hours with the mighty Voorhees as he invokes the unwritten law in behalf of an erring sister's brother who killed the man that "plucked a flower from the garden of honor and flung it away in a little while, withered and dead." You hear Ingersoll, Seward, Lewis, Rayner, Brady and many other thought and language masters plead to juries for the heart treasures of life. Book is strongly bound and illustrated. Frontispiece after Cope's famous painting, "The Plaintiff's Appeal at the First Trial by Jury." * 300 PAGES * PRICE \$2.00 * CARRIAGE PREPAID

The Classic Publishers, Dept. 10, Baxley, Ga.

The New Roycroft Catalog

GLEN BUCK, Publicity Pen-Pusher, says: "The Jap has a lesson for the American advertiser. He understands design—a thing almost unknown here. He knows how to make the subtle, almost unconscious, appeal to the latent senses of harmony. What good music is to the ear, that the better Japanese designing is to the eye. The exquisite use of light and shade, the rhythm of line, the balance of white space and mass—these things must finally perform an important part in the evolution of better advertising."

But Glen has not seen the new catalog issued by The Roycrofters. The object of this catalog is to sell goods, of course, but as an example of beautiful printing it is well worth while. And the text was written by Stylists. Send for a copy. It is gratis to you.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

THE trouble with "society" is that it has so little connection with society; and even that little connection it spends its time trying to forget.

Our "society" is a plutocratic imitation of an aristocracy. The imitation is poor, and an aristocracy is n't worth imitating anyway. Aristocracies were useful institutions a long time ago.

The business of "society" is frivolity. The most vital people in it frivel the hardest,

less. A pampered class always is—just like a pampered lapdog.

The boys in the breakers of Pennsylvania, the little girls in the cotton-mills of the South, the firemen in the stoke-hellholes of the ocean liners, the Huns of the blast furnaces, the dead miners of Cherry, the flagmen at railroad crossings who were switchmen until they lost their arms, all these have served "society," and "society" serves nobody and nothing but its whims.

because they are the most vital. That's why the best people in "society" are often the worst. Stop the nose of a kettle and set it on the stove and it will explode. Work is the law of life, approved in Genesis, and also approved by the disprovers of Genesis. "Society" does n't work. It disobeys the law of life; it solders the nose of the kettle, and that is why it explodes so continuously in the divorce courts.

"A Little Brother of the Rich" says in effect that "society" is corrupt and useless. A great many people seem to have been astonished by the accusation, which is entirely astonishing in itself. For, of course, "society" is corrupt and use-

The essential immorality of "society" lies not in what it does with the lives of those within it, but in what it does with the lives of those without it, teaching them by example, which is stronger than precept, that foolishness is fashionable and idleness is ideal for those who are rich enough to do whatever in the world they want. ¶ This spirit has spread until in every fair-sized town in the country we have little "smart sets" imitating the mother smart set of Manhattan (and not imitating it badly). * Somebody will write a good novel or a good play about that, some day. It is these smart sets, parent and offspring, that have put Reno on the map.

Peoples, like people and apples and ants, seem to have pretty much the same history—conception, birth, youth, maturity, decay, death. But then death may come at forty-five of locomotor or at eighty-five amidst the expectant tears of twenty direct heirs. If we get like Rome too quickly—why, the Japanese will catch us.—Joseph Medill Patterson.

*

Every addition to true knowledge is an addition to human power.—Mann.

A Companion to the Morris Chair

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard



¶ William Morris was the strongest all-around man the century has produced. He could do more things and do them well than any other man of modern or ancient times that we can name.

¶ This man influenced the house-keeping of half the entire world. He painted beautiful pictures, composed music, spoke four languages, wrote sublime verse, lectured effectively, produced plays, resurrected the lost art of making books—books such as

were made only in olden times as a loving, religious service. But his name will go down the centuries because of one piece of furniture that he designed and made.

¶ The Morris Chair has become popular the world over. The first chair of this pattern was made entirely by the hands of the master. It was built by a man who understood anatomy, unlike most chairs and church pews. It was also strong, durable, ornamental, and by a simple device the back could be adjusted so as to fit a man's every mood. Such a chair can be used a generation and then passed on to the heirs.

¶ Here in America a man touched with the Morris spirit has invented a desk-table which is a fit companion to the Morris Chair. This table is built for service, plus beauty. By simply pulling open a drawer you are provided with a desk surface, pen-groove and, happy idea—a non-spillable inkwell. Made for the Literary Inkfish! And right under the desk-lid is a commodious drawer for letters and stationery. This drawer is counterbalanced, to prevent tipping. Nickel-plated steel slides positively eliminate sticking.

¶ The Cadillac Desk-Table is made in every staple wood in reproductions of "period furniture"—Louis XIV, Elizabethan, Tudor, Flanders, Colonial, Crafty and Modern. All Leading Furniture Dealers everywhere sell this demand-filling table. Booklet B shows the complete line in exquisite pictures. Send for this Booklet to satisfy your inner self. A copy will be mailed you on request.

Wolverine Manufacturing Co.
Detroit - - Michigan

Cadillac
"Desk-Table"

WE have committed the Golden Rule to memory; let us now commit it to life * *

We have preached Brotherhood for centuries; we now need to find a material basis for brotherhood. Government must be made the organ of Fraternity—a working-form for comrade-love. ¶ Think on this—work for this.

—Edwin Markham.

*

Every existence is an aim.—Mazzini.

Money for Manuscripts

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard



E authors," as Disraeli, the Diplomat, said to Queen Victoria—"we authors are usually very bad business men. Sometimes we ask too much, usually too little."

James J. Hill once remarked that millionaires are always busted. That's us!

Oliver Goldsmith was typical. But when he dressed up the bailiffs who had come to carry away the furniture he had forgotten to pay for, and utilized them as flunkies at his banquet,

he showed a trace of commercial genius.

Coleridge was the first philosopher of his day, but grown old he found himself sick and penniless.

"Come to my house," exclaimed a sympathizing friend, who found him wandering in the fog.

"I was on my way there," was the teary reply.

¶ To compile a list of authors who have died in want is to write a history of English literature.

¶ Stephen Crane was America's one modern, literary, sure-enough genius. His "Open Boat" is the best short story of the century. But Stevie was skating on his uppers until a man with a business brain took him in charge and cashed in his phosphorus.

To produce the thing is one thing; and then to know what to do with it is another.

To meet this demand The Literary Bureau comes in.

There is a constant and growing market for the output of ready writers. Certain publishers want stuff with a peculiar flavor. All publishers prefer to deal with a Literary Broker—they can talk to him frankly. But no publisher dare tell the truth to an author, any more than you dare tell a mother the truth about her baby!

It is n't for the publisher to educate an author into what to write. That is for the specialist—

and here is where the Literary Adviser gets his entrance-music.

One of our greatest publishing houses recently sold their magazine. They found themselves with a quantity of accepted MSS. on hand. This good stuff they turned over to The Literary Bureau to sell.

The man who preys on the ego—the hope, love, pride, vanity of an author, and asks for money in advance—probably belongs to Wolfville: 'ware of him!

And now comes an old friend, the author of a recent big, successful novel and a lot of other good things, and offers his skilled services as an MS. Salesman.

There are no advance fees of any kind.

When the Bureau renders you a service, you pay for it, at a reasonable rate, previously agreed upon.

Typewriting, revision, re-paragraphing, accenting, are often needed before an MS. can be sold. These are minor details involving a slight expense.

The chief thing is to sell the MS. to a concern that wants it. This the Bureau undertakes to do.

¶ If an MS. has no market value, you are told the truth about it, and no charge. And this advice may be worth a thousand dollars to you.

In fact, The Literary Bureau is the friend of the author, and undertakes to do for him that which he can not do for himself.

The late E. C. Stedman, Poet, Banker and Princely Gentleman, did all his literary business through a broker, as he had a nervous fear that a publisher might buy his MS. just to please him.

He wanted everything on a strictly impersonal basis. And if the goods had value, he wanted the money for them—the poet is worthy of his hire!

¶ Now, can we serve you—that is the question? Perhaps you better write us and tell us about your Inky Output and the Idea Crop you have to offer. Let's get acquainted.

THE LITERARY BUREAU

Suite 809-812 Stephen Girard Building

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Faithful to Lowney's



Trixie Friganza is now doing the stellar stunt with "The Sweetest Girl in Paris" at the Opera Comique of America, the La Salle Theater, Chicago. Trixie says: "I believe in keeping in the mode, even if I have to wear things that bite my knees every time I bend over my dressing-table.

"The tempest of the changing years has n't done a thing to me. I'm not the girl I was five years ago. I would n't know the young thing if I met her on Michigan Boulevard.

"I've changed everything, even my likes and dislikes, except in one particular—chocolates. I'm faithful to Lowney's, because they are faithful to me. I've never missed a performance or stood a fine because of blink digestion.

"Some one sent me some Italian Handmades the other day that knocked the last syllable of respectability out of my vocabulary.

"I pressed the bell in my La Salle Salon (one O) and called: 'Buttons, if you love me and my tips, bring me a box of Lowney's. Feed this dago stuff to the girl third from the end who got a multigraph copy of my cloth-of-gold gown.'

"Lowney's are the soul-kiss of perfection!

"They get a hand from me because they always make good. They mean good health, good nature, good engagements and good performances. Fresh as the roses you get after your big number and just as wholesome, they help you in your business.

"Give me Lowney's—now and forever!"

For sale at all good confectioners and druggists everywhere.

WALTER M. LOWNEY CO., BOSTON, MASS.

The Roycroft Fraternity

Questions from this number of THE FRA. Use these for topics of discussion at the meetings of your Junta. Members who are working for Certificates or Diplomas should answer the questions on separate sheets and send papers to us for examination and marking—no charge.

Lesson Number One

- 1 What is a Renaissance?
- 2 When was the flowering time of Greece?
- 3 Name one artist who lived at the time of Pericles.
- 4 Name four great men who lived then.
- 5 Give four names of great men who lived in the Age of Augustus.
- 6 What one particular thing did Julius Cæsar do for civilization?
- 7 What relation was Julius to Augustus?
- 8 Name four great men who lived in Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two.
- 9 What in your opinion is the greatest invention of man?
- 10 Where was Columbus born?
- 11 Name four great men who lived in Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six.
- 12 Who was the most able man of that time, and why?

Lesson Number Two

- 1 What big things did the Centennial Exposition do for America?
- 2 What great inventions were first shown there?
- 3 How does California compare in size with the other States?
- 4 Give her two principal rivers.
- 5 Her mountain ranges.
- 6 Her two highest peaks.
- 7 How many miles of seacoast has she?
- 8 What is her greatest natural scenic wonder?
- 9 How old are the mammoth trees?
- 10 Where were the Missions founded, and by whom?
- 11 Who was Saint Francis?
- 12 Are there any Saints now? If so, describe one

Lesson Number Three

- 1 Who discovered for us the Pacific Ocean, and where?
- 2 Who first attempted to build a Panama Canal?
- 3 Is the water level of the Atlantic and the Pacific the same?
- 4 What will be the length of the Panama Canal?
- 5 What will it cost?
- 6 When will it be completed?
- 7 Why is San Francisco the best place to hold the Great Exposition that is to commemorate the marriage of the Atlantic and the Pacific?
- 8 Why is San Francisco such a healthful city?
- 9 Have the great cities of the past been built in semi-dry or in humid districts?
- 10 What effect does a low, level altitude and a hot, moist climate have upon humanity?
- 11 Compare the climate and topography of Athens with that of San Francisco.
- 12 Do you want to go to the Panama Exposition at San Francisco?

Lesson Number Four

- 1 Name the chief products of California.
- 2 Name the three chief Hotels in San Francisco
- 3 What is the object of a World's Exposition: to boom a city or for the education of all the people?
- 4 Why was the Jamestown Exposition such a failure, although a dense population was near at hand?
- 5 Have you read William Marion Reedy's article on 'Frisco?
- 6 How does it compare with certain chapters in Carlyle's French Revolution?
- 7 What do you suppose inspired Colonel Reedy?
- 8 Do you favor the national building of good roads?
- 9 How do good roads increase land values?
- 10 Should our lawmakers be builders, creators and business men, or theorists?
- 11 How does the looking upon great natural wonders affect us?
- 12 Will not the fact of a great number of our people going across plains and mountains and their seeing also the wonders that men have wrought, be a most potent influence for good? If so, are you lifting your dulcet tones for San Francisco?



The greatest newspaper editorial writer in the world dictates his editorials to

The Edison Business Phonograph

—because he thinks like lightning and talks as he thinks, and no shorthand is rapid enough to catch his words. Besides, they would not be the same words nor the same thoughts, nor the same editorials, with the personality of a stenographer between him and his public.

You are as full of your business as this great editorial writer is of the current topics on which he writes. Do you think you can get the same stuff into your letter through the personality of a stenographer that you would put into a personal talk with the men who receive your letters? Not in a thousand years! But you can over the telephone—and dictating to the Edison Business Phonograph is just like talking over the phone.



Concentration

With the Edison Business Phonograph the degree of concentration of thought is only to be compared with that enjoyed in writing in "longhand"—minus the manual labor of writing, minus the embarrassing presence of the stenographer, and plus about fifty per cent more speed than any stenographer can develop in taking shorthand notes.

Simplicity

The simplicity of dictating to or transcribing from the Edison Business Phonograph may be compared with that of talking to or listening to the telephone. It is even simpler, for the dictator speaks without interruption—and the transcriber writes what she hears.

Convenience

To be able to dictate your morning's mail without regard to whether your regular stenographer is late or absent, to dictate your reply to each letter as you pick it up, on the first reading, when the natural and logical reply to each letter is fresh in your mind, to dictate when you please and how you please without waiting for a stenographer to be at liberty or interrupting other dictation as important perhaps as your own—this is the convenience that the Edison Business Phonograph brings to your office.

Speed and Accuracy

If you can dictate at the rate of 150 words a minute and your stenographer can only take 75 words a minute, what becomes of half of your dictation time? You can dictate to the Edison Business Phonograph at the rate of 150 words a minute or even faster—or as slowly as you please. And your stenographer can transcribe phonographic dictation nearly twice as fast as from shorthand notes—and with far fewer errors. When you have dictated a cylinder to the Edison Business Phonograph you know that your dictation is in such form that any typewriter operator in your office can transcribe it accurately.

Efficiency

With the Edison Business Phonograph 50 per cent of your dictating time is saved, 50 per cent of the actual transcribing time and all of the time ordinarily spent in taking your dictation. And in addition to this, no important correspondence is held up to give the right of way to certain "rush" letters. You just dictate, and every member of your staff dictates, without interference or interruption—and the rest is a matter of typewriting. And your transcribing force spends its entire time at the typewriter, producing.

Economy

This feature of the Edison Business Phonograph is the sum total of all the other factors—simply the fact that the conserving of all this energy, the saving of all this time will result in a reduction in the cost of letter-writing in your office to one-half its present figure. The Edison Business Phonograph is proving this in offices of every size and character, in all branches of industry throughout the United States today.

Let the Edison dealer in your city demonstrate the Edison Business Phonograph to you on your correspondence in your own office. Or write us.

Edison Business Phonograph Co., 210 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.



Gorham Silver

Many things go to the making of a perfect piece of silver.

The artist who is to design it must possess all the knowledge he would require to plan the Basilica of St. Peter's, or compose the frieze of the Parthenon.

Then to his genius must be joined the thorough training of the expert silversmith. There must be imagination and feeling in the artist's pencil, certainty and vigor in the craftsman's rendering.

All these qualities are combined perfectly in Gorham Silver.

This is why it is the world's accepted standard of silverware. And it explains why gifts of silverware so generally bear the Gorham mark.

Sold by leading jewelers only and everywhere.



The Gorham Co.

Silversmiths
New York

GORHAM SILVER POLISH—THE BEST FOR CLEANING SILVER

A DREAM JOURNEY

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard



DREAM passing through a dream," is the way an enthusiastic little matinee girl described to me her trip over the Western Pacific Railway Line, through the Great Gorge of the Sierras, the Feather River Canyon. I gave her a copy of my Joaquin Miller book duly inscribed, "I love you because you love the things that I love." ¶ Joaquin loves the Sierras.

*"Mid white Sierras, that slope to the sea,
Lie turbulent lands. Go dwell in the skies,
And the thundering tongues of Yosemite
Shall persuade you to silence, and you shall be wise."*

The cross-continental lines of the Western Pacific Railway form the pictorial route supreme between Pacific Coast Points, Salt Lake City, Denver and the East.

The trains are just what Miss Matinee described them, dreams of comfort and of beauty. ¶ For interesting detailed information address

Western Pacific Railway Company
San Francisco, California

E. L. LOMAX, Passenger Traffic Manager

G. F. HERR, Assistant General Passenger Agent

OUR COVER PAGE

JOAQUIN MILLER

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

The drawing is by Otto Schneider, Royal Roycrofter at Large, Teuton by Prenatal Tendency and Artist by Nature. It's a Fine Portrait of a Fine Old Roman.

In men whom men pronounce as ill,
I find so much of goodness still;
In men whom men pronounce divine,
I find so much of sin and blot;
I hesitate to draw the line
Between the two, when God has not.
—Joaquin Miller.

HE wrote the greatest poem ever written by an American. He lives at Oakland, "on the Heights," and his name is Joaquin Miller.

We took the street-car to the end of the line, and the conductor pointed to the road that led up the hill. "Take that road and sail on," he said, and smiled in a way that indicated he had sprung the allusion before and was pleased with it. ¶ We followed the road up the hillside. The day was one of God's own, done by hand, just to show what He could do. The sun was warm and bright; a gentle breeze, cool and refreshing, blew in with messages from the sea.

The road wound around the hill, and led upward by a gentle rise, back and forth, around and back, and soon we saw the roadway over which we had passed, a hundred feet below, with gardens between. Gardens everywhere! Gardens lined off with boxwood and fenced with nodding roses. Just above were orange and acacia trees, white with blossoms that showered their petals upon the passer-by. ¶ And still we climbed. Up and up by that gentle ascent, up and up and up we went. The air was full of perfume and drowsy with the hum of bees. ♫ Birds twittered in the thick foliage, and at a bend in the winding road we saw a flock of quail running ahead of us and suddenly disappear among the masses of green. ¶ Ben mopped his forehead, and with coat on arm, talked of the Higher Criticism, the wonders of the universe, and how beauty was free for all—his preacher-habit still upon him. ♫

Brudder and I turned and looked down upon the panorama spread out at our feet. Here was color—gorgeous, superb—the lilac of the wistaria winding in and out among the roses, while pale-pink azaleas, delicate, esthetic and

spiritual, trusted to our power of discernment to single them out from the more obtrusive masses of magnolia that everywhere sprang warm and voluptuous, heavy with perfume. ¶ A little farther away the color was lost in masses of green that pushed off into a dark purple. Spires and steeples, and giant palms lifting their fronded forms in air, told us the city was down there five miles away. And then there came a line of dark blue that wound in and out, and marked the bay, where little play ships stood in the offing—their prows all pointing one way.

Submerged in the blue ether across the bay lay the city of San Francisco—all veiled and lost beneath the translucent, purple-blue coverlet of this lazy Summer day.

Over to the left, clinging to the hillside, was Sausalito, replica in little of the villages that line the bay at Naples. There at Sausalito lives Bill Faville, formerly of East Aurora, my son by adoption, Prince of Architects, making much monies, they say, over in the city; but hiding away here on the hillside in a cottage of three rooms, where Mrs. Bill escapes the servant-girl question and the jealousies of the smart set by living the simple life.

Just beyond Richardson's Bay, where phantom ships toss on the tide and wait for cargoes that never come, is San Raphael, and Dick Hotaling's ranch—fairest of playthings—three thousand acres, belonging to Dick and his friends, where plates are always placed for me and for the Cublet, and chants from the GOOD STUFF are done in minor key as the sun goes down through the Golden Gate, with Dick's permission. ¶ Beyond is Mount Tamalpais, and still beyond Mount Diablo, where Preacher Ben says I should go. Ben is a joker.

We trudge on up the hill, carrying coats and hats in hand. The air grows warmer, the flowers are even more plentiful.

We have been walking nearly two hours, and must have come five miles. The road skirts through a dense mass of dwarfed oak that covers the driveway as the elms arch Chapel Street in New Haven, only more so.

"It is like this," said Preacher Ben; and then he began to explain to me the Law of Paradox. ¶ "The collection will now be taken," came a deep bass voice from out the greeny gloom of the close-growing oaks.

We started, looked, and there on a seat not twenty feet away sat the Poet. ♫ You could never mistake him—he looks like no other man on earth; personality surrounds him like an aura. We stared.

"Come here and sit down, you rogues," called the voice.

The Poet did not arise—why should he? We had always known each other, though we had never met before. We shook hands and Ben and I took seats on the rustic bench beside him. Brudder lay on the grass at his feet. ♫ "Here I've been waiting an hour," said the Poet; "I put on my Sunday clothes and came down to meet you, but I had about given you up. Ben said you were coming, but preachers are such dam liars—they promise Paradise and mansions in the skies and all kinds of things which they can never supply—I was afraid you were not coming!"

He arose. He is six feet high to an inch, and in spite of his seventy Summers, straight as an Indian chief and just as strong.

He stood off and talked to us. He knew we were admiring him—how could he help it! His white beard fell to his waist, and his mustaches were curled up savagely after the manner of Emperor William, while his wide sombrero was cocked carelessly to the Northwest. His long yellow hair fell to his shoulders. The suit he wore was of yellow corduroy that matched his hair, and his russet top-boots, fringed at the side, matched the corduroys. The buttons on his coat were made of nuggets of Klondike gold; his belt was of buckskin with a big silver buckle, and between the bottom of his vest and the top of his trousers was a six-inch interregnum of blue flannel shirt. A bright red necktie blew out from under the white beard; the trousers were caught over the ears of the dainty boots; one hand wore a gauntlet and its mate was carried in a small white hand, upon the middle finger of which was an immense diamond ring.

"You are looking at my ring—worth a thousand dollars or more, they say—given to me by a dear friend now in Purgatory, if Ben knows his business.

"I wear that ring in memory of a great friendship, and also because I love the diamond for its own sake—it symbolizes infinity, eternity. The diamond is pure carbon; at least, we can resolve it back into carbon, but this done we can not make it over into a diamond. It is like life, we can take it away, but we can not give it. The secret of the diamond is not ours—it took an eternity to produce it. I am as old as the diamond and I shall never die."

We followed on up the hillside. The sun was sinking down into the Golden Gate in a burst of glory. "It's all mine," said the Poet, and waved his hand toward the Western landscape. ♪ We came to a queer old stile and followed

along a grass-grown pathway. Soon a whole little village smiled upon us from a terraced outlook, that seemed surrounded and shut in by tall pines. The houses were about as large as dry-goods cases—say eight by twelve. There were a dozen of them, owned by the Poet, and of all sorts and colors and shapes; all not worth so much as that diamond ring. Over every little house ran a regular riot of roses, red and white, in a mad race for supremacy. In one of the tiny cottages lived the Poet. ♫ We entered—there was only one room, a rag-carpet rug in the center, a plain pine table, a bed in the corner. All around the room hung the Poet's clothes.

"I am an ascetic in everything but duds," explained the Poet, as he saw Brudder vulcanizing. "You see, folks are always giving me things—there is an Esquimaux suit of sealskin, then comes that leather hunting-shirt and buckskin breeches. The next is my second-best suit of corduroy, the next is a velvet coat given to me by the Woman's Club of Denver when I lectured for them. As you see, I have ten pairs of boots and six pairs of moccasins. That ministerial black suit I wear when I speak in Ben's pulpit."

There was a Mexican saddle and bridle in the corner and bits of horse jewelry hung around on hooks.

"And your books?" I ventured.

"Books?" said the Poet. "Books? To hell with books! Books are for people who can not think."

It will be observed that the Poet's language is as picturesque as his raiment. His words fitted him like the feathers on a duck. Ben tried a swear-word, but it was strangely out of place, and as for myself, I only cuss in print. ♪ Joaquin Miller is the most charming poseur on this terrestrial ball, but he has posed so long and so well that his poses have now become natural, so he is no longer a poseur.

Up on the topmost crest of the hill he has built a monument, square, stern, rude, crude and immensely strong, with frowning battlements and menacing turrets. The weather-worn rocks used in its construction give the building a Druidic look. It took three years to build this monument, the work being done mostly by the Poet's own hands. It is twelve feet square at the base, and about twenty-five feet high. What it was all for has been a question much discussed in the neighborhood.

The Poet is very proud of this monument—it really is a superb bit of handicraft for an amateur. I saw the craftsman's pride beaming out of the blue eyes, and so I worked the conversation around and lighted the fuse. And here is the story:

"I started to build that monument to the memory of Adam. I thought that this spot must have been the Garden of Eden—and

anyway, the Garden of Eden was no finer than this. And then I had caught glimpses of God walking around here in the cool of the day, and so my Chinese helpers and I began the monument.

"Then one day Preacher Ben came up here and told me what a bad man Adam was, and how Adam and his wife had made all the trouble that was in the world.

"Then I cast around to think who was the next best man. And I dropped on Moses. Moses was the greatest leader of men who ever lived. He led his people out of captivity—made them free, and there is nothing finer than to give freedom.

"So I said to my Chinese helpers, 'Here goes to Moses!'

"Moses was the son of Pharaoh's daughter, you know—a love-child—his father an Israelite. She hid him away in the bulrushes, and then went down and found him at the proper time, and flashed up one of the most touching little stories ever told—very beautiful and the most natural thing on earth. The child was brought up a prince, but his heart was with the Israelites, and you know how he finished up an Egyptian that he saw putting the thing on an Israelite. Oh, Moses had quality—I expect to meet him in Elysium some day—he's our kind.

¶ "How about the mistakes of Moses? Look you, my boy; Moses made no mistakes. Don't imagine that a man does not know just because he does not explain. Moses knew, but he gave out just what his people were ready for, and no more. He used to say, 'God told me this and God told me that,' which was all right. God tells me things every day—He whispers to me at night, and often I get up and go out under the stars and wait for His messages. ¶ "All of the Mosaic laws were for the good of the people, sanitary, sensible and right. Christianity is a graft on Judaism, and it all traces to Moses.

"He was what you might call an ornithological rara avis.

"When he died, God was the undertaker—no one knows where he was buried, but I am of the belief that he was buried right here—exactly under this monument, and so far my assumption has not been disproved.

"Now we will unlock the little iron door and take a look inside of the monument. You see these steel grate-bars—looks like a furnace, does n't it? Well, that is because it is—a crematory. My body is to be placed up on top, that steel cover is to be lifted so as to get a draft through, and twenty-five cords of good dry redwood will do the business. There is the wood corded right over there—we use a little now and then, but we never let the pile get below twenty-five cords.

"I have invited all the preachers and priests, joss-house men and sky-pilots in Oakland,

Alameda and San Francisco to attend my funeral. I have written the funeral address myself, and the preachers are to draw cuts to see who shall read it to the people. Yes, the people are invited, too, and if the funeral takes place on a schoolday, I have arranged that the children shall all have a holiday. I love children, and children love me—they come up here sometimes by the hundreds and I read to them. I never caused a child a tear. ¶ All the mean things I have been guilty of were directed towards grown-up men.

¶ "No sir, no one shall wear mourning for me—death is only a change of condition. ¶ And Nature's changes are for the better. I want all denominations represented at my funeral, because I belong to every sect. I sympathize with all superstitions and creeds, because there is really but one religion—these seeming differences are only a matter of definitions evolved by certain temperaments. ¶ I worship Joss, Jehovah, Jove, Jesus, Mary the Blessed Mother, Ali Baba, and Mary Baker Eddy. All the gods were once men, and these names all stand for certain things to certain people—each means all to you that you can put into it. A name is a sound, a puff of air, but behind the epiglottis, the eustachian tube, the palate, the tongue and the roof of the mouth, is a thought—I sympathize with that thought, even with error, because error is the pathway to truth, and so error is a phase of truth. I am Francis of Assisi, Novalis, Plato, Swedenborg, Porphyry and Buffalo Bill. I fill myself with aceticism, get drunk on abnegation, recite my own poems, and dance a two-step inspired by self-sacrifice. I am touched with madness, but sane enough to know it. I have a good time on nothing, and although I live 'way up here alone, yet I am always in the company of good people—are n't you here? I am the Universal Man, and so are you, and everybody is, only they don't know it."

When you visit Joaquin Miller you are not shown to a room—you are given a house. The Poet puts his head out of the door and gives an "Allehoiah-ala-hoo-hoo-oo!" and out hops an Oriental, all dressed in white, and takes you to your cottage.

The dining-room is one of the cottages, set apart for a kitchen. The Chinese is a superb cook. Our table is set out under an arbor of roses, and we have vegetables to spare, and fruits galore, and nuts to crack, and a tin bucket of milk cooled in the running water of the spring, and loaves of brown bread which we break up in chunks; but there is no meat. ¶ We crossed the stile, and followed on down the winding pathway that ran through the grove of citron and orange trees. Looking up after five minutes' walk, we saw the Poet standing on a slightly jutting cliff just above. He took off his sombrero and raised his hand in blessing.

THE OLIVER HOTEL, *which* is in South Bend, Indiana, U. S. A.



THREE things there are that give distinction to a hotel. They are Courtesy, Comfort and Cuisine, in the order named.

Charles Dickens' diatribes and sarcastic shafts aimed at America were directly traceable to his hotel experiences while traveling in this country. Were he alive he would revise his *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit* if he stopped at The Oliver.

The old-time clerk, with his Alaska diamond and bewildering array of misinformation, has been replaced by a well-groomed, well-informed person of infinite courtesy, tact, kindness and patience.

The Oliver Hotel, at South Bend, Indiana, is a hotel that lingers long in the memory of every guest who crosses its threshold.

It was built by James Oliver, and his supervising care has made it a lasting monument to the Plow Man of South Bend. The three C's that mark the good hotel are here raised to the *n*th power.

Employees of the Oliver Hotel are considerate and attentive without being obtrusive, and endeavor to give patrons all the comforts of home with none of its inconveniences. Commercial travelers know hotels, and when they gather in fraternal groups their talk always drifts toward hotel accommodations in various cities. The Oliver Hotel, at South Bend, Indiana, is rated AAA by the traveling contingent—they know!



JAMES OLIVER

¶ The Oliver Hotel is regarded as so far in advance of its neighbors that although it may have rivals it has no competitors anywhere.

South Bend and The Oliver are on the Main Line of travel from Everywhere to Anywhere—particularly when going East to West or West to East. And the rates? Oh, they're in keeping with the James Oliver policy—the best possible service at a price that gives satisfaction to the guests and a reasonable profit to the management.

Have you read "A Little Journey to the Home of James Oliver," by Elbert Hubbard? If not, drop us a postal card and we will send you a copy, gratis.

THE OLIVER HOTEL
SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

FEET CONSCIOUSNESS

BY ALICE HUBBARD

NO PERSON IS STRONG OR GRACEFUL WHO IS CONSCIOUS OF HIS FEET

"The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath."

Man's foot was evolved to serve him. In order that the foot might be of best use, man made a protection for it.

A study of the modern shoe by one who knows only the natural foot would make him think that the purpose of the foot is to serve the shoe, and not the shoe to serve the foot.

The curves and lines of the fashionable shoe make foot-ease impossible and the foot-doctor necessary. It forbids joyous exercise, and in time seriously affects the nerves.

QAnything that irritates makes for death.

The Greeks found the highest beauty in the natural lines of the body. Their entire dress was made so as to serve.

It was crime to them to cramp or even to displace the natural position of the foot, hand or waist.

James S. Coward is a Greek in his love of the natural, in his love of the useful and the beautiful.

He makes shoes that serve the foot that serves the man.

The Coward Shoe makes exercise a pleasure, puts a charm into activity, and gives ease to the mind as well as to the pedals. It makes you unconscious of your feet.

James S. Coward also understands what was meant by the Sabbath being made for man. So he makes a Shoe that ministers to the foot that has been tortured and cruelly treated, by shoes not made for a natural foot.

I know a mother who sent hundreds of miles to James S. Coward for her Baby's first pair of shoes. Now the Baby is five years old and has a perfect foot which has never worn any but a Coward Shoe.

When other babies came along and were ready to walk, the Mother had Coward Shoes for them.

QThe whole Family wear them and their neighbors wear them.

The Coward Shoe is for all people, of all ages, of all classes, who want to be graceful, strong, effective, healthy, happy and well.

THE COWARD SHOE

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

You Folks who have never been quite foot-suited should write to Coward for His Little Book, picturing the Coward Family.

Some Coward "Special" Shoes

The Coward Good-Sense Shoe (made especially for tender feet)

The Coward Straight-Last Shoe (for slim, straight, slender feet)

The Coward Bunion Shoe The Coward Arch-Support Shoe

The Coward Corn-Room Shoe The Coward Orthopedic Shoe

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An Invitation to Fra Readers



The Seal of a Safe Investment



ONE OF THE MOST PROFITABLE APPLE-ORCHARDS OF THE NORTHWEST

Month after month I have talked to the readers of THE FRA, through its advertising pages, on the subject of the Apple Industry of the Northwest.

Today almost 150 readers of this magazine own Orchard Property Units of my Company, they having decided upon this plan of increasing their income.

I can not, in justice to you or myself, tell you much in this small space concerning our proposition, nor the Unit idea itself.

I therefore make this request—*clip the coupon appearing at the bottom of this page*, mail it to me today, and I will send you our Illustrated Booklet absolutely free, entitled "The Apple and the Dollar."

Between its covers you will find some vitally interesting reading, for I know of no business so profitable as the growing of Apples in the Spokane country.

When I say to you that upwards of \$25,000,000

will be deposited by the Northwest apple-growers in the banks located in their respective apple-growing sections, as a result of their 1910 crop profits, you will have some idea as to the enormous fortune that this industry is creating year after year.

Best of all, though, you may share in these profits—and become associated with some of Spokane's most prominent business men and orchardists in the Ownership of the largest Commercial Apple Orchard in the entire Northwest. I invite you to do so.

The investment pays 7 per cent from the start, guaranteed, and the financial side is within the reach of every reader of THE FRA.

So the first step for you to take, is to clip the coupon and send it to me today.

Then read the booklet you receive from cover to cover.

Your own judgment will tell you what to do after that.

A. G. Hanauer

The Commercial Orchard Company of Washington ^{President}

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COMPENSATION IN BUSINESS

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD

Years ago the grocer sold his crackers from barrels, hidden under his counters in the rear of his store. Today, crackers occupy shelves in attractive piles of convenient packages, in plain view of every purchaser—and what is the result? Statistics say that the cracker business has increased fifteen-fold in the past ten years.—*Ernest Miller Lunt.*



IMPROVEMENT of a product means success for the improver. The world is willing to pay well to those who serve it well. The reward for doing business right, is more business. So when we find an organization that seems to have the lion's share of business in any particular line, we can be sure that it is giving the world the best. ¶ Responsibility gravitates to the men who can shoulder it. When I state that Hunt Bros. Company are the largest canners of highest-grade Fruits in the world, I say that their product is unsurpassed. They have succeeded by divine right. Choice sun-toned, tree-ripened fruits, canned the kitchen way with pure cane-sugar, make a perfect food. ¶ Hunt Brothers "can the flavor as well as the fruit." They do the work with fastidious care. These fruit experts have issued a dainty book of recipes for fruit-serving

which is yours for the asking, and the name of your grocer. ¶ I am not strong for book education, because I got mine in the University of Hard Knocks. But here is a little book that says something. It tells you How, When and Where to serve Fruit. You need this manual. Send for it today.



THERE IS NO LIE ON **THIS** LABEL;
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SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Largest Canners of Highest-Grade California Fruits. Canneries: Haywood, Los Gatos and Gridley, California ❁ ❁ ❁

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Trust Company Bulletin.

The NEW EDUCATION

¶ Happy is the child born into a family where there is an exchange of Ideas, and the re-occurring themes are Truth and Love.

¶ This problem of education is not so much of a problem after all. Educated people have educated children.

¶ The recipe for educating your child is this: Educate yourself. The less you require looking after, the less your children will. The more able you are to stand alone and complete your tasks, the greater your reward. The higher the intelligence you can rightly lend, the more valuable your life.

¶ A modern economist has defined education as cultivating good habits.

¶ The Savings-Bank Habit means sound sleep, good digestion, cool judgment and manly independence. It is one habit that you can pass on to your children as a healthy heritage.

¶ Educate Yourself while educating the cublets, by opening now a Savings-Account with the Fidelity Title and Trust Company, for every member of the family.

¶ On Regular Savings-Accounts at the Fidelity Title and Trust Company Four per cent interest is paid and compounded semi-annually. On Accounts subject to check at sight, and where the Balance warrants it, Two per cent per annum is paid. Certificates of deposit are issued and interest paid thereon.

Fidelity Title and Trust Company

341 and 343 Fourth Avenue, PITTSBURGH, PENNA.

✱ IN the arts of life man invents nothing; but in the arts of death he outdoes Nature herself, and produces by chemistry and machinery all the slaughter of plague, pestilence and famine.

The peasant today eats and drinks what was eaten and drunk by the peasants of ten thousand years ago, and the house he lives in has not altered so much in a thousand centuries as the fashion of a lady's bonnet in a score of weeks. But when he goes out to slay he carries

Life of which you boast is a force of Death: Man measures his strength by his destructiveness. What is his religion? An excuse for hating me. What is his law? An excuse for hanging me. What is his morality? An excuse for consuming without producing. What is his art? An excuse for gloating over pictures of slaughter. What are his politics? Either the worship of a despot because a despot can kill, or parliamentary cockfighting.

—George Bernard Shaw.

a marvel of mechanism that lets loose at the touch of a finger all the hidden molecular energies, and leaves the javelin, the blowpipe of his fathers, far behind ❧❧

In the arts of peace man is a bungler. I have seen his cotton-factories and the like, with the machinery that a greedy dog could have invented if it had wanted money instead of food. I know his clumsy typewriters and his bungling locomotives, tedious bicycles and autos; they are toys compared to the Maxim gun, the submarine torpedo-boat ❧❧

There is nothing in man's industrial machinery but his greed and sloth; his heart is in his weapons. This marvelous force of

DON'T know what I would do if I had only "two minutes to live," or what message I should give to the world. If I really thought I had only that time to live, I should like to take time to think up a fine and noble message so that my last words might have the dignity of those we have read about, which probably were n't last words at all.

However, I think if I had the power to do what I wish to do for humanity, I would give to every person the ability to put himself into the place of every other person in the world. In this way he would have that education, that culture which comes of the highest quality of imagination, and that quality, I take it, has been most perfectly exemplified in the poets and saviors of the race, in that they were able to feel and suffer what others were feeling and suffering, and when we come to a time when we realize just what the other fellow is suffering we will be moved by the desire to help him, and when we are moved by the desire to help him we come to a time when we see that this help must be administered intelligently, and ultimately we realize that it is the denial of equality, the denial of



16 Years Here

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Ostermoor \$15.

*On Land and
Sea Supreme
for Over Half
a Century*

From the Commodore of the
New York Yacht Club
NEW YORK, June 29, 1910.
Gentlemen:
Ostermoor Mattresses and Cushions have always given me entire satisfaction in every respect, and proved all you claimed them to be. Their use throughout my yacht *Alpha* was such a comfort and pleasure, and we found them so much better than the very best of hair, we would use nothing else but Ostermoor Cushions throughout, and Ostermoor Mattresses in all the staterooms of the new *Alpha*. Very truly yours,
ARTHUR CURTIS JAMES.



IT is a conspicuous fact that there are many imitations of the Ostermoor Mattress, and of Ostermoor advertising, but *not one* of them imitates Ostermoor by offering proof of service.

They can't do it! They haven't the service back of their goods to show. We defy any other mattress maker, regardless of name, material or price, to show letters from users attesting that after fifteen to fifty years' service their mattresses are as comfortable as when new.

Think of this when you buy a mattress, especially if you are shown an imitation which is said to be "as good as Ostermoor."

Think how much better it is to get a mattress that is built for everlasting service and comfort, instead of simply stuffed, and likely to develop soon into a mass of sleep-disturbing lumps and bumps.

The Ostermoor is the cleanest, most sanitary, most comfortable of all mattresses. It is dustless, germ proof, vermin proof, proof against odors and dampness. It never needs remaking or renovating, except an occasional sun bath.

Send for Our 144-Page Book and Samples Free

The Ostermoor is not for sale generally, but there's an Ostermoor dealer in most places, the liveliest merchant in town. Write us and we'll send his name. We will ship you a mattress by express, prepaid, same day your check is received, where we have no dealer in town, or he has none in stock. Thirty nights' free trial granted; money back if wanted.

Get the genuine Ostermoor; the trademark on the end is your guarantee.

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\$3.00 more.

liberty, political and economic, in the world which is the cause of most of its suffering. If we had a world made up of people possessing this quality of imagination, this kind of culture, we would soon do away with the causes of involuntary poverty, and to do away with involuntary poverty would mean to do away with practically all the crime and vice and most of the suffering in the world.—Brand Whitlock.

The only cure for grief is action.—Lewes.

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A lightweight specialty that is very popular for women. Made of soft, genuine imported pigskin and the finest smooth cowhide. Perfectly collapsible and easily carried.



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An innovation in American bag construction. When empty can be folded and packed in a small space. Made only in russet color and with the best kit frame.



The Road in a Garden

"The Salt Lake Route" runs through trains from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles. The distance is eight hundred miles, the same as to San Francisco, but it saves a five-hundred-mile trip on the old way of reaching Southern California from Salt Lake.



The marvel is that the railroad was not built before—it is such an obvious route. It follows a valley almost the whole way, where the grades are very easy and the curves slight.

The valley is from ten to a hundred miles wide. It is a new territory given to the world, as big as the State of Illinois. These valleys were once the bottom of great inland lakes. The soil is practically inexhaustible.

The faith of these railroad-builders in this country is revealed in the fact that the road is built with an indifference to expense that is a thing unheard of in a new country. It has a ninety-pound steel rail, and a stone ballast that makes it equal to the New York Central. Its passenger-trains are palatial, and the dining-car service is of a kind to advertise the products of the country.

With Los Angeles at one end of the route and Salt Lake at the other, and a fruit and vegetable country between, you get strawberries, blackberries, grapefruit, oranges, plums and melons out of the orchard and vegetables out of the garden with the dew on them, the whole year round.

Mr. T. C. Peck, General Passenger Agent, and Mr. Douglas White, Industrial Agent, loyal, royal Roycrofters at Large, will give you a lot of valuable information for the asking. Write them today.

San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake Railroad Company, Los Angeles, California

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BY A NEW PROCESS the fragrance of thousands of blossoms is distilled into this little bottle no larger than your middle finger.

It is so concentrated that a single drop of it from this long-stoppered bottle will leave a fragrance so subtle and so sweet that you might fancy your clothes laid away in flowers themselves.

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*Lily of the Valley
Rose, Violet
Crabapple*

\$1.50 a bottle all over the world wherever perfumes are sold. Ask your dealer for it. If he has n't it, send us \$1.50 in stamps, currency or check, and we shall send you a bottle all charges prepaid. If you wish a personal trial, send us 20 cents in stamps and the name of your druggist, and we'll send a miniature bottle of "Flower Drops" with the same long glass stopper—securely packed in wooden cases.



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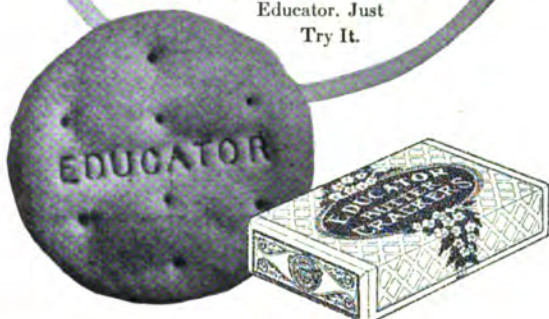
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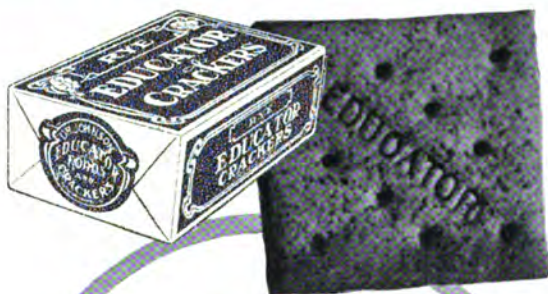
because no other crackers are made with the same care, or combine real food with such tempting taste. Rich in the nutlike flavor of the whole of Nature's Grain, brought out by special baking methods. The first acquaintance becomes an ever-pleasant memory.

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Creamery-butter shortened and slightly salted. The "crackers-and-milk" Educator. Just Try It.



**EDUCATOR
CRACKERS**



Rye Educator

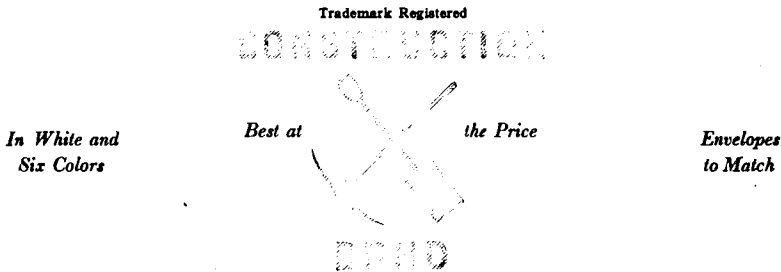
From our New-Process Rye-Meal, thoroughly cleansed. A laxative cracker with an appetizing goodness.

There are 20 kinds of Educator Crackers. All packed in tins.

Let us mail you an illustrated catalog. Leading grocers sell Educator Crackers. If unable to secure the kind you like, write us, and we will see that you are supplied.

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✱T was to the influence of California that one of the greatest literary men of the past generation responded ✱ California is inclined to claim Robert Louis Stevenson as her own, together with his close friend, Charles Warren Stoddard ✱ Among other children, native-born and adopted, are mentioned Gertrude Atherton, Jack London, Helen Hunt Jackson, Frank Norris, Miriam Michaelson, Herman Whitaker, John Muir, Mary Austin, Philip Mighels, Geraldine Bonner, Adeline

home. What they began others may continue. Then, it may be, the new Renaissance will come, and come probably here in this Italy of the Occident, which, profuse in all things else, might just as well be prolific in genius, and which, too, by reason of its freedom from cant and prejudice, is the only fit nursery for these exceptional beings whose filiation is as enigmatic as the stars and who, like them, charm the world.

—Edgar Saltus.

Knapp, Eleanor Gates, W. C. Morrow, C. F. Lummis, James Hopper and Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.
—George Whar-
ton James.

✱ A N T E closed an epoch. Then came the Renaissance ✱ If the Fates relent, there may be another. But not in Europe. "Non bis in idem." ✱ Nor yet in the East. The East was too respectable to recognize either Whitman or Poe, who, with Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller, are the only authentic writers that America can claim ✱ ✱ California recognized them ✱ Moreover to Bret Harte there is here everywhere a niche ✱ For Joaquin Miller there is—or should be—a pedestal in every

THE close traffic agreement between the Southern Pacific and Union Pacific and the Frisco might not have been arranged but for a desire of managers of both systems to economize. Each system wants to avoid as much new construction work as possible, since bonds can not be sold advantageously, and the traffic agreement gives to each, new territory which probably would be served by competing lines but for the difficulties attending railroad financing. It was estimated that as a result of the agreement, plans for the expenditure of about seventy million dollars in new construction have been discarded. Were capital obtainable on easy terms, the expenditure of this sum might have been advantageous to both systems, for there is a big field for new railroad construction in the Southwest; but under present circumstances the arrangement for joint usage of tracks is probably wiser for both systems, however it may affect the development of the Southwest country.

You realize every once in a while the real, true value of a smile.—John Lee Mahin.

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✱ AM so driven by the World," said the Mortal Mind, "that I have no time for anything that is really worth doing."

"I am so driven by the Spirit," said the Immortal Soul, "that I have no time for anything that is not really worth doing."

—Bolton Hall.

✱ THE greatest happiness in the world is to make others happy; the next greatest is to make them think.—Luther Burbank.

NEW BOOKLET ON WALL STREET



WE have just issued a new *Pocket Manual* for the trader in Stocks and Bonds. Among many interesting subjects described are: "Small-Lot Trading," "Short Sales," "Commission and Interest," "Making and Saving the Odd Point," "How to Open an Account," "Know Your Broker," "Turning a Loss Into a Profit," "How to Select Securities," "Right and Wrong Service."

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This candy is up to The Roycroft Standard, which means that it is good, and then some.

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PLAIN answers given on Rational Grounds only, by the *Theistic Church*, London. Found not in words alleged to be God's, but in *Works*, wrought by Him under our very eyes. By the Soul, through the Soul, to the Soul is the Truth revealed. ¶Theistic Literature will be sent gratis to any one applying to the REV. CHARLES VOYSEY.

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Be Clean Internally! If you want to get well and stay well, the chances are 9 to 1 that you can—and without drugs or medicines of any kind. Learn the wonderful mission of the

INTERNAL BATH

My free booklet proves that 90 per cent of human ailments are due to one easily removable cause, and tells you how to remove the cause. Write to Department 140 L.

CHAS. A. TYRRELL, M. D., 134 West 65th Street, New York

There is no better investment than the Certificates of Deposit of the **Continental Building and Loan Association of San Francisco, California** & &

The interest paid is 6% per annum.

The money begins to earn interest the very day the deposit is made, and is paid in cash on the first day of January and of July.

These certificates of deposit can be withdrawn after one year on any dividend date.

Money is received from all parts of the world.

California furnishes the best security in America for money seeking investment. It is growing, and with its matchless climate and magic soil will continue to grow.

Out Here in California

Out here in California where the orange turns to gold
And Nature has forgotten all the art of growing cold,
There's not a day throughout the year that flowers do not grow;
There's not a single hour the streams do not unfettered flow;
There's not the briefest moment when the songsters do not sing,
And life's a sort of constant race 'twixt Summer and the Spring.
Why just to know the joy of it one might his best years give—
Out here in California, where it's comfort just to live.

Officers

HON. EDWARD SWEENEY, President
Formerly Superior Judge, now Superintendent
United States Mint.

JAMES McCULLOUGH, Vice-President
Formerly Coast Manager Armour Packing Co.,
now President McCullough Provision Co.

WM. CORBIN, Secretary and General Manager
For twenty years Director and Manager.

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Capitalist and Pension-Examiner for the United
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President and Attorney for Central Trust Com-
pany of California; Director and Counsel West-
ern National Bank and the Metropolitan Trust
and Savings Bank.





The Magazine That Helps

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

This is a Preachment to Hardware Men. Other people will please refrain from reading.

PUBLIC opinion rules. Judges translate and interpret the laws to suit the Spirit of the Times.

Every man who expresses what he honestly thinks is true is changing the Spirit of the Times. Thinkers help other people to think. They formulate what others are thinking. No person writes or thinks alone—thought is in the air, but its expression is necessary to create a tangible Spirit of the Times. The value of a thinker who writes, or a writer who thinks, is that he supplies arguments for the people and confirms all who are on his wire in candid opinions.

My good friend Daniel T. Mallett publishes a Magazine for Hardware Men which expresses the Spirit of the Hardware World. Any member of the tribe who does not read his *Hardware Dealers' Magazine* is out of the game. Mallett and his editors are authorities on every subject of interest to men who handle Hardware. The investment of One Dollar per Year will net you profits plus pleasure. Subscribe today and get in "The Know."

Hardware Dealers' Magazine, 253 Broadway, New York

Get In The Swim !

Bob Holmes says:

“ADVERTISING is something like going in swimming. You get all ready after considerable preparation and, if you never have had any experience, you approach the water with considerable trepidation. You stick your toes in and find the water cold. Maybe you wade in up to your ankles and stand awhile and shiver. The chances are that you'll turn back with the settled conviction that the water is not suited to your peculiar constitution. ¶ The man who knows how, selects the right spot at the right time, and does n't stop to wiggle his toes in the water. He knows that the way to do is to get right in and get the shock over with. He swims, dives, splashes around, and when he has stayed in the proper length of time he gets out, takes a final shower and a brisk rub, and comes out of the bath-house clothed and feeling fit to fight Johnson.”

Come In with THE FRA

The Water will be Fine, even in December



WE are showing here a part of a twenty-acre Pecan orchard joining our Pecan Villa property on the South. The property is owned by Mr. Charles Monroe, who has been in the State Treasurer's Office for so many years that a newly elected Treasurer would n't want the office if Mr. Monroe did n't go with it. We have asked him for a statement, believing it would be of interest to any one wishing direct testimony as to the number of years required in this locality to bring an orchard into bearing.

Florida Home Development Co.,
Tallahassee, Florida.

Gentlemen:

The picture shown above gives a view of the older part of my orchard. I began by setting out about five acres per year, and continued until at the present time I have about twenty acres. The trees shown are five years old this coming Winter; a few of them bore last year, several about two pounds each. The orchard having received a heavy coat of new stable-manure which produced an excess of ammonia, there has been a tendency this year to make wood instead of fruit; I notice many well-fruited trees, however, which I should judge would give several pounds to the tree; I have lived in Leon County for twenty-five years, and I can say that I do not believe there is a place in the State or outside better adapted to Pecan culture than the lands within a radius of forty miles of Tallahassee, as we have ideal conditions here. Pecan-trees will grow most any place, but to produce an abundant crop of nuts of the right flavor and thinness of shell requires conditions found only in a few favored localities.

Yours very truly,

CHARLES MONROE.

Through advertising in THE FRA I have come in touch with some people worth knowing—made some Friends or found them ready-made. Good John Burroughs, whom I know well by wireless, knew whereof he spoke: "My Own Shall Come To Me." I decided upon and purchased the very best horse I ever owned, many years ago, by noticing the movement of its tail as it switched off flies. Its whole nature was revealed in so simple an act, and if you are of the Brotherhood of fine minds, the Fraternity Emblem will be left wherever your foot has trod, and by it your own shall know you—have a care how you brush flies.

All of which has little or no bearing on Pecan Orchards—unless it has. I still want to sell you an orchard,

but I have taken up most of my time hoeing out in the Roadway instead of keeping inside the fence, and will only be able to say that, if you really want to provide for your future by investing at the rate of One Hundred Dollars cash for five acres and make the subsequent payments monthly or semi-annual or annual as you choose, and then be assured you will get what you pay for by depositing your money in a Bank which guarantees we will fulfil our obligations of growing the orchard, I am sure you will not regret giving me an opportunity of presenting what I in all earnestness believe to be the most promising of any safe investment opportunity you have ever looked into. I will be very glad to send the booklet if you are at all interested.

WM. A. BELL, Tallahassee, Florida, Secretary, Florida Home Development Company

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD



A WANDERING MIND

never arrives at a Supreme Conclusion. There are no terminals for the train of Scattered Thoughts. Frequent stops at Way Stations retard the speed at which Live Ideas must travel in order to Get There. And inviting sidetracks lead only to the insurmountable bumper. The Great Men of all ages are those who have grasped the Ability to Concentrate. They focused attention upon the *thing* itself and without Violence of Direction moved Straight to Success. If you wish to Grow and Become, center your Mind on one Splendid Achievement and hold it there.

STOP FORGETTING

It is the constant casting about for a Fact Misplaced in Memory that shatters the Force of Concentration. Train your Memory to retain Knowledge and have it ready when Occasion demands. Try a little System in your mental Storehouse.

Professor Henry Dickson of the Dickson School of Memory Training will send his valuable book, "How to Remember," free to any reader of THE FRA. Professor Dickson by his Method of Instruction enables you to avoid the oft-recurring vexation of forgetting names, places, dates, faces, quotations, speeches and all other facts and incidents which should be on the tip o' the tongue.

The Dickson System has been heartily recommended by PROFESSOR DAVID SWING, ELBERT HUBBARD, DOCTOR LATSON and thousands of others.

COUPON FOR MY FREE BOOK

PROF. HENRY DICKSON, Pres. Dickson Memory School, 908 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Send me your free Booklet, "How to Remember."

Name

Address

City State

MAKING THE MAN WHO CAN



ELIZABETH TOWNE

DO YOU OR DO YOU NOT WANT TO SUCCEED?

Be a Boss-er instead of a Boss-ee; rope and hog-tie real success; do—not the other fellow, but the very best of which you are capable; it's the desire of the elect. Our brand-new book, *Making The Man Who Can*, throws powerful "vibes" of the right sort into your mind. ¶ Those who know, affirm that this book by Wallace D. Wattles touches the right spot, and that it is a sure fattener of the bank-account and the pay-envelope.

MILO C. JONES, Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin, says: "I am pleased to acknowledge receipt of your little book, *MAKING THE MAN WHO CAN*. I have read it with much interest, because it expresses my ideas almost exactly. Send twenty copies of it, for which I enclose payment. Please enter my subscription to *THE NAUTILUS* magazine. I am pleased to be on your list."

CONTENTS:—The Business Attitude—Becoming What You Want to Be—Promoting Yourself—The Advancing Thought—The Law of Opulence—To Transmute Competition—Man and Money—Talk That Builds.

NAUTILUS

is a magazine of Progress—the leading advanced-thought magazine. Edited by ELIZABETH TOWNE. Regular contributors: Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Edwin Markham, Florence Morse Kingsley, Wallace D. Wattles, W. R. C. Latson, M.D., et al. November will be The Special Dramatic Number, containing articles by new pictures. The biggest and best yet. To be followed by other big helpful numbers.

SPECIAL TO THE FAITHFUL—If extra cautious get *THE NAUTILUS* at a news-stand and let the book go. If cautious, send say Fifty Cents for six months' trial subscription to *NAUTILUS* and a FREE copy of *Making The Man Who Can*. Wise ones will send \$1.00 for a year's subscription to *NAUTILUS*, with Twelve back numbers and a FREE copy of *Making The Man Who Can*—ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR.

ELIZABETH TOWNE, Dept. 93, Holyoke, Massachusetts

THE Greeks of today are descendants of the race that at one time acquired a greater degree of culture than any race before or since. The blood of the Italians coursed in the veins of the Romans when they were the conquerors of the world. The latent talent of the Poles develops now and again an artist, a writer, a musician that sets the world agog. As a matter of fact, all these races have gone into the making of the Englishman of today. There is a strong strain of Roman in the man of

Ireland ✱ The Jews have been great in all nations ✱ The unfitness of the Southern European today is due more to circumstances than to blood.

The people of Southern Europe who constitute eighty-three per cent of all our immigrants have within them the germ of fitness.

¶ "If the American blood is to be largely that of the peasants of those down-trodden nations, will the dominant traits of the present be lost?" is the question asked by would-be conservators of the present aggressive American type.

Again the historian comes forward to reassure the timorous. He states that the dominant races of all times have been those which

have resulted from the mixture of peoples. Races have advanced just in proportion to the interchange of blood. The interchange develops vitality, versatility and capacity. It has made the American people of today the most effective people in the world. There is a law of heredity which stipulates that the traits of the stronger of intermixed races shall dominate and ultimately crowd the traits of weakness out of existence. This law will eliminate the inferior of the immigrants in the end.

Yet these immigrants are not ordinarily inferior. They are men of strength and character, or they would not be able to throw off the handicap of their original environment and get to America. The obstacles that they surmount in doing this are stupendous. It is but the select, strong individuals that do it. The people who come to America are the selected fittest of the countries from which they come. They will be yet stronger in the generations that are to come. They may be half Slavic, but they will still be the best men that the world has produced. For the year just ended, 1,041,570 immigrants landed in this country. Of these, 868,193 were from the Mediterranean Sea countries. But 173,377 were from all the rest of the world—eighty-three per cent as against seventeen per cent. Even this seventeen per cent can not be counted as having a tendency to continue the present American type, for in it is included such distinctly different races as Japanese, Chinese, Mexicans and Africans.

—William Atherton DuPuy.



Hatred is self-punishment.—Ballou.

For the First Time Copies of Paintings of Old Masters

From all the Greatest Galleries of the World are accessible to Private Collectors for a price, and in a way never before possible

"Painting Proofs" of the most celebrated paintings are reproduced by a new and revolutionary photographic process that preserves all the richness and mellowness of color, and texture and tone of the original. Executed on linen canvas, mounted on stretchers and varnished.

Those who have seen the original are the most enthusiastic in admiration of this triumph of facsimile reproduction. They are well named "Painting Proofs."



THE AGE OF INNOCENCE, Sir Joshua Reynolds, B-1732, D-1792

This best loved subject of the early English school is the first of a series of seven old masters representative of the seven great schools of Europe, all unpurchasable for any amount of money.

These reproductions are being endorsed and adopted by the leading art schools and museums of the world.

"The Age of Innocence" now ready for delivery measures 25x30 inches (the exact size of the original), and the price is \$40.00. The edition is limited; a large proportion has been subscribed for already.

SENT FREE upon request Book H illustrating the seven old masters and describing the collection. For 10c additional an exact miniature reproduction of "The Age of Innocence," 6x7 1/4 inches, will be sent while the edition lasts. Schools, libraries and museums, write for special educational offer.

"Painting Proofs" are for sale by one best dealer in large cities or order direct.

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Cleveland—Korner & Wood Co.
Cincinnati—A. B. Closson, Jr. & Co.
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Every home needs a writing desk. It is much more satisfactory to have a **Globe-Wernicke** Writing-Desk unit combined with two or more bookcase units.

This is especially true when the individual library idea is used—writing desk and bookcase combined for each individual member of the family in each separate room.

Globe-Wernicke Elastic Bookcases

combine sterling quality and superior excellence with utility, durability and artistic decorative effects, and are sold at uniform prices—freight prepaid—under positive assurance that exact duplicates can be had at any future time.

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A copy of this book and the 1911 **Globe-Wernicke** Catalogue will be sent you postpaid upon receipt of the coupon below.

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THE highest compact we can make with our fellow is: Let there be truth between us two forevermore. It is sublime to feel and say of another, I need never meet, or speak, or write to him; we need not reinforce ourselves or send tokens of remembrance; I rely on him as on myself; if he did thus or thus, I know it was right.—Emerson.



Charity and personal force are the only investments worth anything.—Walt Whitman.

CASSEROLE

**ECONOMIZE**

on your meat bills by cooking your foods in

"Fulper" Earthenware Utensils

and follow the recipes as printed in the **Free Book of Recipes** which we send with every order for the **Home Assortment of Cookers**

Two 4-inch Casseroles and Covers
Two 4-pint Bean Pots, no covers
One 8-inch Casserole and Cover
One No. 2 Petite Marmite and Cover
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These seven pieces and five covers for only \$2.00, delivered Free.

Your guests will envy you the hot, tasty, savory viands, cooked and served in these seven, quaint, snub-nosed dishes. They'll all want to learn how to cook and serve "En Casserole" and "En Marmite."

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Send Us \$2.00 Right Now, together with your Dealer's name; we will see that you get this Home Assortment. Be the first to serve a luncheon in this new style.

FULPER POTTERY COMPANY

Founded 1895

21 Main Street, Flemington, New Jersey
References: Dun's or Bradstreet's.

AS our race moves onward it demands constantly better service. It demands better houses to live in; better theaters; better schools; better books; better magazines; better papers and better things to eat. It is in response to this last demand that

Geraldson's Figs

have appeared.

They combine the qualities of an EXQUISITE CONFECTION with those of a VALUABLE FOOD.

They reach your hand *clean and fresh*. The waste and dirt you formerly paid for are now eliminated. You get CONCENTRATED GOODNESS.

We will ship you ten pounds, by express, collect, for \$1.00, or

We will ship you six pounds, by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, except where we have to ship through more than *two* express companies or beyond the delivery limits of a city, to reach you. We now have access to either the Globe Express Co. or the Wells Fargo Express Co. here, and any company connecting with either of these will meet our requirements.

We will also ship you fifty-pound cases at \$4.50 each, or two cases, by freight, prepaid, for \$12.00.

FOOTHILL ORCHARD COMPANY

Newcastle, California



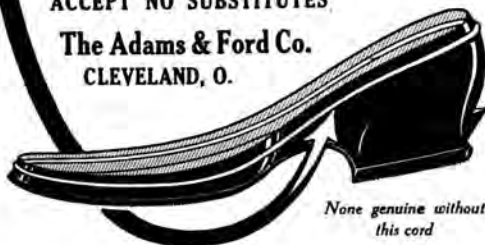
Can be worn all day long, without discomfort; they protect where protection is needed, the sole of the shoe.

**EVERYBODY NEEDS
EVERSTICKS**

Always for sale where good shoes are sold.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES

**The Adams & Ford Co.
CLEVELAND, O.**



*None genuine without
this cord*

**Finest Quality Furs
Guaranteed by the Maker**

DO YOU REALIZE the value to you of a furrier's Guarantee? And do you know that in five years the **ALBRECHT** workrooms have been enlarged over and over again to take care of the wonderful and increasing demand for

Albrecht Furs

Our raw skins are bought direct from the trapper, and made up in our own clean, sanitary workrooms. We sell these guaranteed furs of world-wide reputation at prices, in many cases, actually lower than are asked for ordinary, commonplace furs. We **GUARANTEE** quality, workmanship, fit and satisfaction, or refund your money

We Illustrate One of Our Most Popular and COMFORTABLE 1910 STYLES

ALBRECHT 1910 Model 183 and Countess Muff—Graceful, modish and comfortable. Price of set in genuine (guaranteed) British Columbia Mink. (The set in other furs shown in Catalog) **\$268.00**

The Albrecht Fur Catalog No. 25 Sixty Pages. Sent for 4 cents in Stamps. Shows hundreds of attractive styles in Fur Garments, Neckwear and Muffs; color photographs of twenty-two exquisite models; pages and pages of information, "HOW TO CHOOSE FURS," etc.

We refer to any Bank or Business House in Saint Paul or Minneapolis
E. ALBRECHT & SON *Established 1855*
Sixth and Minnesota Sts. (Station P), Saint Paul, Minn.





It's the SEALY TUFTLESS MATTRESS

Run your hand with moderate pressure over a Sealy Mattress. The mattress sinks when and where the pressure is applied, rising again as the pressure is removed.

As your fingers move along its responsive, resilient surface, it undulates like a billowy sea. It is this *undulating* quality of the Sealy that makes it the most comfortable mattress in the world. When you lie down on a Sealy it *undulates* to meet the form of your body. When you move about on a Sealy it *undulates* to accommodate the changes of your position.

The Sealy is always buoyant, flexible, yielding—yet supporting.

The chief reason for this is that the Sealy is made without a single tuft.

Tufting a mattress means fastening about fifty cord rivets through it. These tufts make a mattress rigid, unresilient and without the property of accommodating itself to the irregular forms and pressures of the recumbent human body. Each tuft cuts off its little section from the rest of the mattress—so that a tufted mattress is really a collection of fifty-odd little mattresses arranged in a set, geometrical form.

Every mattress-maker knows that tufts materially lessen the comfort of any mattress. But in hair, layer-felt and cheaper mattresses, tufts are absolutely necessary to retain the shape of the mattress for any length of time; if such mattresses were not tufted, their fillings would soon slide to one end or one side of the tick.

It costs a little to put tufts in a mattress, but it costs more to make a mattress that doesn't need tufting.

The Sealy Patented Pneumatic Process *and* the Sealy Quality of pure, long-fiber cotton filling produced the first and the only successful tuftless mattress.

We raise the cotton for Sealy Mattresses on our own 14,000-acre plantation in the finest cotton-growing section of the South, while the average "cotton-felt" tufted mattress is made, not of cotton at all, but of cheap gin-waste and mill-waste. Felted the latter materials into sheets or layers stretches out and flattens the fibers so that even their slight original elasticity is much lessened.

Not only is the filling of the Sealy Mattress unrestricted by tufts, but the cotton fibers are left with their full natural curl and elasticity—each a veritable tiny spring of permanent resiliency.

SEALY MATTRESSES are made in all sizes, covered with the best grade of A. C. A., Bookfold Sateen or Mercerized Art Tickings, either in Plain Edge or in the new Imperial Roll Edge, like illustration above. Prices: Plain-Edge Style, A. C. A. or Sateen Ticking, \$18; Art Ticking, \$19; Roll-Edge Style, A. C. A. or Sateen Ticking, \$20; Art Ticking, \$21.

Send for our booklet, "The Real Difference in Mattresses."

It describes the SEALY still more fully. We want you to read it. We will also give you the name of our representative where you can see the Sealy Mattress and buy it with the Triple Guarantee.

SEALY MATTRESS CO., Dept. F, Houston, Texas

Factories (also Offices) at our 14,000-acre cotton plantation, Sugar Land, Texas

No Tufts!

This is the Mattress of Comfort.

We guarantee the Sealy to be made entirely of pure, new, long-fiber cotton, without liners, or mill-waste. (Do not buy any mattress sold as cotton without such a guarantee.)

We guarantee the Sealy for 20 years against becoming uneven or lumpy.

We guarantee that after 60 nights' trial you will pronounce the Sealy the most comfortable mattress that you ever used, or your money back.

\$10,000 for a Song RECENTLY PAID

SEND US YOUR SONG POEMS, Complete Songs or Musical Compositions. We Guarantee Immediate Publication if available; *will secure copyright in your name*; advertise your work among thousands of music-buyers, and **we will pay you 50 per cent (or one-half) the profits** on each copy we sell. Bonafide proposition; hundreds of delighted clients. Testimonials, guarantee and contracts furnished. Send us your work today. *Advice Free.*

H. KIRKUS DUGDALE CO., Dept. 231, Washington, D. C.



BANKING BY MAIL



THE idea suggested itself one day, when one of our boys asked to have us hold back three dollars a week from his pay and give the accumulation to him January First. You see, he had a saving bee in his bonnet and wanted us to help him help himself. Going to buy a lot and build a house on it!

Right there, it occurred to us that this was an opportunity for us to

enlarge the idea and help all our people who were so inclined. So, The Roycroft Bank, under the title of Elbert Hubbard, Banker, was started. Simply a scheme whereby the boys and girls could have banking facilities handy, and at the same time derive more benefits than banks usually offer. About three hundred Roycrofters have bank-accounts with us now, and when one of them needs a little money to start a home with, why, he can have it. We do not loan money to outsiders, and, in fact, do not want outsiders' business. The policy of the bank is a conservative one, and the main object a lesson—education and opportunity.

We can just as well handle two or three hundred more accounts with the same expense, and so Roycrofters-at-Large with a saving bee are offered our banking opportunities.

All savings-accounts are subject to check at any time: we pay Four per cent interest per annum on quarterly balances, computed and added to the account quarterly. Deposits of One Dollar and up received.

East Aurora is a safe place to put that savings-account for your boy and girl (and yourself, too).

ELBERT HUBBARD, BANKER
EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

XN my own experience, I can say that I have known few young men intended for business who were not injured by a collegiate education. Had they gone into active work during the years they spent at college they would have been better educated men in every true sense of the term, and how to so manage as to live a life of usefulness has become the chief question with them.

I have inquired and searched everywhere, in all quarters, but find small trace of him as a

ate, entering at twenty, has little chance against the boy who swept the office or began as shipping-clerk at fourteen. The facts prove this.—Andrew Carnegie.

THE best thing I can ask of an employee is to have him speak to an outsider of our company as "we." Whenever an employee tells a friend that "We are doing so and so," I take on fresh hope. I know that man has my interest at heart, realizes that I am carry-

leader in affairs, although not seldom occupying positions of trust in financial institutions. Nor is this surprising. The prize-takers have too many years the start of the graduate—they have entered for the race invariably in their teens—in the most valuable of all the years of learning—from fourteen to twenty.

The almost total absence of the graduate from high positions in the business world would seem to justify the conclusion that college education as it exists seems almost fatal to success in that domain.

¶ A captain of industry is one who makes his all in his business and depends upon success for compensation. It is in this field that the gradu-

ing burdens and am depending upon him to help me. And I have yet to experience my first disappointment in this trust. ♣ Perhaps you think I am advocating the golden-rule system. Call it what you like; I am sincere, and I believe that nothing will help us to improve, morally, industrially and in every way better than a genuine harmony, understanding and love between employer and employed.

Vital as it is to greet all strangers kindly, to go out of your way to assist them and to make them feel at home, it is of equally vital importance to treat those in your own employ in the same way. ♣ Don't be strangers with your own industrial family. ♣ Let us work together to make

ours a place that offers a sympathetic hand to labor and makes a man feel glad and proud to be one of the laboring ranks. ♣ Every employer, of course, must work out his own salvation according to his peculiar, individual condition and needs. ♣ If this spirit is infused into our keen business competition our progress can not be checked.—Will H. Brown.

♣ Fools admire, but men of sense approve.—Pope.

THE BABY! THE CHILD—THE SHEEP



THE COMMONEST THING in this world is a *cute* Baby, and the rarest object is a *rational* man or woman. The reverse is true among plants and beasts.

And why? ♣ Because parents start in with the idea they are going to teach "it" (!) a thing or two—when Nature spent millions of years evolving the "it" for the sole purpose of imparting to overgrown *its* some things and many. Who wins? Nature. For she tries again—here or elsewhere. But the *Neuters* outnumber the other *genders* by millions to one. ♣ Who is to blame? Not Nature. She brings "baby" into this world ready-made—brain and all; into a ready-made world of natural environments—air, light, water and other foodstuffs. But men and women substitute other provisions for these natural conditions. Hence—what a "cute" baby! What a "bright" child (?). What an unknown quantity in the world's progress! ♣ Everything but *courting* and *honeymoon* is left to others. ♣ Brain-cells can not make *brains* with what liver-cells manufacture *bile*. There is the whole secret of ability, talent and genius. Manufacture babies as you like. If they are born at all, they will be born human—and then it rests with you to make intellectual peers or mental wastebaskets out of their brains. How so? *Autology* tells you.

Well or Sick, you need Autology

♣ Autology is no theory, no fad, no creed.

It deals with the practical business of your body and brain as you have learned to deal

with the practical business of your home affairs, plants and flowers, your land and grain,

your dollars and cents. ♣ With it there need be no such thing as pain or sickness in your life. Do you realize what that means? That you may see and know for yourself, write for



"GUIDE TO AUTOLOGY," FREE

We consider "Autology" one of the most wonderful books ever written. —"PHYSICAL CULTURE" MAGAZINE.

Address your request for a free copy of "Guide to Autology" to

E. R. MORAS, M. D., Dept. 790, Highland Park, Ill.

Harvard University Medical School, '88; College of Physicians and Surgeons (Chicago), '89; Formerly House Physician and Surgeon in Cook County Hospital (Chicago); Professor of Obstetrics, College of Physicians and Surgeons (Chicago). Mem. Chicago Medical Soc., etc.



WHAT is music? This question occupied my mind for hours last night before I fell asleep. ♣ The very existence of music is wonderful, I might even say miraculous. Its domain is between thought and phenomena. ♣ Like a twilight mediator, it hovers between spirit and matter, related to both, yet differing from each. It is spirit, but spirit subject to the measurement of time; it is matter, but matter that can dispense with space.—Heine.

ON ITS MERITS ALONE

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard



AN adding-machine is a necessity in any business house where figures are used. This statement is an admitted fact, so all that remains is the selection of the Right Kind

A Slick Salesman, possessing a verbose vocabulary and a leech-like persistence, may pester you with his presence, and endeavor by sheer weight of words to sell you an adding-machine that in vignetted halftone looks to be the Real Thing, but when irrevocably bought may make you think that nothing stingeth like an Adder.

This is not the Burroughs way.

You need an adding-machine, but perhaps you don't realize it; or, you hesitate because you don't know much about adding-machines anyway.

And yet it's absurdly simple—this setting all doubts at rest. Fill out the coupon on this page and mail it to the Burroughs people—that's all.

Mechanical results are always accurate. Extraneous influences may momentarily distract, and disturb the mental process, thereby causing the man to tear his hair while looking up and down the columns, searching for the place where he slipped a cog, but the machine goes right along, undisturbed, and when the totals are ready you don't have to send out for a Professor of Mathematics to be dead sure you're right.

It's the accumulation of small worries that frazzles the mind. The Burroughs Bookkeeping Machine takes care of the many minor problems and stops the leaks.

A Burroughs will be sent upon request, express prepaid, to your office, and along with it will come explicit instructions concerning its manipulation, and many valuable hints and suggestions as to how you can use it profitably in your particular business—nothing more. No hypnotizing line of grandiose garrulity.

The Burroughs people furnish machine, paper, ribbons and instruction-book, and then "show you," and calmly await your decision.

Although 't is a remote contingency, if the machine does not happen to meet your requirements you have the privilege of returning it at their expense.

No risk, no bother, no worry, no expense. Just an opportunity to personally examine and try a time-saving, labor-saving, money-saving device.

People who hail From Missouri are particularly invited to fill out the coupon.

Seventy-One Styles of Burroughs Bookkeeping Machines—One to Handle Any Kind of Work: and Made to Fit Any Pocket.

If you are interested in "A Better Day's Work," write us (using letterhead) for our unique book under that title. Now in its fourth edition—192 pages. 125,000 already distributed. ¶ Other books: "Why Don't You Go Home?"—a 48-page book for retailers. Also "Cost-Keeping Short Cuts"—180 pages—giving simplified methods for cost-keeping departments.

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE CO.

Dept. F, Burroughs Block, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

European Headquarters: 76 Cannon St., London, W. C., England.

Burroughs Adding Machine Co.
Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan

I am interested enough in your bookkeeping machine to desire to try it. Send along style you think I need, provided it places me under no obligation or expense.

FRA, Nov. '10



A GILLETTE CHRISTMAS

Give him a Gillette Safety Razor and you will see him as interested as a boy on Christmas morning. It is a man's gift that never fails to please. You know he usually feels rather silly over his Christmas presents. He takes the will for the deed.

If you want him to enjoy the gift as well as the intent give him a Gillette. The Gillette appeals to the sense of the practical—the mechanical. It is so compact, workmanlike, efficient. It is so all-there and all right.

Give him a Gillette and watch his face when he opens the package. There are all styles to suit every need and every purse. The case made of metal, morocco grain leather, real seal or English pig skin; the razor silver or gold plated.

You can buy a standard set at \$5.00 and a pocket edition at \$5.00 to \$6.00. Combination and travelers' sets at \$6.00 to \$50.00. There are now two sizes of blade packets—12 double-edge blades, \$1.00; 6 double-edge blades, 50 cents. Write and we will send you an illustrated pamphlet.

King Gillette

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, 40 W. Second Street, Boston
New York, Times Bldg. Chicago, Stock Exchange Bldg.

Gillette Safety Razor, Ltd., London
Factories: Boston, Montreal, Leicester, Berlin, Paris

Eastern Office, Shanghai, China
Canadian Office, 63 St. Alexander St., Montreal

How to Cook Low Priced Meats

*Clever Ways to Reduce Table Expenses
Without Skimping on Quality or Quantity*

By MARY JANE McCLURE

Planning seven dinners a week on a limited market allowance is the proposition that confronts the majority of housekeepers.

With a healthy family demanding meat, the problem will be hard to solve unless you borrow some of the arts of our French and German cousins and learn how to cook the cheaper meat cuts appetizingly and utilize every scrap.



Slow cooking and skill in flavoring is the secret. With a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef for flavoring you can satisfy an epicure and still keep well within a slender allowance.

Instead of the highest priced rib roast get a piece cut from the round for 18 to 20 cents. Cook slowly in a covered dish with a cup of water in which a quarter of a teaspoonful of Armour's Extract of Beef has been dissolved, basting frequently, adding more water and Extract if necessary. When nearly done lay some potatoes in the pan to brown in the gravy, then see your family enthuse over your culinary skill.

Warm up your left-over meats in a sauce of butter and flour flavored with Armour's Extract of Beef; add it to gravy for richness and flavor. Instead of going to the trouble and expense of boiling meat for soup stock, use Armour's Extract of Beef as the basis and be sure of results.

Beef extract is the standby of foreign cooks, and Americans are learning its wonderful convenience and the improvement it works in every meat dish.

Armour's Extract of Beef is so concentrated that it is very economical. To learn its innumerable uses send to Armour and Company, Chicago, for their little cook book called POPULAR RECIPES; they will gladly send it on request. Keep it for ready reference until you learn its rules. It will earn you the reputation of being a wonderful meat cook.

**Armour's
EXTRACT
OF
BEEF**

gives richness and flavor to every meat dish—
an economy and time saver as well. Save the
cap from every jar you
buy and send it to us with
ten cents. We will give
you a beautiful silver
spoon, Wm. Rogers &
Sons' AA, in an artistic
design known as the
Armour Lily Pattern.
Each marked with your
initial. We will allow
each family to have 12—a set that would cost
you \$6.00—for \$1.20. This offer is restricted
to residents of the United States. Address
DEPARTMENT C72

ARMOUR & COMPANY
CHICAGO

CITY men, from politicians and coupon-clippers up to plumbers, physicians and electricians, can do no better for their children and for the future of the world than to have their sons (and daughters) attend the great agricultural colleges of the country.

Working on farms during the Summer vacation is an excellent thing to do all through the college course. The city boy, by going one season to the truck-fields, another to the wheat-harvest and a third to the stock-farm, can thus

gain a store of practical knowledge equal or superior to that of the boy who spends all his vacations on his father's farm. The professions of the city today are not only badly overcrowded, but some of the formerly honored ways of acquiring wealth are losing class. Accepting "business opportunities" in exchange for political influence, taking fees for the settling of people's quarrels, or charging princely sums for the use of one's name in financial matters, are not in as high repute as formerly. In another generation these and many other refined ways of getting something for nothing may have ceased to be respectable.

Producing things

must necessarily continue to grow in repute as the public is awakened to the fact that the consumer pays for everybody and everything. Of the productive industries agriculture is about the only one wherein the big fish do not eat up the little ones. Not only from the standpoint of honor, but also as a chance for financial gain, farming is a pretty safe occupation for the coming generation.

If the present ratio of growth continues, New York City in Nineteen Hundred Fifty will have

a population of more than nineteen millions, while the towns and villages of our most exclusively agricultural States would contain more than two-thirds of the State's population.

In reality, no such condition of affairs will come to pass; for, while scientific agriculture has materially increased, the productive power of labor, the increase in the yield of plant and animal products, unlike the progress of mechanics, is not in an accelerating ratio, but has fairly well-marked limitations. ❀

Should the present rate of crowding into the cities and the prevailing industrial system continue until our children were old men, a day's labor in the factory would scarcely buy a loaf of bread, and fruits and meats would become the exclusive luxuries of the rich.

But such dire consequences can not and will not result; instead, the tide will turn back to the land.

The country youth will, however, continue to crowd into the cities long after city people have recognized that agriculture offers greater opportunities.

The solution is not to preach contentment to

the ambitious farm boy, for the grass always looks greener a little farther on, and the farm boy will brand such doctrine as a deliberate effort to shut him out of the good things of life. ❀

So let the country continue to pour its fresh blood into the city; meanwhile send the city boy to the agricultural college, from which he may return to the soil, and take back a good, fresh supply of city brains with him.

—Milo Hastings.

Victor-Victrola

Three new styles



Victor-Victrola XI, \$100
Mahogany or oak

Victor-Victrola X, \$75
Mahogany or oak



Victor-Victrola XIV, \$150
Mahogany or oak with racks for records



The first and only instrument of its kind

No other musical instrument possesses the clear, beautiful, mellow tone-quality of the Victor-Victrola.

When the Victor-Victrola was introduced four years ago, it created a sensation in the musical world and set a new standard for tone quality.

And that tone quality is still supreme today.

Look for the
Victor dog
on the lid of
every Victor-Victrola



To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records.
New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month.

ABOUT REMEMBERING

An Advertisement by ELBERT HUBBARD

FOR some long time I have been promising myself to write up my good friend, Mr. Henry Dickson of Chicago, and I have not forgotten. ¶ Mr. Dickson is teaching a Science or system, whichever you choose to call it, which I believe is of more importance than the entire curriculum of your modern college ❖ ❖

Mr. Dickson teaches Memory.

Good Memory is necessary to all achievement.

¶ I know a man who is fifty-five years old. He is a student ❖ He is a graduate of three colleges, and he carries more letters after his name than I care to mention. But this man is neither bright, witty, clever, interesting, learned nor profound.

He's a dunce.

And the reason is that he **CAN NOT REMEMBER** ❖ Without his notes and his reference literature, he is helpless.

This man openly confesses that he can not memorize a date or a line of poetry, and retain it for twenty-four hours. His mind is a sieve through which sinks to nowhere the stuff that he pours in at the top.

Education is only what you remember. The lessons that you study into the night and babble about the next day in class are rot, unless you retain them and assimilate them by the slower process of memory.

You can not gulp and discharge your facts and hope that they will do you good. Memory only makes them valuable.

Every little while in business I come across a man who has a memory, a **TRAINED MEMORY**, and he is a joy to my soul.

He can tell you when, where, why, how much, what for, in what year, and what the paper said the next morning.

Like this man is another, the general manager of a great corporation in a Western City. He never misses a face. If he sees you once that's enough. The next time he'll call you by

name, inquire about the folks at home, and ask if you have recovered from that touch of rheumatism.

He told me how he did it. He told me that he studied memory-training with Professor Dickson of Chicago. Also, he said a lot of nice things about Professor Dickson, that I hesitate to write down here lest my good friend Dickson object.

This Dickson System of Memory-Training, as I understand it, and I do understand it, is very simple. If you want to enlarge your arm to increase the power and strength of your muscle, you exercise it. The same with your mind ❖ ❖

You must put your mind through a few easy exercises regularly to discover its capacity. You will be surprised, when you go about it the right way, to know how quickly it responds to you.

To the man or woman whose memory plays you tricks, I especially recommend that you write to Professor Dickson to send you his literature. It will cost you nothing, and if his credentials and recommendations and the facts he sets forth, do not convince you, you are not to be convinced—that's all.

You do not know when you will be called upon to stand on your feet and tell what you know: then and there a trained memory would help you ❖ ❖

You've sympathized with the little girl who stuttered her "piece." But you've wept for the strong man who stammered and sucked air and gurgled ice-water and forgot, and sat down in the kindly silence. In the child it was embarrassment, but in the adult it was a bad memory ❖ ❖

Professor Dickson's System can give you a **BETTER MEMORY** because it is based upon right principles.

Write and mention **THE FRA** and ask Professor Dickson to tell you how he trains the memory.

**PROF. HENRY DICKSON, Principal, DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL
963 AUDITORIUM BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS**



“Ask Sheldon”

There's a way to find out *why* business is bad, a way to analyze *why* expenses keep growing, *why* some men don't make good *where others do*.

Modern business is a matter of *fixed* laws—the day of chance is passing.

And a working knowledge of these laws is the boiled-down, tabloid *secret of business success*. Many men high up in business are working under these laws, Consciously or Unconsciously.

They acquired the knowledge by “*going through the fire*” which most men cannot endure.

Hundreds of others are “making good” by *studying the working of these laws* and analyzing the methods of successful men who have *blazed the trail before them*.

Sheldon Has Classified Business Laws

The Sheldon Course in Salesmanship and Business-Building will put every man in *closer touch* with the universal laws of business.

Whether you are a minor clerk with keen ambition to move up into something *bigger and better*, or a business man trying to analyze the laws which govern *your* particular business, consider what *Sheldon* can do for you.

The Sheldon Salesmanship Business-Building Courses will show you how to study and understand these laws, and how to apply them



The Sheldon School
1105 Republic Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

to the *advertising*, the *selling*, the *auditing*, the *corresponding*, the *financing*, in fact, the “*anything*” of your business.

And here is an opportunity to make *The Sheldon School* “prove up” these claims without cost to you—simply mail the coupon and read the Sheldon Book, which we will send you *free*. Make the request *NOW*!

THE SHELTON SCHOOL, 1105 Republic Bldg., Chicago

Please send me FREE copy of THE SHELTON BOOK and full information regarding Sheldon Methods.

Name

Street

City

State

Trust Company Bulletin.

The Law of Provision

¶ The Improvident Life would not be so bad were there no day tomorrow.

¶ It is the cold assurance of dawn that keeps humanity balanced.

¶ Tomorrow is the vital fact that today must reckon with.

¶ The sane impulse is to provide for the expectant period of our expectancy on this planet Earth.

¶ Provide for the span of years and you have Peace, Poise, Power and Plenty.

¶ Fail to provide and you have Poverty, Perversion, Pauperism and Penalty.

¶ Nature's one immutable Economic Law makes it necessary to prepare for Winter in its Summer.


¶ Nature makes squirrels of us all.

¶ The Savings System is the method by which man makes his provision.

¶ The Fidelity Title and Trust Company of Pittsburgh invites you to use its unsurpassed facilities.

¶ On Regular Savings-Accounts at the Fidelity Title and Trust Company Four per cent interest is paid and compounded semi-annually. On Accounts subject to check at sight, and where the Balance warrants it, Two per cent per annum is paid. Certificates of deposit are issued and interest paid thereon.

Fidelity Title and Trust Company
341 and 343 Fourth Avenue, PITTSBURGH, PENNA.

 ONLY men of mental strength can love deeply. Love is a fruition. Only as the plant is strong can it bear.

The love of the thinker must be true to stand his own analysis. And above all it must be deep to pass the acid test of his humor—the brain-smile.

The thinker who says that there is something higher than reason is in love and knows. Maeterlinck first voiced this thought in a book dedicated to his wife.

The law of attraction and repulsion is subconscious. This is the virginity of the soul in its mighty struggle for purity.

Lovers' souls are a theater—with two silent, awed, but happy auditors. We do not acquire love—it acquires us. The ascetics mistake impotence for self-mastery. Here we get the philosophy of Tolstoy. The renunciant crows on his own grave.

Only as we let the divine flow through us are we great. Venus and Mars are magnificent

Philosophy once conceived the love emotions as the tangle that held man in the mire. Today we recognize it as the wing that carries him to the sun. We look back at a tear-smirched past and laugh. The soul no longer preys on itself. ¶ Mind must follow soul. Soul is the scout on the frontier of the infinite. It knows the way. Mind learns as it follows the divine trail blazed by the soul. Love is the motive power of the soul. And as love increases, so much the faster does the soul travel with the mind in its train. ¶ Discovery lies in the distance. We are always just ahead of ourselves. Intuition or soul knowledge comes before the purely mental process.

planets, but they
sweep on
through space
enmeshed in the
Law. When we
meet the stars
God sees us!—
James Wallen.

WE must learn that any person who will not accept what he knows to be truth, for the very love of truth alone, is very definitely undermining his mental integrity. It will be observed that the mind of such a person gradually stops growing, for, being constantly hedged in and cropped here and there, it soon learns to respect artificial fences more than freedom for growth. You have not been a very close observer of such men if you have not seen them shrivel, become commonplace, mean, without influence, without friends and without the enthusiasm of youth and growth, like a tree covered with fungus, the foliage diseased, the life gone out of the heart with dry rot, and indelibly marked for destruction—dead, but not yet handed over to the undertaker.

—Luther Burbank.

IT has always been a puzzling fact about business that, with similar plans installed in two institutions engaged in the same line,



The Neighbor-Maker

SAVAGES built rude bridges so that they might communicate with their neighbors. These have been replaced by triumphs of modern engineering.

Primitive methods of transmitting speech have been succeeded by Bell telephone service, which enables twenty-five million people to bridge the distances that separate them, and speak to each

other as readily as if they stood face to face.

Such a service, efficiently meeting the demands of a busy nation, is only possible with expert operation, proper maintenance of equipment, and centralized management.

The Bell System provides constantly, day and night, millions of bridges to carry the communications of this country.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

one house is often seen to succeed and the other to fail. This proves that it is not the plan only that brings success, but rather that it is the man behind the plan to which success is due—if it comes.—A. F. Sheldon.

UNDER one guise or another the movement to make the lot of the common man happier moves on. Thwarted here, stayed there, it moves on and on.

—Warden Curtis.



Individual Libraries for Christmas Gifts

Wm. Morris said "Have within your home only that which is useful or beautiful." Slobe-Wernicke Bookcases are useful, and lend charm to any room. One or more Slobe-Wernicke sections make an acceptable gift for use in the individual's own room, where favorite books can always be kept.

Slobe-Wernicke Elastic Bookcases

enjoy the prestige that comes only from highest quality materials, perfect workmanship, long experience and ample resources.

The new 1911 Slobe-Wernicke catalogue describes in detail the many styles and finishes—shows the variety of artistic unit combinations—offers practical suggestions for decorative treatments.

List of "The World's Best Books" Free containing selections of the 5, 10, 25, 50 and 100 best books for children and adults. A reliable guide for Christmas buying. See coupon below.

"To those selecting a home library, this compact and convenient book is a veritable treasure-house of information."

—Pittsburg Dispatch.

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Please send me "The World's Best Books," also

your 1911 catalogue,

My library contains.....volumes

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

tern shown in the moment of our highest transfiguration.

¶ A man will remain a rag-picker as long as he has only the vision of the rag-picker * *

Our mental attitude, our heart's desire, is our perpetual prayer which Nature answers * She takes it for granted that we desire what we are headed toward, and she helps us to it. People little realize that their desires are their perpetual prayers—not head prayers, but heart prayers—and that they are granted.

Most people do not half realize how sacred a thing a legitimate ambition is. What is this eternal urge within us which is trying to push us on and on, up and up? It is the urge, the push

in the great force within us, which is perpetually prodding us to do our best and refuses to accept our second best.—Orison Swett Marden.

¶ **ALBERT HUBBARD'S** writings appeal to me like the violin of Kreisler, conveying the impression of sound or color in the printed word.—Elmer E. Sweeney.

¶ Assassination has never changed the history of the world.—Benjamin Disraeli.

THE faculty to dream was not given to mock us. There is a reality back of it. There is a divinity behind our legitimate desires. ¶ By the desires that have divinity in them, we do not refer to the things that we want but do not need; we do not refer to the desires that turn to Dead Sea fruit on our lips or to ashes when eaten, but to the legitimate desires of the soul for the realization of those ideals, the longing for full, complete self-expression, the time and opportunity for the weaving of the pat-

AN amusing story is being told in social circles in London about a young American woman who was anxious to be presented at a certain exclusive European court. Of course, the high officials had to make inquiries about her social status in her own country, and pronounced their veto. It could not be. The daughter of a man who sold boots and shoes could not be received by his majesty at a royal court. The girl was in great distress, and promptly cabled home to her father. Next day she received the following reply: "Nonsense. It's not selling. Am simply giving them away. See advertisement." This cablegram she duly presented in the proper quarter,

and, although the ending did not seem quite clear to the official mind, it was held to solve the difficulty. So she was presented at court as the daughter of an American gentleman who was noted as a great philanthropist.

—San Francisco "Star."

A CIRCUS man recently ordered a large advertising poster of his show to be printed and then objected because there was so much clear sky in it.



Two Classes of Fair Women

Some are fair because they happen so.

Others attain the clear, rosy complexion, smooth, velvety skin, bright eyes, easy, graceful poise, as a result of carefully selected food and drink that

properly nourish the body, knowing that a fair complexion is the outward token of health within.

A beautiful woman seldom remains beautiful if she continues to drink coffee, which is often the cause of various aches and ills.

Health is a Divine Gift—always ready for us, and produces more pleasure than any other one thing.

When well-made

POSTUM

is used in place of coffee, relief from aches and ills set up by coffee is to be expected and Nature can then restore the rosy bloom of health.

Postum contains the pure, wholesome elements of the field grain, which build and strengthen the nerves and vital organs.

Every woman should read the little book in packages of Postum—for "The Road to Wellville" is a good road to healthful beauty.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

"I ain't a-goin' to advertise the sky," he said to the lithographer. "I paid you to advertise my show. Draw a few camels and stick them up in the heavenly blue. I ain't a-goin' to have all that good space run to waste."

—Chicago "Record-Herald."

TO be seventy years young is sometimes far more cheerful and hopeful than to be forty years old.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.



Saving the Trees of the South

You, whose stately homes in the sunny South are set among majestic and venerated trees; you, who love the mystic beauty of the great out-of-doors, the trees of which bespeak its crowning glory; you, to whose care the trees were given by generations long since passed away, to keep in health and beauty for those which are to come—learn of the needs of these trees.

Trees are living creatures; they breathe, they absorb and assimilate food, they grow; their circulation is real and vital, their processes of reproduction are just as beautiful and inspiring as those of other forms of life; but they are motionless and voiceless. *You must see their wounds and their ills—to care for them. You must find their weaknesses—to straighten them. You must learn their needs—to supply them.* ¶ Look at your trees carefully, critically. You see dead limbs, splitting crotches, fast-decaying cavities. *These are danger-signals.* They tell of serious physical defects, possible of remedy, but death-inviting if neglected. Your trees are valuable—invaluable. Generations watched them grow. It will take more generations to replace them when they are gone. They are a heritage. Keep them perfect for yourself and your posterity.

How? This is the business of The Davey Tree Expert Company and the profession of the Davey Tree Experts. *They save trees!* By training and instinct they are Tree Surgeons. John Davey, the Father of Tree Surgery, is their teacher and their guarantor. He created the science of Tree Surgery and then created an organization of skilled men of his own training to practise it. He established and conducts The Davey Institute of Tree Surgery, unique in the field of educational effort.

Tree salvation is needed and possible in the Southern States. *Needed*, because your trees decay like other trees, if neglected or abused. *Possible*, because the Davey Tree Experts go South every Winter. For four months, December to March, these tree surgeons are at your service, if you have a home in that part of the country. Many patrons praise both the science of John Davey and the service of his men. They will work this Winter from Eastern Texas to the Atlantic. A beautiful booklet with illustrations awaits your call. Write us at once, stating the number of your trees, the kinds and their location. We may be able to send a special representative without cost or obligation to you to make a thorough examination of your trees.

The Davey Tree Expert Co., Inc., Kent, Ohio
(Operating the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery)

No college, no school of forestry teaches tree surgery. The Davey Institute is the only school in the world which does. It was founded by John Davey, father of tree surgery. Full laboratory, collection, scientific and botanical instruction, including practical demonstrations by John Davey.



JOHN DAVEY
THE FATHER OF TREE SURGERY

BUSINESS FRIENDSHIP

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD



BELIEVE in friendship founded on business, not business founded on friendship," says a certain Master Printer.

What this man knows about business is the result of a quarter-century of experience in New York. How much longer twenty-five years is in New York than in East Aurora I do not know, but I understand perfectly what he means. Friendship resultant of business is the real thing. Business born of friendship dies aborning.

The Hamilton plan is a system by which manufacturers, retailers and consumers are brought into a business fraternity or friendship. This plan is pleasant, profitable and practical, because it centers on service.

The manufacturer places in his packages Coupons and Certificates for the consumer which can be redeemed for articles of utility and beauty. In the cases containing the packages is a Hamilton Retailers' Bond for the merchant. This entitles him to the merchandise he desires or needs. The manufacturer gets his reward in the increased sales caused by intensified demand on the part of both consumer and retailer.

Just at this time when Motherereens is thinking of Christmas and the kiddies, the Hamilton Plan serves her well. If she selects goods containing the Hamilton coupons, she makes the necessities pay for the luxuries.

The Hamilton Corporation is a benefaction.

The plan is simple, direct and clean.

Manufacturers should secure the privilege of using the Hamilton Plan Certificates, Coupons and Bonds before they find themselves on the zero side of the ledger. Retailers should push the goods containing Hamilton Plan Documents for their own profit and their customers' best interests. Consumers should demand goods indorsed by the Hamilton Plan—not only for the valuable premiums, but because Hamilton Plan Certificates mean honest merchandise. ¶ Only Class A, One-Hundred-Point manufacturers are admitted. Only reliable dealers can buy these goods, and men and women who have an eye to getting good values are pretty good stuff. ¶ So here is a friendship based on human service—a friendship we do well to cultivate! ¶ Information gladly supplied on request.

GUARANTEED RESOURCES—ONE MILLION DOLLARS

THE HAMILTON CORPORATION

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The Starr Piano

Pre-eminently the Piano of America



Mission Playerpiano

THE building of special art styles has been developed by the Starr Piano Company to the same plane employed in producing regular models. A thorough systematic construction of each component part, assembled under the direct supervision of the designers. **A** Art catalog or special sketches furnished free

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108-12 Dexter Avenue

DETROIT, MICH.
214 Woodward Ave.
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.
192 Third Avenue
MONTGOMERY, ALA.
108-12 Dexter Avenue

IN many ways the world is growing less cruel. For this we must largely thank the scientific spirit which is daily recognizing more and more of the affairs of life which belong to its department. It is coming into fashion not to kick the man who is down, but to call a committee to inquire into why he is down, and that leads naturally to helping him up. The new method is to be welcomed most of all as it bears upon the destinies of little children

The new scientific pedagogics no longer divide children summarily into good and bad, stupid and clever. On the contrary, it takes close cognizance of the wonderful relation between mind and body, stomach and brain, and learns thereby that persons, and above all, children, are much more naturally divided into the sick or the well, the hungry or the fed, the weak or the strong.

Both here and in Europe investigations of this matter have been made, with significant results. One fact proved by them is that there is no such thing as a "lazy" child. The normal child is alert, bright-minded, interested, full of waking curiosities about the world into which he has come, and endowed with an almost unquenchable physical vivacity. What then is the matter with the little, inert, stupid, dull-eyed creatures forever at the bottom of the class, who never put a question or seem to pass a given point? **Q** The matter is that they are ill. Some of them are hungry, and it is as hopeless to expect a child to study well when he needs food as it would be to expect a fire that needs fuel to burn well. The hunger may be due to an actual lack of food or it may be that the teeth

are in such poor condition that the child can not chew and therefore does not digest. Or it may be that the food offered to it at home is entirely unsuited to its needs ❁❁

Some of the children can not hear well and some can not see. They do not complain, for they do not know what is the matter. They accept constant rebuke and defeat with the dumb mystification of ignorance. Many of them have never drawn a deep or natural breath since their birth, on account of the presence of enlarged tonsils and adenoids ❁

❁ These children can never compete with their fellows until all these hindrances have been eliminated ❁ Some recent investigations made by a

French physician show that among well-nourished children only nineteen per cent have physical defects, while among the poorly nourished over sixty per cent suffer from these defects ❁❁

This question of feeding is being met in many cities both here and abroad by the supplying of a substantial luncheon either free or at a nominal cost.—"Youth's Companion."

❁

I am a part of all that I have met.—Tennyson.

Lithia Springs Park For Sale

TWO hundred fifty acres of beautiful woodland, with glens, vales and medicinal springs.

Lithia Springs Park is one mile from Middlesworth Station on the Big Four Road in Shelbyville Township, Shelby County, Illinois.

It is right in the heart of the most fertile farmland in the Middle West.

The soil is rich, and the variety of crops is wonderful.

There are twenty-five hundred thrifty sugar-maples on the property.

❁ There is plenty of gravel for cement work.

Veins of peat, undeveloped coal for fertilizing and a good prospect for natural gas and coal are found here.

Analysis of Lithia Springs Water made by the University of Illinois shows lithium, iron and other medicinal properties. This never-failing supply, even in the driest season, annually brings many people to this fountain of perpetual youth and good health.

Jasper L. Douthit, the editor of "Our Best Words," established a Chautauqua Assembly at Lithia Springs seventeen years ago. Since then he has built up a following in this section of the country that is hardly equaled in any other, and is surpassed in none.

Twenty thousand dollars has been used in improvements on this land. These include forty cottages and log cabins, a public dining-hall and an excellent auditorium.

During these seventeen years, annual Chautauqua Assemblies have been held at Lithia Springs, and several hundred C. L. S. C. students and graduates are connected with this center.

The Lithia Springs Chautauqua is a member of the International Chautauqua Alliance and has won high praise and first credit for Chautauqua ideals in this and in other countries.

Here is a rare opportunity to secure a great land value: a farm, a park, a health home, a Summer resort, an established Chautauqua Institution. Write for terms.

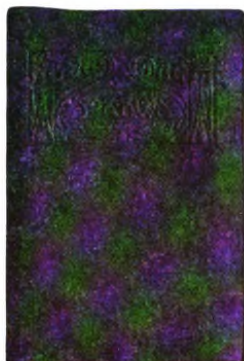
Jasper L. Douthit :: :: Shelbyville, Illinois

✱ **HOLD** every man a debtor to his profession; from the which as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavor themselves, by way of amends, to be a help and an ornament thereunto.—Bacon.

❁

✱ **LIBERTY** without wisdom is the greatest of all possible evils; for it is folly, vice and madness without tuition or restraint.
—Burke.

Books by Elbert Hubbard



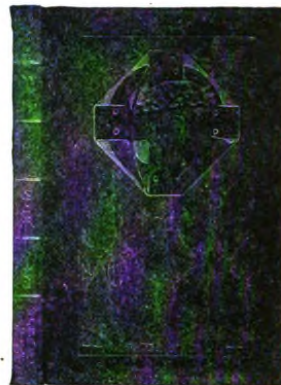
The MAN of SORROWS

The true story, honestly told, of the life of a great and simple soul who walked through the valley of the shadow of the world by the light of his faith in man.

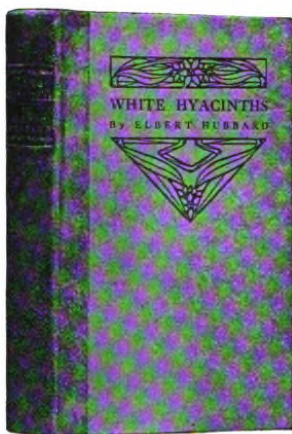
In binding this book, we have regarded the sentiment and have fitted it well. To be judge of this you must see the volumes.

BOARDS, ALSO LIMP LEATHER . . . \$ 2.00
THREE-QUARTERS OOOZE-CALF . . . 5.00
ALICIA OR THREE-QUARTERS LEVANT 10.00

LIMP BINDING \$2.00



SPECIAL MODELED LEATHER \$30.00



WHITE HYACINTHS

A MAN'S BOOK ABOUT A WOMAN

Recently, several thousand Railroad Officials received a list of Roycroft books. ¶ Each one was requested to check the book which he wished to have accompany his subscription to THE FRA. ¶ It is interesting to note that nine of every ten of these discerning men chose "White Hyacinths." ¶ These men have position.

¶ Business men sometimes have good judgment.

BOUND IN LIMP LEATHER AND BOARDS . \$ 2.00

ALICIA . 5.00

THREE-QUARTERS LEVANT AND MODELED LEATHER. . 10.00

THE DOCTORS

A SATIRE IN FOUR SEIZURES

No man can tell you so much about doctors as the man who has never called one.

He is the only man who really knows the genus Medic from every angle.

He has perspective.

"The Doctors" has had the steady sale that betokens interest.

If you have not met these doctors, these nurses and this pretty patient—get a Roycroft introduction.

Bound in human hide, limp, lined with iodoform gauze, sewed with catgut and flavored with formaldehyde Price \$2.00

P. S. Out of human hide. Using suede sheep. Same price.

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N. Y.



Mental exercise means sanity, health and length of days. Read THE FRA and let us help you look up all names and allusions

HEALTH AND WEALTH

By E L B E R T H U B B A R D

WHAT which contributes to our day-by-day need gives us health and joy. And wealth comes as an incidental or natural result of normal living.

¶ Besides these, there is Hope!

¶ In the page given here you find them all: Health, Wealth, Joy, Hope—a Friend!

¶ A simple, faulty, happy, human boy, with the love of the world in his heart.

¶ One page is good—there are 162 pages bound together.

Boards, also Limp Leather Two Dollars

Alicia, also Three-Quarters Ooze-Calf Five Dollars

HEALTH AND WEALTH

I walked over to him, and asked, "Can you work and play ball—I want a brother!"

I did not say anything about fighting, for I had suddenly noticed that he was a hunchback. He just looked at me and gulped, scared-like, he was that embarrassed.

"I want a brother—will you come with me and be my brother?" I asked.

I omitted the qualifications this time—my heart went out to this boy—he seemed so scared and half-sick. I could work, fight and play ball for both.

"Is your name—your name Mudsock?" he whispered.

"No; I'm Bert Hubbard," I said.

"Are you a relation of Si Mudsock?"

"Nobody around us by that name," I answered.

"Then I'll go with you and be your brudder," he answered. He stood up. He only came to my shoulder. "I'm fifteen," he said, as if in apology. "I'm fifteen—I'm not sick—I had spinal complaint—but I'm all over it now. I am strong—I can work and I can play ball."

I took him by the hand and led him to the widow and said, "If you please, Missus, I'll take

120

[Page 120 from Health and Wealth]

MODELED-LEATHER BINDING, \$10.00

There are a few Specially Bound Copies in Full Levant, \$25.00
The ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

The world is divided into three classes: those who read THE FRA, those who won't read THE FRA, and those who can't read THE FRA

MAKING THE MAN WHO CAN



ELIZABETH TOWNE

NAUTILUS

The December NAUTILUS is the Special Christmas Number. One feature is "A Florida Christmas," Emma Bell Miles, illustrated by the author's thumb-nail sketches of everything from tropical Christmas trees to alligators. Begin with this number. It will do wonders for that Christmas smile!

SPECIAL TO THE FAITHFUL—If extra cautious get THE NAUTILUS at a news-stand and let the book go. If cautious, send say Fifty Cents for six months' trial subscription to NAUTILUS and a FREE copy of *Making The Man Who Can*. Wise ones will send \$1.00 for a year's subscription to NAUTILUS, with Twelve back numbers and a FREE copy of *Making The Man Who Can*—ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR.

ELIZABETH TOWNE, Dept. 107, Holyoke, Massachusetts

DO YOU WANT TO SUCCEED?

Be a Boss-er instead of a Boss-ee; rope and hog-tie real success; do—not the other fellow, but the very best of which you are capable: it's the desire of the elect. Our brand-new book, *Making The Man Who Can*, throws into the mind of the reader powerful "vibes" of the right sort. Q Those who know, affirm that this book by Wallace D. Wattles touches the right spot, and that it is a sure fattener of the bank-account and the pay-envelope.

MILO C. JONES, Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin, (he of little-pig sausage fame), says: "I am pleased to acknowledge receipt of your book, *MAKING THE MAN WHO CAN*. I have read it with much interest, because it expresses my ideas almost exactly. Send twenty copies of it, for which I enclose payment. Please enter my subscription to THE NAUTILUS magazine. I am pleased to be on your list."

CONTENTS:—The Business Attitude—Becoming What You Want to Be—Promoting Yourself—The Advancing Thought—The Law of Opulence—To Transmute Competition—Man and Money—Talk That Builds.

is a magazine of Progress—the leading advanced-thought magazine. Edited by ELIZABETH TOWNE. Regular contributors: Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Edwin Markham, Florence Morse Kingsley, Wallace D. Wattles, W. R. C. Latson, M.D., et al.

all prescriptions are those related by Sir Thomas Browne. This remarkable writer (whose conception of man as "a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave," is as flattering as it is sublime) dearly loved whatsoever was fantastic, bizarre or superstitious, and seems to have taken endless trouble to collect the most weird and complicated treatments of his own and former times. Pierius, he tells us, gave as a sure antidote against the sting of a scorpion that a man should sit upon an ass with his face to the tail, thus causing the pain to leave the man and pass into the beast. Sammonicus prescribes an "uncomfortable receipt" for a

Thousands of People are unsettled about Religious Belief
GOD HAS GIVEN A REVELATION of the Truth about Himself and His Eternal Love to all, not in words, but in every man's own heart. Q Theism shows you how to find it
Theistic Literature will be sent gratis and Post Free on application to
Rev. Chas. Doysey, Annesley Lodge, Hampstead, London, N. W.

Mr. RICHARD INGALESE

ANNOUNCES THAT HE HAS RESUMED THE GENERAL PRACTISE OF
LAW, AND HAS OPENED OFFICES IN

SUITE 830, H. W. HELLMAN BUILDING
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

CAPITAL INVESTED FOR CLIENTS IN APPROVED CALIFORNIA REAL-
ESTATE MORTGAGES, YIELDING A SAFE
AND LIBERAL INCOME

EVERY age seems to have had its Lourdes and every time its quackeries. We find, for example, during the classic era in Greece, that at Epidaurus many wonderful cures were effected in the temple. A man with one eye has a vision, and departs, seeing with both eyes. A boy is cured of stone by being licked by the temple dogs, while the lick of a snake heals another man's toe. Gout is cured by leeches, administered in the patient's drink by his stepmother. Perhaps the quaintest of

quartan ague—to lay the fourth book of the "Iliad" of Homer under the sufferer's head. It is but just to Sir Thomas Browne to say that he disclaims any personal belief in these ingenious suggestions. But in all his writings he dwells very lovingly, and in a spirit of grave philosophical inquiry, upon every manner of superstition and legendary humbug.

—"The Hospital."

Buy land, and buy it anywhere.—James J. Hill.

WHEN our Uncle Sam, farmer, balanced his books last, it was with a grin of satisfaction, for the records showed that the production was more than twelve per cent above that of the previous year in value, while in several instances new records were established. All told, it was a great year for the American agriculturist.

Corn, as usual, was king of the crops, with a yield of 2,722,376,000 bushels, valued at \$1,652,822,000; wheat was second, with 737,189,000 bushels, that added \$730,048,000 to the nation's wealth; hay came third, with a crop of 64,938,000 tons, valued at \$689,345,000; cotton was next with a yield of 10,088,000 bales, which brought \$678,000; oats came next in order, with 1,007,252,000 bushels, worth \$408,174,000, and the humble potato showed a yield of 376,527,000 bushels, valued at \$206,545,000. The total value of the agricultural production for the year reached the enormous sum of \$8,760,000,000.

In the first decade of the Twentieth Century a million farms have been added to Uncle Sam's productive area and nine billion dollars to the value of the country. Apparently the men of

the cities have been heeding the advice of James J. Hill and other students of economic questions, and are turning "back to the soil."

—"Van Norden."

DESERTING the awful impostures of superstition and terror, let the common people learn to trust, and know that there can be no glory to any god save in the happiness of his creatures, human and otherwise.

—George J. Holyoake.

THIS TRAY DISPLAYED IN JEWELLERS' WINDOWS TELLS YOU THEY SELL THE INGERSOLL-TRENTON WATCH

Ingersoll-Trenton

THE BEST GIFT POSSIBLE

A RELIABLE WATCH

"Moore on Facts" says, "Mere estimates of time are always unreliable," which is a point that does not have to be proven to the man who has just missed a train or an engagement with a moneyed prospect. ¶ And an unreliable Watch is worse than an Estimate. ¶ The Ingersoll-Trenton is built first for reliability. It has appearance, plus, but the important thing is this: it is never off the job. ¶ It is a time-marker without a fault. It travels the perfect cycle of Watch Virtue. It is as true as the dog-star and more so. ¶ You can not select a better Gift Watch than the Ingersoll-Trenton, because you can not buy a superior Watch at anywhere near the price.

Ingersoll-Trenton

7 and 15 Jewel Models
\$5 to \$15

The \$5 watch has 7 jewels and is in a solid-nickel case. The \$15 watch has 15 jewels and is in a 25-year guaranteed gold-filled case of the highest quality. Equally accurate models in a variety of cases at \$7, \$8, \$9, \$10 and \$12. ¶ Send for a copy of our booklet, "How to Judge a Watch," and get a liberal education on the subject of Watchmaking. ¶ All reliable dealers carry The Reliable Watch.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 99 Frankel Bldg., New York

Roycroft Modeled-Leather For Christmas Gifts

The Roycroft Modeled-Leather Department is in charge of an artist of recognized supremacy. His helpers are absolutely the best to be found. The standard of this work here is the highest in the world.

¶ Only carefully inspected calf and cowhide are used in the manufacture of these articles. The material is the same in quality as that used in the making of fine book-covers.

There is, however, greater freedom of design in the making of such goods than is possible in bookcovers, because the nature of the text restricts the artist. Here you find the play of graceful vines, flowers and fruits and the use of the more severe, conventional design where it is fitting.

The models shown here are suggestions for your Christmas needs.

They represent perfection in design and workmanship.

For further information and more cuts, write for our 1910 catalog.

There is one here with your name on it.

The Roycrofters
East Aurora, New York

HAND-BAG



L-43. Having inside pocket with bill-purse. $8\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$ in. \$20.00

JEWEL-CASE



L-51. $1\frac{1}{2} \times 4$ in. \$6.00

Roycroft Fraternity Chapters are for Students of all Ages

ROYCROFT MODELED LEATHER

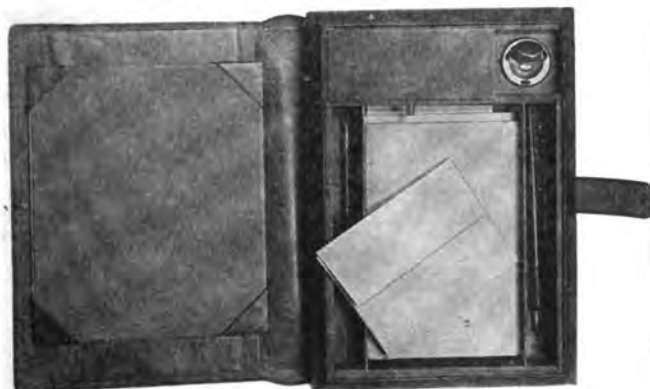
GLOVE-CASE

L-35, $4\frac{1}{2} \times 13\frac{3}{4}$ in. \$15.00

BILL-BOOK

L-15, Closed, $4\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{3}{4}$ in. Open, $8\frac{3}{4} \times 8\frac{3}{4}$ in. Gusset pockets, \$10.00

WRITING-CASE

L-53, Closed, $2 \times 9 \times 13$ in.L-53, Open, $2 \times 13 \times 18\frac{1}{2}$ in. \$15.00

PHOTOGRAPH-FRAME



L-37

Photograph-frame with standard opening, $3\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{3}{8}$ in., \$4.50. We also make special frames to your order.

COIN-PURSE



L-31

$2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ in. \$1.25

COIN-PURSE



L-27

$2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ in. \$2.50

CIGAR-CASE



L-105

Gusset sides with flap top. $3\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ in. \$5.00

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

A Roycroft Fraternity is the same as a College, without a College Yell

**A Gift for Wife or
Sweetheart from the
Land of Sunshine, Fruit
and Flowers**

Paul Rieger's
CALIFORNIA
Flower Drops



INTO this little bottle no larger than your middle finger, the fragrance of thousands of blossoms is distilled by a new process.

It is so concentrated that a single drop of it from this long-stoppered bottle will leave a fragrance so subtle and so sweet that you might fancy your clothes laid away in flowers themselves.

Absolutely pure, with no alcohol or other adulterant. Fifty times the strength of other perfumes. The most costly perfume made, and yet, because of its wonderful concentration, the most inexpensive. A man's perfect gift to a woman.

Put up in a hexagonal cut-glass bottle with long glass stopper. Packed in a highly polished turned maple case. An Ideal Christmas Gift.

FOUR ODORS

*Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet
Crabapple*



\$1.50 a bottle all over the world wherever perfumes are sold. Ask your dealer for it. If he has n't it, send us \$1.50 in stamps, currency or check, and we will send you a bottle, all charges prepaid.

Or, if you wish a personal trial, send us twenty cents in stamps and the name of your druggist, and we'll send a miniature bottle of "Flower Drops" with the same long glass stopper—securely packed in durable wooden cases.

P A U L R I E G E R

227 FIRST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

161-J RANDOLPH STREET, CHICAGO

human love. Each one has a moral, but the moral is never dragged in by the ears—you have to find it, and the finding of it is what gives us joy, for it makes us pleased with ourselves. Literature is self-discovery. And yet your Uncle Walt is simply an all-round utility man in a country newspaper office. He writes ads, obituaries, accounts of the chicken-pie socials, church orgies, and once a day makes a sneak and sets up a stick of genuine literature for the joy of it. ¶ A very human man is Uncle Walt. Whenever I go through Emporia I telegraph him, and hemeets my train and we make a rush for the Fred Harvey Lunch-Counter, and drink to Litera-

✱ If you think that in art, letters and philosophy all has been said and done, just turn your eagle eye on Walt Mason of Emporia. ¶ There is a man who, living off the beaten track of literature, has caught the speaker's eye, and is corraling fun, fame and fortune. ¶ Walt Mason's rhymed prose essays express the thoughts of the average man in a way no average man ever could. Each pomelet contains a goodly jigger of wit and wisdom, all sweetened with a dash of

choor in big, bumping beakers of buttermilk. It speaks well for Will Allen White that he has not overshadowed Walt.

We have been told that no town is big enough for two great men, but Will and Walt disprove this theory.

Everybody is all right until he stops work and takes a day off to think how big and smart he is, and how folks are never appreciated until after they are dead—bless my soul!

To do your work and waive the bouquets is

quite a stunt in itself * *

Very human is Walt. Fate has slammed him; but out of life's catch-as-catch-can we get this rosy, rubicund son-of-a-type-setter, with a heart full of sympathy for every living thing, and a joy in his work that is infectious.

It is beautiful to find a man who has been well kicked, but who has no kicking coming.

And now there is a book of Walt's Good Stuff on the market * The title is "The Uncle Walt Book." Buy a copy at your bookstore, and chuckle with me. George Matthew Adams of Chicago is the publisher * *

It is a great thing to help reform the world and never let the world know it * Great is

Walt Mason, the poet-philosopher of Emporia, State of Kansas!—Fra Elbertus.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE FRA for YOUR FRIENDS! Here we get a practical Fraternity * *

What better for a Christmas Gift!

You can have the Magazine sent to one address and the premium book to another, your card enclosed, if you desire.

Here is a present that will confer a lasting

A Christmas Dissertation

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD

LADY BLESSINGTON and the Duchess of Devonshire are two women whose names are remembered because they wrote exquisite letters. Neither of them wrote anything but trifles, but they wrote them charmingly. And they used stationery that looked good taste.

No woman can talk as interestingly as she can look, and nothing a woman writes, compares with the subtle suggestiveness of fine stationery. And women tell me that this is true also of men.

If you do not know the proper thing in the way of stationery for every occasion, or if you do know and want to be satisfied, Dempsey & Carroll are the people to consult. They have been America's leading Stationers since old New York was young. This house preserves all the refinement of the days now in memory's Lavender and Old Lace, and here is a Paradox: It is among the most progressive.

The home of Dempsey & Carroll at Twenty-two West Twenty-third Street, New York, is well worth a Little Journey. On display are examples of sketching, engraving and printing, as applied to stationery, unequaled anywhere. When you give this house highest honors, you merely follow the line of its motto, "Let him who merits bear the Palm." One of the reasons it has succeeded so well is that every one who buys goods bearing its imprint crystallizes his or her stationery desires. You know that your selection is right in every detail.

Q Dempsey & Carroll can be consulted by mail if you can not call at their store. Rich Stationery, crested, monogrammed or lined; Visiting-Cards, Wedding Invitations, Memoriams, Menus, Bookplates and everything relating to the stationer's art, this time-honored and progressive firm handle expertly.

For Christmas Gifts, Dempsey & Carroll are offering some imported and domestic desk novelties in brass and bronze, jewel-cases, engagement-pads, greeting-cards, boxes of writing-paper, etc., all in keeping with the quality of their regular line.

Write to them for Christmas suggestions. They solve Christmas perplexities * *

DEMPSEY & CARROLL, NEW YORK CITY
TWENTY-TWO WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET



benefit, and may change the whole course of one's life. A pretty good time to subscribe is NOW!

WITH these things and these fellows, it is necessary to throw away the scabbard. I know it is against fearful odds, but the battle must be fought; and it will be eventually for the good of mankind, whatever it may be for the individual who risks himself.—Byron.

USE AND BEAUTY

An Advertisement



A. D. BROWN

HERE are some folks who do a thing when they are told once.

This is right and well, for we all know people who move only when Fate gives them a wallop with her *stuffed* club.

But there are a few men who do the right things without being told.

This is beautiful—also rare.

¶ Then there are men who do things which other men said were impossible—which most other men *guessed*—who, facing great odds, yet fired with a divine courage and inspired with a divine faith, carry the standard higher than it was ever carried before, and cry, “Come on!”

For lack of a better word we call such a man a “Genius.” ¶ Such was Michelangelo, Christopher Columbus, George Washington, our own Edison, James Oliver, George Westinghouse, Luther Burbank.

All these men were graduates of the University of Hard Knocks.

They grew great by bearing burdens. Trial, difficulty, hardship, deprivation, misunderstanding, all served to spur them on.

And out of their work they evolved a great patience, a wider sympathy, a sublimer love.

This sort of a man is sternly honest, splendidly loyal—“this one thing I do.” And the thing he does, he does better than it has ever been done before.

¶ Such a man is A. D. Brown, founder of the Hamilton, Brown Shoe Company—the world-famous H-B “Gentlemen’s Shoe” and “Ladies’ Shoe.”

¶ America leads the world on shoes. In London when a dealer wishes to say his highest and best of a shoe he says it is “American made”—and some-

STYLE AND QUALITY

By Elbert Hubbard

times it is. ¶ America leads the world on shoes. And A. D. Brown leads America as a shoe merchant and a shoe manufacturer.

When an American dealer says the best he can conjure forth about a very good shoe he says, "It is just as good as an H-B."

The H-B is the standard. It is to shoes what "Stradivarius" is to the violin.

¶ The H-B symbols beauty and use, two things that must go together before you evolve art.

But A. D. Brown did not make an exclusive shoe for exclusive people at a forbidding price. Brown is democratic—he is of the "demos"—one of the people. He is one of the kind God loves, according to the phrase of Lincoln, otherwise He would n't have made so many of them.

The great man is always democratic—he can afford to be—he has nothing to hide.

A. D. Brown has worked his love and his life up into shoes. Into every pair enter the sterling honesty and "style" that characterize the man—a man afraid of no man and of whom no man is afraid.

Happy is the dealer who secures the H-B line. Let him cling to it, for when he sells an H-B he makes a friend.

Every great institution is the lengthened shadow of a man, said Ralph Waldo Emerson. Look at the face of A. D. Brown and you know why his business is the greatest of its kind in the world.

He has succeeded because he deserves to. He has secured the approval of the people. He is the King in his chosen line. No other man who ever lived has approached him in shoe science. His shoes stand for comfort, use, beauty, to such a degree as to make him a teacher of shoe men. He is the prophet, the seer, the instructor. And his manly methods with his workers have won for him a warm place in the hearts of the toilers. Brown helps people by giving them a chance to help themselves.

A. D. Brown also knows this great truth—so simple that the world has almost overlooked it—that to help yourself you must serve humanity. "Keep the quality up!"

HAMILTON, BROWN SHOE CO.

ST. LOUIS



BOSTON

"Watch us—Twenty Million"



Big Boys Who Are Doing Things

THE Fra tells me that the Boys who are doing things are Sales Managers, Advertising Men, Railroad Officials, Corporation Officers and Manufacturers, and he tells me: "We have more of them on our subscription list than has any other magazine in America." Well, I want to know!

And, in the same mail, an Ali Baba writes to me: "A Patent on a Foolkillingmachine would make a man a

Croesus. Ten months ago I talked to Clayt Fattey about Autology, but no! He could walk around yet; but he's been down in bed six weeks, and in his misery remembered my telling him about Autology."

Well, what's wrong with the Big Boys? I'll tell you. The bulk of their brains is fenced in against everything but business. They know little or nothing regarding the simple facts and truths of Livingness; to wit: Theodore Thomas, Marshall Field, President Harper, Cleveland, Governor Johnson, Rogers, Harriman and Mark Twain, who left too soon the world that needed them.

Big Boys! post yourself on YOURSELF and fool the doctor and the undertaker—the while, living heaven out right here and now.

That's Autology, as Elbert Hubbard and one-quarter million readers KNOW.

Well or Sick, You Need Autology

Autology is no theory, no fad, no creed.

Autology is no experiment, either. That you may see and know for yourself, write for "GUIDE TO AUTOLOGY." It's free.

But as time is Health, Wealth and Success you may send two dollars right away and receive, by return of mail, the book Autology, together with the valuable little "Guide."

So then, "Guide to Autology" is free.

Autology, well printed on finest eggshell paper, bound in full cloth, titles stamped in gold, Author's portrait as frontispiece, \$2.00 postpaid.

Autology, special Edition de luxe, most exquisitely bound in full morocco, titles, edges and decorations in gold, \$4.00, postpaid.

NOTE—If you are not satisfied and wish to return it, I will promptly refund the price. Address

E. R. MORAS, M. D., Dept. 789, HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.

Harvard University Medical School, '88; College of Physicians and Surgeons (Chicago), '80. Formerly House Physician and Surgeon in Cook County Hospital (Chicago). Professor of Obstetrics, College of Physicians and Surgeons (Chicago). Member of Chicago Medical Society, etc.

Dr. Moras has written a Commonsense Book on Autology, and by so doing, placed the Standard of the Creed of Health farther to the front than any other man who has lived for a thousand years.
—Elbert Hubbard.

AM absolutely firm in the belief that the ultimate normal demand in the United States will be upwards of five hundred thousand automobiles per year. We could not sell that many this year, or next year, due to the fact that the selling mechanism is not even complete enough to take full advantage of the active demand. Before we get through, there will be three million automobiles in daily use on farms. The average per capita used in cities is not half what it will be. Ninety per

cent of the physicians, city salesmen, collectors, grocery-stores, etc., will have them because they must. Gasoline excels oats in economy, speed and service. There is no other answer.—Frank Briscoe, President Brush Runabout Company.

THE future of the automobile seems assured. As cities increase in size—and all the large cities in the world are growing—two forces are at work. Those persons who can afford to live in the country will do so. Those who are forced to live in city flats will seek to get out into the open for their pleasure. Therefore, both the suburban estate and the city apartment promote the use of the automomobile.

The doctor, the architect, the builder, and various other professions and occupations not restricted by neighborhood require the automobile. Long-distance deliveries from stores and shops demand the use of the automobile. The farm motor now in process of development on the Ford twelve-hundred-acre farm at Dearborn promises to do more work in a day than can be done by six men and twelve horses.—Charles Moore, Secretary-Treasurer Security Trust Co., Detroit, Mich.

XN following the impulses of his own soul one may appear to merit denunciation for arrogance and egotism; but he is not to be held back by accusations. No tenets, no forms, no methods are to be regarded as too sacred to admit of question. Let the man who feels the fire burning within him ask, "Are these things so?" Let him dissect and analyze, reassemble and reconstruct as he feels impelled to, and neither man nor angel shall say him nay. It is only by pushing over the line of conventionality and accepted belief that one is able to explore new regions and to demonstrate new truths. So let one not fear to heed the urge of his insistent impulses and

learn what lies beyond. Let him feel at liberty to lay aside tradition, to ignore old guideposts, to push into terra incognita, if he feel impelled, using his own faculties—conscious and subconscious—as his guide.

—Sheldon Leavitt.

SOCRATES, when asked how he would secure properly trained citizens for his ideal State, replied that he would send away all those who were more than ten years of



There are two classes of buyers who prefer

The Superb Haynes

To each of these classes this unusual car at \$2,000 is an ideal car. You probably belong to one of these classes.

The first class is represented by those who could easily pay two or three times two thousand dollars, and who are only concerned in getting a car of reputation, proven merit and refinement.

The Haynes gives to such buyers everything they could expect to get if they were asked to pay an exorbitant price for the famous Haynes name.

The other class of buyers are those who prefer to pay less than two thousand dollars, but who insist upon economy of operation and recognize the big saving involved in buying a car built as the Haynes is known to be built.

To such buyers the purchase of a Haynes is a hard-headed, long-headed business deal—a purchase for the future as well as for the present.

The Haynes Model 20 for 1911 is a car of beautiful lines, an abundance of power (35-40 H.P.), 114-inch wheel-base, and plenty of tonneau room.

The price of \$2,000 includes complete equipment, of the best grade obtainable. For example, a big Type B Prest-o-lite tank is furnished instead of the customary small size, and the famous Warner Auto-Meter is put on every car. (Only a speed-indicator of this quality is entitled to be used on a Haynes.)

In addition to this Model 20, we will also build for 1911 a limited number of big seven-passenger cars of 50-60 horsepower for those who prefer a car of this size.

Ask for literature regarding these cars before you commit yourself to any other make.

The Haynes name and reputation is your best possible safeguard in purchasing a car.

Haynes Automobile Company

250 Main Street

::

::

Kokomo, Indiana

Licensed under Selden Patent

age and begin with those who were left.

¶ In all ages, apparently, wise men have recognized the importance of early impressions—a fact which our Society continues to emphasize, hence its anxiety to encourage and extend the Band of Mercy work in all schools and institutions for the young.

—“Journal of Zoophile.”

Happy the people whose annals are blank in history-books.—Carlyle.

“I WILL!” TO MANUFACTURERS

Men alone are cowards. Men trained to stand together are all heroes.—U. S. Grant.



ALL economists agree that to do business, you should be where business is being done.

Isolation and segregation are awful handicaps.

Man was made for association—for mutual help, uplift, example and encouragement.

Here are stern facts. The natural, unavoidable obstacles to overcome in trade are quite enough. So eliminate the down-pull of gravitation and imperfect lubrication, and get your factory where hundreds of millions of capital are banded together for mutual safety, convenience and economy.

Locate where the “incense of commerce” spells across the sky in gigantic letters the slogan, “I Will!” Also, Chicago can truthfully say not only “I Will!” but “I Have!” Q Such is the Central Manufacturing District of Chicago.

It is a district unequalled in America or the world for fixed facilities. All the legal battles concerning switching-tracks, smoke, noise, light, heat, sewerage, paving, water, sidewalks, taxes—all have been fought. You know what you have and what you can do. Your neighbors are successful men. Their example and advice is yours.

Here we get a Community of Interests in widely diversified lines. Here you get capital and credit, if you deserve them, without wrangle or argument.

Here you get manly independence, without charity or patronage, but the help you need—and which we all need—is yours on a straight business basis.

Chicago is the second city in size and second in financial resource in America.

As a market and as a railroad center Chicago stands first. Chicago has thirty-four railroads, and all trains that run to Chicago stop here; none go through. Everybody who goes to Chicago remains to transact business and to spend money.

Chicago is the trade center of the United States. The Central Manufacturing District is the geographical center of Chicago. This District is a tract of three hundred acres, with waterfront and quick access to each and all of the thirty-four railroads. The tracks of the Chicago Junction Railway (a belt-line) reach the doors of several hundred firms now registering their homes in the District. The Chicago Junction Railway accepts and delivers freight from and for all railroads and boat-lines, continuously night and day, every day in the year. The Junction Railway specializes on freight. It has no passenger-trains. Today's business is all cleaned up today. Every tomorrow starts with a clean slate.

You don't have to use teams to get your less-carload freight to freight-stations—just load everything into a car at your building—the Junction does the rest, and does it free.

The tracks are at your door—steam, electricity, surface and elevated—banking, post-office, express and messenger service; telephone, police and fire protection, and labor without limit—all are placed and doing business for men who know no such word as fail.

Q Do you need a new factory? Do you need to centralize your distribution from new warehouses to meet competition? No matter; so long as you are responsible, can give good tonnage and your methods are on the dead level, here you will find the help you need. The District finances buildings under purchase contracts or long-term leases and offers you the facilities which no other spot in America affords.

Well has it been said that, “Chicago knows everything that will not work!” We progress by elimination.

The fifty years' experience of hustling, bustling, busy, ever-youthful, heroic Chicago is yours if you want it. Q Write us for descriptive booklet, and tell us your plans.

“I WILL!”

CENTRAL MANUFACTURING DISTRICT

J. A. SPOOR AND ARTHUR G. LEONARD, TRUSTEES

1305 First National Bank Building, CHICAGO

BIG BEN



LIFE-SIZE

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

THE supreme prayer of my heart is not to be learned, rich, famous, powerful or "good," but simply to be radiant.

¶ I desire to radiate health, cheerfulness, calm courage and good will.

Down at La Salle, Illinois, The Western Clock Manufacturing Company have invented a Radiant Alarm-Clock which expresses my Ideal. Big Ben wakes you in the morning with a call that is a caress.

Then you look in his wide, bright face, to assure yourself that he has n't made a mistake, which you know he never does. For your doubt he gives you happy courage for the day.

Big Ben is a good animal. His works are in a massive, dust-proof, triple-plated case. He has reinforced suspension points and large, easy-winding keys.

¶ Big Ben reminds me of Muldoon—the perfect man—who surprises you with a light, musical, exquisitely modulated voice that comes from resonant air-chambers and a throat without a flaw. Big Ben adds to the joy of living. Let him shed his radiance on you!

¶ He is sold by Jewelers everywhere, but if you can't find him write to The Western Clock Mfg. Co., La Salle, Ill. They will gladly tell you about Big Ben.

\$2.50

Sold by Jewelers Only

Three Dollars in Canada

THE FREY TRIO

NOT AN ADVERTISEMENT

By *ELBERT HUBBARD*



THIS, then, is just a little word of love and admiration for my friends, the Frey Twins and their father, Mr. Daniel Frey.

The Frey Twins are twenty-two years of age. In point of physical development, grace of movement, efficiency, intelligence and cheerful temper, they outrank any other two brothers in the world so far as I know.

They give exhibitions on the stage of Greek wrestling, showing the various holds and combinations. Their father referees the match, and gives a brief but instructive little lecture on the exercise of wrestling.

From their twelfth year these boys have been trained, and their father has been their only teacher. Daniel Frey himself is a wrestler of marked ability, but in training his boys he has evolved himself.

When you meet the Trio on the street, it is a toss-up to tell which is the old man and which the boys.

Q These twins look so much alike that when they were little, and one did a wrong thing, their father had to lick them both in order to get the right one.

Let this go for a pleasantry—these boys have not been disciplined—rather, they have been loved.

And this is revealed in all their actions and conversation.

Strong men can always afford to be gentle.

In working with the Frey Trio for a week, I saw that they were beloved by all whom they met—stage-hands, performers, audience, managers.

They are self-reliant without being aggressive; gentle, but always manly; courteous, without being obsequious.

Other people respect them because they respect themselves.

The Freys give one a glimpse of Greece when men worked for grace and glory, not for victory or to injure and destroy.

The Greeks considered the human body the dwelling-place of the Divine Spirit. The body was the servant of the soul.

To reverence the human body is to practise "dietetic righteousness," and to be on good terms with cold water and fresh air.

The Freys carry with them a great fund of joyousness—the natural result of right living. And joy is infectious as well as contagious.

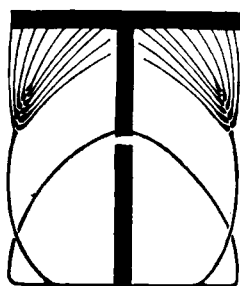
The Greeks did not work for extreme development—they worked for beauty and balance. And out of their love for the human body grew their arts.

In the drama and in sculpture, the Greeks reached perfection, if it has ever been reached. And they degenerated only when they turned to gluttony, and fixed their minds on a static religion and a fixed form of government, unmindful of the fact that life is fluid.

The Freys make you think that in a former incarnation they must have been attached to the household of Pericles, and worked with Phidias, Callisthenes, Praxiteles and Ictinus in tasks of high emprise—so noble are their countenances; so lithe and graceful their bodies; so gracious their speech; so appreciative their mental attitude!

Let us catch up with the Greeks!

If you have health, you probably will be happy; and if you have health and happiness, you will have all the wealth you need, even if not all you want.



HE ❖ HEALTH ❖ HOTEL

By FRA ELBERTUS

The Hotel Rider that was, is now The Vanadium. Generally the advertisements read, "everything new but the name." The Rider, magnificent and beautiful as it was, is so much improved that even the name could not stay. ¶ This great modern hotel at Cambridge Springs, in the foothills of rugged Pennsylvania, is one of the few places which can be visited with equal pleasure and comfort at any time of the year. Perhaps this is why so many people include The Vanadium in the Winter travel list. The less favored places you visit when you can. ¶ For "Adventures in Contentment" I recommend The Vanadium like my Little Journeys. The long Peristyle and the cheerful, cleanly interior possess a lure for me that syntax will not make you see and understand. This Little Journey you must make yourself and not in the depths of a Morris chair either. The Vanadium and Cambridge Springs are only a night's ride on the Erie from New York and Chicago, and but four hours from Cleveland, Buffalo and Pittsburgh.

This is the most accessible health, recreation and rest resort in America. Nature's medicinal waters for the inner and outer man mean health. The baths are superb and the gymnasium is equipped to develop Muldoons. Health is the most natural thing in the world; but sometimes we need a place to induce it.

At The Vanadium you meet people worth while. The big boys who do things run over there every little while and get away from the rush that makes for Nerve Pros! Nothing is so contagious as Health, Wealth and Happiness. The Vanadium spirit dispels grum and grouch, supplying glee. Yes, Vivian, the meals are on a par with the rest of the service; otherwise your Uncle Elbert would never have stayed so long. Remember that this Winter, for at least a week or so, you hie yourself away to

THE VANADIUM HOTEL

CAMBRIDGE SPRINGS
PENNSYLVANIA

FEET THAT ARE FITTED

Or SHOES THAT BEFRIEND

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard



SOME years ago a man sent me a pair of shoes labeled on the box with the word FREAK.

Just why the man sent me the shoes, so named, I could never guess. In any event I found something very much in common between myself and that pair of scuffs. A similar pair of shoes I had once bought in Piccadilly and they cost me two Guineas, and were not so good as these.

This new pair of shoes sent as a present pleased me. They were made by a man who had studied anatomy. They were wide at the toe and followed the lines of the foot like a moccasin made by a Sioux squaw.

I got so much foot joy out of those shoes on my joy-walks—and I'm a walker from Walkville—that I ordered two more pairs of Burt and Packard Company, the makers.

The cognoscenti always have several pair of shoes, and alternate them. This gives rest to the feet and rest to the shoes. Often when you change your shoes, you change your mind.

Then so it happened that one fine day I found myself in Brockton, Massachusetts, where I was to lecture that evening, and I just hiked over to the great factory of Burt and Packard Company and saw how healthy, happy, active, intelligent workers make shoes amid beautiful, sanitary surroundings.

There I learned that Burt and Packard Company were the actual inventors and innovators of the Freak Shoe.

It seems that the word "Freak" means the natural, easy, beautiful and commonsense thing.

Others were making shoes with sharp, pointed toes, high heels and narrow soles, and the wearers jiggled, ambled and hobbled

like Chinese women of the Higher Caste. These uncomfortable and more or less useless people called all people who did not do the same things they did "freaks." To be thus designated became something of which to be proud. And like the words "Methodist," "Quaker," "Shaker," "Democrat"—all, words first flung in contempt and stuck like mudballs and then adopted by the wearers—so the word "Freak" as applied to a certain pattern of shoe become a valuable asset.

Burt and Packard Company have been paid the great compliment of imitation. Rather—I guess so! But the fact remains that if you want the genuine "Freak" shoe, you must get the Burt and Packard.

Shoe science is theirs. They give you a shoe of "Korrek Shape" that wears alike all over, and when after years of service it goes to pieces, it goes all over like the "one-hoss shay."

It is a guaranteed shoe, and have I not said that the only article the maker can afford to guarantee is the one that does not need it?

Burt and Packard Company pride themselves on their Burrojaps leather. It is the leather that lasts. The Burrojaps patent-leather shoe is guaranteed not to crack before the soles are worn through. If it does, take the shoes back to the dealer—even if you have worn them a year—and get your money back.

Every special part of a B. & P. Shoe is reinforced. The strain is distributed, so the shoe holds its shape. This is the result of shoe science continued over half a century of experiment and experience. But the experimental stage is passed—and the experience is minted into science—the science of shoe service. A perfect shoe at a price that is reasonable!

Go to the dealer who carries the Burt and Packard line and congratulate him.

BURT & PACKARD CO.

"KORREKT SHAPE" SHOES

BROCKTON, MASS.

PE=BE=CO

Or Peace, Poise and
Power through Den-
tal Righteousness.

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard



PEBECO is a chemical discovery that neutralizes the acids of the mouth and prevents discoloration and decay.

And so far as I know, it is the only preparation that does these two things.

How do I know?

Well, I have used it for a year.

Moreover, my belief is that any one who uses PEBECO once will never after be without it.

It gives the teeth that pearly, semi-transparent whiteness, and imparts to the gums the fine deep red, that token perfect health.

The Germans lead the World in music and science. PEBECO is a scientific preparation invented by Germany's greatest Dermatologist.

For it is just such little things as the care of the teeth that make or mar, when we have sworn to love, honor and humor, and face the party over the coffee-urn every morning for ninety-nine years.

Gentlemen who are not toothsome are always socially ungladsome.

PEBECO is a tooth-paste. It comes in tubes. Delightful, healthful, refreshing!

In days agone, if things tasted good we called them "toothsome." We assumed that teeth and taste were one—and rightly.

If you want to win the love of a person, look you well to your molars and bicuspsids.

Brain, brawn and the graceful two-step are as naught when toothsomeness is actively absent.

Is love a matter of toothsomeness?

I do not speak by the card, for my knowledge of this is merely academic, yet a woman I know says, "Yes."

¶ But seemingly, untidy teeth would give Cupid a pain in his wee tummy small.

Decayed politics are bad; decayed literature is worse; and to love a person with a mouth full of microbes would be like loving a mummy with tainted morals.

The increase of divorce, and much marital woe of which we hear, are doubtless due to lack of toothsomeness.

The parties grin and bear it as long as they can—some declining to grin—and then strike for freedom, fresh air and the open road.

PEBECO, a tooth-paste for men and women who would win the world's acclaim.

Aside from the esthetics of bad teeth, there is the esoterics, and worse than that, is the hypersthenia which leads to language non-ethical, offensive, irrelevant and uncalled-for. A very slight irritation in the teeth throws the soul on the horn of the saddle. To be sane and serene you have to be sound, sweet and salient.

¶ We do business on a mighty small spiritual bank-balance. To carry no reserve is like firing a boiler in which the gauges show no water. In fact, it means a very great danger of an explosion.

Keep your mouth sweet; for the healthy mouth means a healthy man.

Get the PE-BE-CO Habit!

Pebeco prevents pyorrhea, recession of gums, puts bacteria to the bad, sweetens the breath, aids digestion, strengthens the singing and speaking voice, blesses and benefits the entire nervous system, makes peace with yourself and everybody.

All good druggists sell Pebeco. There is nothing "just as good"—it has no rivals. **PE-BE-CO!**

LEHN & FINK

One Hundred Three William Street
NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A.

Lehn & Fink
103 William Street,
New York City.

Gentlemen:

Please send me a
Sample Tube of Pebeco and
Free Test-Papers.

Name _____

Address _____

A Special Message



CHARLES HENRY FOX is a Specialist.

He sells flowers of all varieties and for every occasion—from divine worship at the church around the corner to divine worship in some girl's drawing-room.

But each month Charles Henry gives his patrons a sensation in the way of a Special.

A Special at Fox's *The Sign of the Rose* is something unique, pleasing and peculiar at a price that you can't possibly get the thing for at any other place or time.

For December, Fox offers Directoire Fern-Dishes, finished in gold and verde, filled with living ferns, at only \$2.50 each!

The Dishes first met with Charles Henry's approval, which means they are artistic, plus utilitarian.

The ferns are hardy, beautiful and appealing.

Here is a Christmas gift that will enshrine you in some one's heart for many moons.

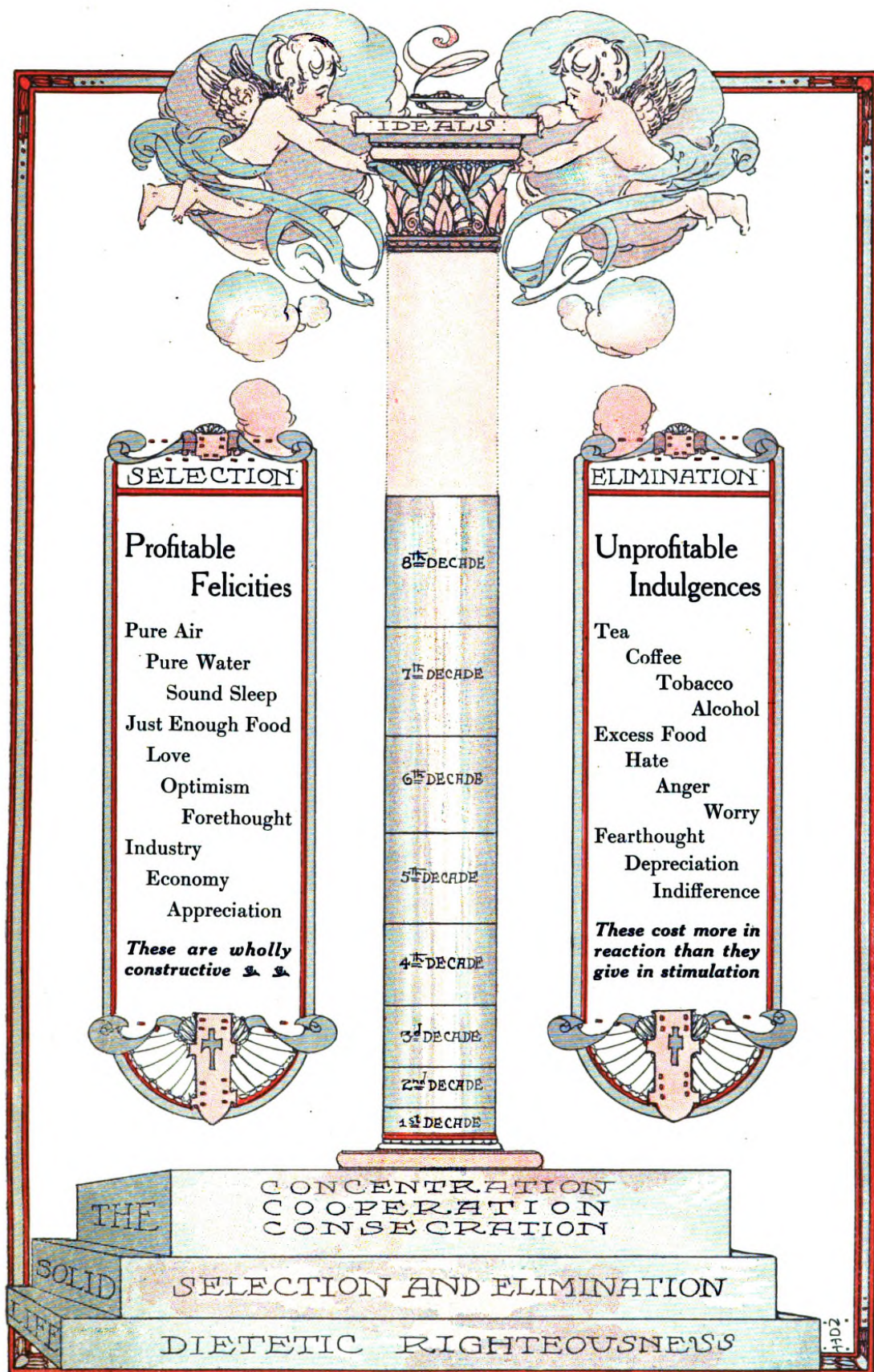
No matter where you happen to be, send Charles Henry a remittance and he will send the Some One his December Special.

Just Two-Fifty!

CHARLES HENRY FOX

At The Sign of the Rose

Broad Street, Below Walnut, Philadelphia, Pa.



Horace Fletcher's Chart of Happiness

Shall Woman Be Subjugated, Exploited,
Abolished or Admitted to Partnership?

Read The January FRA

WOMEN form one-half the race. Seemingly, woman is here to stay. She should be the equal partner of man, not his pet and plaything, nor yet his scullion and slave.

Women should not "obey" men any more than men should obey women. There are six requisites in every happy marriage: the first is faith, and the remaining five I have forgotten.

We gain freedom by giving it, and he who bestows faith gets it back with interest. At the last the desire of the man and woman who are mentally and spiritually mated is to obey each other.

To bargain and stipulate in love is to lose love.

The Universe is not planned for duplicity—all the energy we have is needed in our business, and he who starts out on the pathway of untruth finds himself treading upon brambles and nettles, which close behind him and make return impossible.

The price of a perfect love is an absolute faith.

Keep back part of the price and yours will be the fate of Ananias and Sapphira.

To win all we must give all, so thinks THE FRA, this belief being founded on a selfish wish to evolve, benefit and bless male man *

The January number of THE FRA will be a Woman's Number. In it some things will be said which, possibly, have been said before—but not so well. In it will be some women's ideas about men, and a few men will have a say about women.

Advertisements for strictly high-class goods will be accepted. This will be the best advertising medium among the January magazines for women's furnishings.

THE FRA, East Aurora, Erie County, New York, U. S. A.

The Roycroft Fraternity—an In-Absentia University.
Write The Roycrofters for Booklet

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF STATIONERY

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard



WHEN the Hearst Papers want something extra choice, strictly Class A stuff in the way of copy, I am asked to write an editorial ❁ ❁

Last week, Wex Jones, who edits the back page of the "American," in addition to writing stories about how some people save money, got a hunch that I could handle a particular story better than any one else, including Himself. So Wex grabbed a blue pencil, picked a piece of heel-printed print-paper off the floor, and sent me a rush request. But I did n't get it—Rush! The boys and girls who open my mail promptly elected Wex to the Down-and-Out Club, and passed him on to Jimmy, my private Sec. And Jimmy, being busy accepting advertising for THE FRA, took one look at the letter and gave it a mental manana for two whole days.

I was compelled to prepare that food for thought in twenty minutes, to get it off on the four o'clock. The fact that it was one of the best things I ever wrote has nothing to do with the story.

If Wex Jones looked like his stationery, he'd never get into any office. Wex is wise and witty, but his stationery is n't. I advise Hearst's able pen-pushers to invest four cents (to help cover postage) on a trial box of Old Hampshire Stationery—"The Stationery of a Gentleman." It has the look and a feel of respectability.

This bond is crisp, strong and clean. It is a man's stuff.

It reminds you of John Lee Mahin, Percival K. Frowert, George Dyer, J. L. Isaacs and Arthur Hopkins.

Write your Message to Garcia on Old Hampshire Stationery.

It will reach Garcia because it has appearance plus. He will read it because it pleases him, and to convince a man you must please him first.

Old Hampshire Bond is the superb and unequaled personal stationery for particular men. To use it is good psychology. Send four cents to help cover postage on a Trial Box.

Hampshire Paper Company

SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, MASSACHUSETTS

The only paper-makers in the world making bond-paper exclusively

A Christmas Card



NOT planning to make gifts this Christmas? Just going to send cards to near and dear ones?

Well, now for the card! What shall it be? What sentiment must it express? What shall it cost? All these problems must be answered, and today the problem is upon you.

Let us suggest a de luxe Little Journey. Here is your sentiment, a reminder of you, in a Christmas Card that will last. The cost is trifling—not more than you had set aside for the card—but how much more you have conveyed—for here not only is your thought expressed, but many other great thoughts as well.

Is it not a good suggestion? Act on it!

These books are printed on Italian Handmade paper and each book contains a portrait. They are bound artistically in firm board sides with buckram backs. Price One Dollar each.

We have arranged them in groups, so you may choose to fit your friends:

For the Music-Lover			
Bach	Beethoven	Brahms	Schumann
Handel	Liszt	Mozart	Verdi
For the Artist			
Abbey	Bellini	Botticelli	Velasquez
Cellini	Corot	Correggio	Whistler
Gainsborough	Leonardo	Raphael	
For the Writer			
Robert Browning	Robert Burns	Coleridge	Tennyson
Samuel Johnson	John Milton	William Morris	
For the Public Speaker			
Mark Antony	Henry W. Beecher	Edmund Burke	William Pitt
Patrick Henry	Starr King	Martin Luther	Savonarola
Marat	Pericles	Wendell Phillips	
For the Philosopher			
Aristotle	Swedenborg	Herbert Spencer	Seneca
Immanuel Kant	Marcus Aurelius	Thoreau	Spinoza
Socrates	Schopenhauer	Auguste Comte	Voltaire
For the Business Man			
Philip D. Armour	Andrew Carnegie	James Oliver	

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

SARA BERNHARDT, now in this country for a theatrical tour at the age of sixty-seven—and not a farewell tour, either, she says—replied, when asked to give the cause of her youthful vigor, “Hard work,” adding piously, “and the good God.”

She was right as to the work, but she should have added that it was congenial work. All her life she has done the thing that she enjoyed doing. If drudgery was involved—and there is much drudgery connected with the

actor's profession, as with most other callings, because it was a means to an end—she did not find it irksome. Her interest in what she was endeavoring to accomplish offset all the weariness of study and painstaking attention to infinite detail, and made her enjoy this work that was preliminary to achievement. Her profession was her life; she threw her whole energy into it; she got enjoyment and satisfaction out of every phase of it. It was at once her work and her recreation, for one so absorbed in an occupation has no need to seek here, there and yonder for diversion. Incidentally, it may be presumed, she gave constant heed to her physical condition

and observed reasonable laws of health, but it was undoubtedly the mental attitude that had most to do with the wonderful youthfulness. The one who wrote, “Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no greater blessedness,” had such as she in mind.

A good deal is said in these days about the evils of overwork, the modern pressure and rush; but, as a matter of fact, a host of men who are engaged in this so-called struggle, though they may have entered of necessity,

A College Education—we supply everything but the Bulldog and the Cigarettes

remain for the love of their undertakings. If they are business men they enjoy the intricate game of commerce; it keeps them alive and alert; to drop out would suddenly make them old. If they are professional men they take pleasure in the intellectual stimulus that they get from the clash of wits with their associates and from contact with their fellow men in general, as well as from the attainment of specific aims—the winning of a case in court, the curing of a patient, the swaying of an audience. It is not every one who is fortunate enough to have found the vocation in which he is able to become easily absorbed for its own sake. Too

often the sense of drudgery and futility is uppermost; the daily task is done for the sake of wages and nothing more, or because successful achievement is the price of bread and butter. The worker's heart is not in his occupation. It is sad where this is so, but the remedy sometimes lies in the attitude of mind. Almost any work can be made attractive if the one engaged in it chooses to make it so—if the mind is concentrated on it with a determination to produce good work. The heart

will soon go with such efforts and success will follow, and success is a great and important element in satisfaction with one's occupation in life.—Indianapolis "Star."

✱
THERE are many virtues in books, but the essential value is the adding of knowledge to our stock by the record of new facts, and, better, by the record of intuitions which distribute facts, and are the formulas which supersede all histories.—Emerson.

Superior People *and* Orchards

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD

GRAND JUNCTION, Colorado, is in the center of the greatest apple-producing country in the world. For a stretch of twenty miles the land is one laughing garden of flowers and fruit. Yet the country was only opened to the white man in Eighteen Hundred Ninety-three.

I am not at all sure whether Grand Junction Apples are bought by Eastern Buyers on the trees at five cents each, because God has smiled on that particular Valley, or because He placed here a superior people.

But I know that these people sprayed the trees before the busy beetles stung the blossoms and deformed the coming fruit. Likewise, they irrigated the soil, plowed it, harrowed it and leveled it with loving touch.

My idea is that superior people produce superior apples and things, anywhere.

And less favored sections than the Grand Junction Country can be made to bring forth apples that will rival the Western article in the Eastern Markets. And think of the saving in transportation!

The Munson-Whitaker Company will give your orchard a new lease of life. They check and destroy all insect pests,

discover and control scale, give the run to borers which are as fatal to tree health as bores to human happiness. Codling-moths are sprayed out of the game.

The Munson-Whitaker dentists clean out and fill the cavities which go to the center of the tree, if not taken care of in time. They bolt, brace and prune trees expertly. Special nourishment in the way of formula fertilizers is given to anemic trees which need it.

Orchards are made to pay profits plus pleasure by these commercial foresters. Their new booklet, "TREES—THE CARE THEY SHOULD HAVE," is a valuable treatise on the subject. Send for it.

Better still, tell the Munson-Whitaker Company to send you one of their Inspectors to teach you how to make your Orchard a productive and paying proposition. It will be the wisest move you ever made.



MUNSON-WHITAKER COMPANY
COMMERCIAL AND LANDSCAPE FORESTERS

NEW YORK : 825 Fourth Avenue Building BOSTON : 625 Tremont Building
CHICAGO : 305 Monadnock Building

A Modeled-Leather Screen



The art of making screens is an old one, coming to us out of the East. Like all things of beauty, rare screens have grown out of the perfection of a necessity. No beauty can endure unless it has utility. This is one of the late-recognized laws of beauty.

This screen was designed and executed by Mr. Frederick T. Kranz. The color and the gold mellow the crude leather until the landscape lives in a sunset glow.

The gleaming trout that rise to the water-line recall your fishing-jaunts. The flight of the ducks over the lily-spread pond tells a story to every one who loves the world outside.

The width of the screen (three panels) is six feet seven inches. The height of the middle panel is five feet eleven inches.

The frame is of solid weathered oak, and the whole is an art treasure.

There will never be a duplicate of this screen, and there is a constant joy in the possession of a thing which no one else has.

If you want this screen yourself or wish to give this joy to some one near and dear, write now. PRICE, TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

THAT Idaho will some day become the chief potato-growing State of the United States is the expressed opinion of Eugene H. Grubb, who is accepted as perhaps the greatest potato-culture authority of the nation. Anyway, he has a suggestive name. Mr. Grubb is a well-known grower in the Carbondale section of Colorado, and he has been selected by Secretary of Agriculture Wilson to go to Europe to investigate potato-growing methods in Ireland, France and Germany. "I must

stated that the surplus potato-producing States of the North are not increasing their acreage as fast as the population is growing, and that through lack of scientific care the quality is becoming poorer. The South and Cuba, he further states, can not produce a potato of lasting quality, hence can not supply even local demand.

Idaho is peculiarly adapted to the growing of potatoes "because of the alluvial soils, irrigation, continuous sunshine and cold nights,"

admit that the best potatoes that I have ever seen in my experience were raised last year near Jerome," said Mr. Grubb to one of his audiences, while on a recent tour through Idaho as a lecturing expert. He says there are only six States of the Union that are at present growing more potatoes than they use. These are Maine, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan and the Dakotas. New York produces forty million bushels of potatoes, but this is only one-half of the quantity used. Colorado has a reputation for producing superior potatoes, but this State is also an importer sometimes. Utah raises only sixty per cent of the potatoes that she consumes. It is

In the Evening remold your future. Organize a Roycroft Fraternity in your own Family. Write us for Information

this tuber expert says. Reputation is established by uniformity in size and quality, and the Idaho climate and soil meet this condition almost perfectly. The Idaho potato also has lasting qualities. It is this man's opinion, also, that there is no agricultural crop that may be grown in Idaho with greater profit, considering capital and labor invested, than the potato under scientific culture. Clover and alfalfa form the ideal fertilizer—for which the farmer of the East is compelled to pay from ten to fifteen dollars an acre—and there is no necessity of spraying for blight, or danger from the potato beetle. Mr. Grubb predicts that Idaho will in time be producing three hundred million bushels of potatoes annually, which allows an average of three hundred bushels per acre for one-third of the land adapted to such use.—"Pacific Monthly."

TEXAS leads every State in the Union as to amount of agricultural products. It needs railroads. Capital does not now think Texas friendly to railroads, but the feeling may easily be overcome. It would be well for Texas to adopt the Mexican plan and make contracts with

the railroads, with fixed rates—not, as does Mexico, for ninety-nine years, but, perhaps, for thirty years. Should the State make fair terms, Texas would experience a boom in railroad-building which would there advance the hands of time for ten years, create new cities, and bring in millions and millions of added wealth. The statesman who would inaugurate this policy would become, in the minds of the residents, more helpful than any man who ever lived in the Lone Star land.—A. E. Stilwell,

A BOOK FOR TODAY

PAT CASEY says, "The best thing about the future is that we have lived some of it up."

"Backbone" is a book of ginspiration for today.

Courage for one day at a time is all you need to generate, to win the race of life.

The fellow that has an under-lip like a motherless colt never crosses the tape—not on your life!

"Backbone" is a battery of fun, frolic, fact and finesse.

Printed in two colors, with an art binding tied with silk ribbon, price fifty cents.

De Luxe copies in brown limp leather cost one dollar.

Twenty thousand copies have been sold. There are just a few left.

Remit TODAY because you need this book TODAY.

S. De Witt Clough, Ravenswood Station, Chicago, Illinois



ART IS MERELY A MATTER OF NECKTIE
AND HAIR-CUT.—*Ali Baba.*

The *Tie Elbertus* is made
in five colors—black, white,
red, gray and tan.

Price
Two Dollars
Postpaid

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

Roycroft Pecan Patties

ARE THE MOST DELICIOUS COMBINATION OF PURE
MAPLE-SUGAR & RICH PECAN MEATS YOU CAN IMAGINE

AT one patty and you have become a devotee.
 You get the patty habit. Ask any one who has been at Roycroft.
 Horace Fletcher's critical and delicate taste found them a perfect food.
 Pure, nourishing, delightful, they are made fresh every morning and
 are wrapped in dust-proof oiled papers ready for shipment.

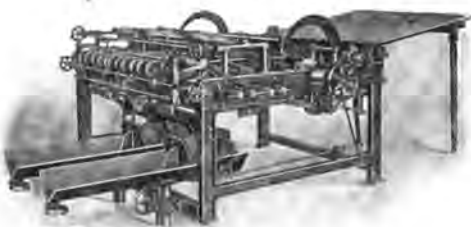
Eighty Cents for Each Pound. This Includes Express Charges

CHRISTMAS SPECIAL

As an extra special Christmas candy we are making our MAPLE NUT-CREAM.
 Many firms have made nut-creams, but the Roycroft Maple Nut-Cream is without a peer. It can not
 be imitated.
 Our Christmas boxes of this dainty candy reach the top notch of perfection. Send these—you can't be wrong.
Eighty Cents per Pound at The Roycroft Candy Kitchen. No Express Charges

The Roycroft Candy Kitchen, East Aurora, New York

THE ROYCROFTERS USE



Brown Folding-Machines

Made by
Brown Folding-Machine Company
 Erie, Pennsylvania



DON'T be a Christmas Rusher, and get red in the face. Order early and save your time and temper. You know what those last few days before Christmas are—**BE WISE!**



Subscribe for The Fra for Your Friends

Here we get a practical Fraternity. What better for a Christmas Gift? You can have the Magazine sent to one address and the premium book to another, your card enclosed, if you desire. A Roycroft book or THE FRA is a present that will confer a lasting benefit, and may change the whole course of a life. A pretty good time to subscribe is Now.

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA, NEW YORK



Foot Rest No. 048

15 IN. WIDE, 9 IN. DEEP, 9 1/2 IN. HIGH

Oak	\$5.00
Mahogany	6.00
Black Walnut	6.00

Our Carpenters have just finished, in true Roycroft Style, a few sturdy little Foot-rests. These Rests are well padded and covered with heavy grain leather, buttoned snugly to the frame—made for a century's service.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

You may have a choice of three woods, all solid—no veneer. Order at once and as a token of Friendship we will pack in the same crate one of our weathered-oak table book-racks (as illustrated)—no charge to you. You pay the freight!



Roycroft Book-Rack
No. 0116

6 IN. WIDE, 15 IN. LONG

Regular Price \$1.50



A Greenhouse of Your Own

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ALICE HUBBARD, MANAGER OF THE ROYCROFT GARDENS

Home is not home without flowers.

¶ So in the Winter, the Housewife clears, and then clutters her window-sills with the dear plants she can not live without. ¶ She chooses between the unobstructed light from the window and the joy of having plant life all Winter. She mops up, every now and then, pools of water on sills and floor, where the water has been too abundantly supplied.

¶ Now and then she has to throw away a dead plant—too dry, too cold, too warm, too wet. "If I only had a real place to grow these flowers!" cries she. ¶ You can

have it, Madam, if you desire it. ¶ **Two Hundred Fifty Dollars will buy you a Greenhouse.**

And what can you not raise in it! ¶ A flower every day; now and then a delicious, crisp head of lettuce; radishes; mushrooms; spinach. Beside all this, you will get an education, joy immeasurable. ¶ There is something to get up for in the morning when you have a Greenhouse of your own. ¶ Things have grown there

during the night. And so there is a living, cumulative interest for the entire household, when you own a Greenhouse. ¶ In the Spring when the warm days come, you can have plants ready to set out in the vegetable and flower gardens. Bloom and fruit ready fully a month earlier than would

have been possible without the Greenhouse. ¶ I personally indorse the good work Hitchings & Co. are doing in interesting people in growing things. Their Greenhouse is practical in every detail. The materials and fittings are complete and high



grade. One thing does not call for another when you buy of this firm. ¶ Plant-benches, boiler and heating-pipes, ventilating arrangement and necessary hardware are all included in the first cost—Two Hundred Fifty Dollars. Hitchings & Company will gladly supply you with some mighty interesting and beautiful booklets about this Greenhouse of theirs for the asking. Ask for this literature today—NOW.

HITCHINGS & CO., 1174 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

**This is
Judge "Ben" Lindsey
of Colorado**

**Father of Denver's
Children's Court**

Read his comment:

"I HAVE used your AutoStrop Safety Razor, and I can not say enough for it. It has many advantages over other safety-razors I have seen. It is quick and easy to strop, and the expert stropping that it does puts on an edge that gives me a delightful shave. I hope it meets with the success it deserves."

Get It. Try It.

(Dealers Read This, Too)

Get one from your dealer and try it tomorrow morning. If it does not give you a head-barber shave, don't keep it. Take it back to the dealer and he'll willingly refund your \$5.00. He has a contract with us (or can get one) protecting him from loss.

Consists of one silver-plated self-stropping razor, 12 fine blades and strop in handsome case. Price \$5.00, which is your total shaving expense for years, as a single blade often lasts six months to one year.

If you put off getting an AutoStrop Safety Razor you'll sure forget to get it. Get one today, while you're thinking of it.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co.

358 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK; 233 Coristine Bldg., MONTREAL;
61 New Oxford Street, LONDON.

FAR QUICKER, HANDIER THAN A NO-STROPPING RAZOR



Judge "Ben" B. Lindsey, of Colorado

**AutoStrop
SAFETY
RAZOR**



**STROPS, SHAVES,
CLEANS, WITHOUT
DETACHING BLADE.**

The Roycroft Fraternity

Questions from this number of THE FRA. Use these for topics of discussion at the meetings of your Junta. Members who are working for Certificates or Diplomas should answer the questions on separate sheets and send papers to us for examination and marking—no charge.

Lesson Number One

- 1 In your opinion, is Heaven a place or a condition?
- 2 What is the difference between Paradise, Nirvana, Happy Hunting-Grounds, Elysium, Walhalla?
- 3 What is meant by the references: Olympus, Asgard, Colossus of Rhodes, Xanadu?
- 4 Who were (a) Plotinus? (b) Kubla Khan? (c) Heraclites?
- 5 Explain the statement that "History is Force dressed up." And what did Napoleon say victory was?
- 6 Who was Epicurus?
- 7 Compare Stoicism with Epicureanism.
- 8 What is meant by the expression, "Balm of Gilead"?
- 9 Does everything in life depend upon the point of view—that is, is truth relative or absolute?
- 10 Should we cultivate the society of our betters, or strive to uplift those less fortunate than ourselves?
- 11 What is Love?
- 12 In what does the genius of Dickens consist?

Lesson Number Two

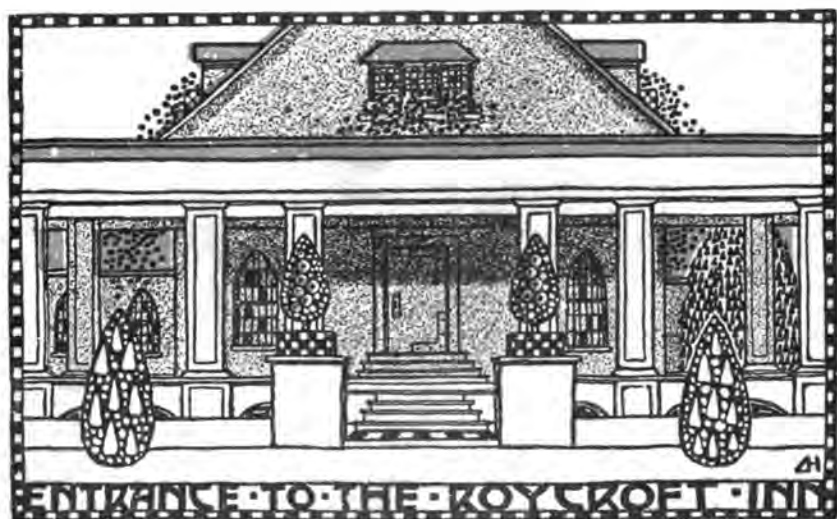
- 1 Does the caricaturist perform a mission in modern civilization? Are his methods to be commended?
- 2 To what extent is Ridicule an agent of Reform?
- 3 Explain the difference between a caricaturist and a cartoonist.
- 4 What is the difference between sarcasm, invective, irony, mockery, derision, scoffing, sibilation?
- 5 What is the distinction between meditation and introspection?
- 6 Explain this statement: "Taste is the test of mind."
- 7 Does, in your estimation, like cure like? What basis have you for your opinion?
- 8 What is the difference between Homeopathy, Allopathy, Osteopathy and Idiopathy?
- 9 What is a Tiddy-Iro operation, anyway?
- 10 What is a drug? Are drugs poisonous? Why?
- 11 Where and what is the Tuskegee Institute, and what is it doing?
- 12 What is the Law of Compensation?

Lesson Number Three

- 1 What is the artistic "temperament"? Is it temper, spleen, wilfulness or irresponsibility?
- 2 Would you say that Richard Wagner had artistic "temperament" in a large degree?
- 3 Who was Friedrich Nietzsche, and what are his contributions to knowledge?
- 4 Can you find any justification for Wagner and Nietzsche's treatment of each other?
- 5 What is ideal friendship? Is it possible?
- 6 What are Thoreau's ideas on Friendship? Compare them with Cicero's views on the same subject.
- 7 What is Platonic friendship? Would you recommend it?
- 8 State briefly the central idea in the philosophy of (a) Kant; (b) Hegel; (c) Emerson; (d) Spencer; (e) Diogenes; (f) Aristippus; and (g) Spinoza.
- 9 Who was Stephen Crane? Upon what does his claim to immortality rest?
- 10 What is fletcherism? What do you think of it?
- 11 What do you think of Horace Fletcher's scheme of Child Conservation?
- 12 Is his New York City Experiment conclusive?

Lesson Number Four

- 1 Do you attach any significance to dreams and visions? Give reasons for your belief.
- 2 What is your opinion of The Solid Life Structure?
- 3 Will Dietetic Righteousness solve the troubles of mankind?
- 4 What is meant by "Automatic Equilibrium of Nutrition"?
- 5 What is Commerce?
- 6 Is the value of service to be reckoned in dollars and cents?
- 7 What is Society?
- 8 What is meant by "Moral Obligation"?
- 9 What is the relation of motherhood to society?
- 10 Wherein does the Cherry Mine settlement mark an epoch in indemnity matters? Do you like the article by Mr. Williams?
- 11 What is the present purpose of education? Is it open to criticism?
- 12 Do you believe silence to be golden and speech silver? And have you read the "Essay on Silence," or merely extracts from it?



Christmas At The Roycroft Inn

■ ■ "I came to a roadside dwelling
■ ■ With great eaves low and wide,
■ ■ Asking my way to the village,
■ ■ And they bade me step inside."

THIS rushing, whirling century has carried us far from our homes. It has given us much to put in place of those homes.

But it has crowded out the faces that the firelight played upon, though it can never dull our memories.

Christmas has come to mean little but the bustle of shopping and giving.

And tonight, our longing is for home.

"Over the hills to Grandmother's house," is a silent, cherished memory.

Oh for a knee-deep snowstorm and the jingle of Christmas bells!

Not all the fragrant holly from faraway lands, not all the wonderful mistletoe hung from brilliant chandeliers, can call up for us the deep-mouthed old fireplace

or the crackle and scent of pine boughs in the air.

Not all the radiant beauty of world-wealth can hold our mind tonight from the longing for Christmas Peace.

At • The • Roycroft • Inn

In a long, low-ceiled room where soft lights and soft colors shed their peace, there are wide, deep, well-used chairs which draw round the fireplace. The fire crackles and snaps and sputters out its cheery greeting. The spark spirits twinkle their story, and all their message is for you.

Come, can not I take mine ease in mine Inn!

Here will be new-old friends, and quiet—rest from your busy world.

Brides and Grooms? Always, for sure!

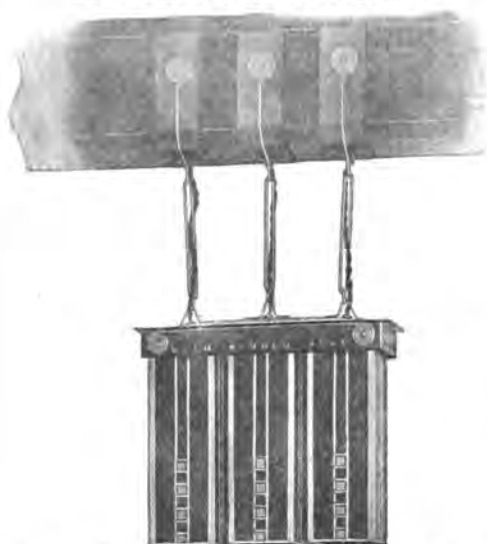
¶ We give you greeting, and our blessing.

The Roycroft Inn, East Aurora, New York

Why not get Your "College Education" with FRA Folks After Hours?

ROYCROFT HAMMERED COPPER

LIGHTING FIXTURES



C-48, Three-light Electrolier, having square shades, leaded with modern art-glass; $4\frac{1}{2}$ x 12 in.; tops and canopy made of copper and German silver; German silver chains . . . \$35.00

COPPER FIXTURES FOR LIGHTING ❦ ❦



If you would have your house a home, the furnishings must fit.

Utility without beauty is not a Twentieth-Century curse.

Our lighting fixtures, adapted for the use of electricity, gas or oil, are made to suit your particular need.

The construction of the room, and the general character of its hangings and arrangement are a part of our artists' consideration.

Write us what you want, and we will submit special designs and suggestions.

THE ANVIL CHORUS
EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

HAMMERED-COPPER BOWLS



TOP ROW, From left to right		C-62, C-64, C-66	
BOTTOM ROW, From left to right,		C-68, C-70, C-72	
C-62, $1\frac{1}{8}$ x 5 in. diameter	\$1.50	C-68, $1\frac{1}{4}$ x 7 in. diameter	\$5.00
C-64, $3\frac{1}{4}$ x $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. "	8.00	C-70, $3\frac{1}{4}$ x $5\frac{1}{2}$ in. "	5.00
C-66, $1\frac{3}{8}$ x $4\frac{1}{4}$ in. "	2.50	C-72, $2\frac{3}{4}$ x 5 in. "	3.00

HAMMERED-COPPER NUT-SET



C-24, Complete . . .	\$15.00	C-28, Plates, 75c; Set . . .	\$4.00
C-26, Nut-Bowls . . .	6.00	C-30, Picks, 75c; Set . . .	4.50
C-32, Spoons . . .	\$1.50		

CANDLESTICKS



C-42

Single Candlestick . . .	\$3.50
The pair . . .	7.00

Start a Roycroft Chapter and read with the Elect

FOR THE CHRISTMAS GIFT

FERN JARDINIERE



C-86

Hammered Copper with German Silver Trimmings, for 6-inch Pots \$15.00

CANDLEHOLDER



C-44

Single Candleholder \$4.50

HAMMERED-COPPER PAPER-KNIVES



C-10

\$0.50

C-12

\$1.75

SMOKER'S SET (Hammered Copper)



C-34, Complete \$15.00

C-36, Tobacco-Jar 9.00

C-38, Tray, 8 x 12 inches 5.00

C-40, Match-Holder and Tray, 3 x 5 inches 2.50

THE ANVIL CHORUS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

Write us for the gratis booklet, A FRA SUGGESTION

Our Business of Packing and Selling

Geraldson's Figs

is developing so rapidly, and there are so many other opportunities of supplying discerning people with good things to eat, and such strong inducements toward improvement and expansion in other directions, that we find ourselves almost compelled to increase our working capital. ¶ For these reasons we are offering, for the first time, some of our treasury stock. It is based on income-bearing real estate, and is constantly increasing in value.

¶ Better write for particulars.

¶ Don't forget about **GERALDSON'S FIGS**

*They are: A Confection
An Ideal Food
An Ideal System Regulator*

¶ They come in small, tight packages and reach your hands clean and fresh, retaining their original flavor

6 pounds by express, prepaid, for	\$ 1.00
10 pounds by express, collect, for	1.00
100 pounds by freight, prepaid, for	12.00

Foothill Orchard Company

Newcastle, California

The Average Man Never Knows

What to Send to a Woman for Christmas

Send Flowers—they are always in good form.

Flowers are friends to everybody.

We can suit your price. Gifts from \$2.00 up.

SUGGESTIONS FOR CUT FLOWERS

Violets, \$1.00 to \$5.00 per bunch.

Gardenias, Fifty Cents to \$1.50 each.

Roses, all sorts, \$5.00 to \$10.00 per dozen.

American Beauties, \$10.00 to \$30.00 per dozen.

Our Special Christmas Box of Cut Flowers, \$5.00.

We can deliver Flowers in your home town or anywhere in Europe.

Out-of-town orders for Christmas must be placed before December Twentieth. Add Seventy-Five Cents for delivery expenses on out-of-town orders less than \$5.00.

CHARLES HENRY FOX

THE SIGN OF THE ROSE

Broad Street, Below Walnut, Philadelphia

This is the Sixteenth Year of THE PHILISTINE

and it has not skipped an issue. It is the sawed-off and hammered-down of bibliozines, but carries the voltage. Every issue causes sudden cancelations from the grumpy, who subscribe not knowing it is loaded. That is the way we know we are moving. But the article that makes some hike and howl, tickles others to the skies—and so we make head, always make head.

One Taft Dolodocci per year, or ten cents a copy. Ask your Newsdealers!

The Philistine, East Aurora, N. Y.

The Roycroft Fraternity

Throughout the Country, in Towns and Cities, are being organized INDIVIDUAL JUNTAS of The Roycroft Fraternity. This movement is for the Personal Betterment and Advancement of the Race as a whole.

Those Who Are Interested

should write for information and Specially Prepared Papers — also a Booklet, "*The Secret of Franklin's Education.*" Free for the Asking.

Address **ELBERT HUBBARD**

FRATER-IN-CHARGE

EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

To be a personage and not a person, follow up FRA references

SCHAUM
 ENGRAVING &
 PRINTING CO.
 MILWAUKEE WIS.

HIGH CLASS
 ENGRAVERS & PRINTERS
 STEEL DIE STAMPING
 COPPER PLATE PRINTING

WRITE FOR
 ESTIMATES & SAMPLES



STREISSGUTH-PETRAN
 ENGRAVING CO.



S-P

QUALITY MAKERS

No. 5
 WELLS ST.

MILWAUKEE

Tangible Appreciation

An Advertisement by Fra Elbertus



WORDS are the airy, fairy butterflies of the imagination.

¶ A philologist is a man who catches words and sticks a pin through them, fastening them to the wall.

A static language is a dead language.

Our language is not English—it is more: it is Americanese, and very much alive.

Bill Reedy of Saint Louis—and the Universe—is the best writer of Americanese in the world, with one exception.

If you do not know who this exception is, there is no use of telling, for you would n't believe it, anyway.

Bill has facility, felicity and fecundity. Also, he resembles your old college chum, Fuzzy Wuzzy, in this respect: he does n't give a dam.

¶ A dash of indifference is necessary to art.

Bill says, says he, "Class B literature is literature that is good enough to print, but not good enough to pay for."

Writers who would win should lose no time in getting into Class A, where the choice stuff is paid for in good Taft dolodocci.

Not that we care for money—oh, no! but money is the measure of appreciation. Patronage is awful—charity is worse—get free!

As long as you are anxious about what is to become of your brain children, you are unfitting yourself for good work. Make way for liberty, literature and light! Get free from the microbe of fear.

Just here is where the Literary Broker comes in, to aid you good folks who liberate your airy, fairy butterflies and send them flitting through the void. He can market your wares in a way you never can, yourself.

¶ The Broker can tell you, also, what to write in order to supply a certain demand.

"A man alone is no man," said Aristotle twenty-three centuries ago.

It's the same now. The man who wins is the one who knows how to avail himself of the Cosmic Cut-Off, utilizing the services of others.

¶ The Literary Bureau helps authors to help themselves.

Don't lie down on your friends.

Don't ask for the loan of the large furry ear of your kinsmen.

Get things on an impersonal, business basis, and climb out of Class B on the back of a Business Booster who acts as a buffer between your feelings and the Cold and Crewel. That's us!

THE LITERARY BUREAU

Suite 809-812 Stephen Girard Bldg., PHILADELPHIA

Comfort, Style and Service

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

¶ Comfort in shoes is a thing about which you should be very particular.

¶ So is style. For style is comfort to your esthetic sense.

¶ There are plenty of style shoemakers, but comfort shoemakers are as rare as are Leipsic bookbinders.

¶ The man who combines and fills the two demands stands superbly alone.

¶ James S. Coward makes shoes that have individuality, style, ease and great durability. This man must be pretty lonesome when he wants to talk shop.

¶ The human foot is a delicate mechanism.

¶ Coward Shoes respond to its action. Just a little irritation and your mental process is unhorsed and you flounder in a sea of ineffectiveness.

¶ Mr. Coward does not claim to be a poet, a sculptor, nor yet a social darling. He is just a shoemaker who has been on one spot for forty-seven years. He knows the foot needs of particular people. He is a foot-expert and devotes himself to the happiness of his patrons.

¶ James S. Coward has only his New York store, but his shoes are worn on the Avenue de l' Opera, Pall Mall, Michigan Boulevard and Kearney Street as they are on Fifth Avenue.

¶ Mr. Coward knows where the shoe pinches, and his business is to see that it doesn't. Graceful walking, correct carriage and clear thinking all turn on your being shod with shoes that are "cumfy"—shoes that sustain—shoes that "look."

¶ Mr. Coward would feel it a calamity to sell anybody a pair of shoes that didn't cause the owner to bless the seller every time he looked at them.

¶ Coward Shoes for men, women and children do not cost any more than do other makes, but they are worth more!

¶ Send for Booklet and select your particular style.

JAMES S. COWARD, 264-274 Greenwich St., New York
SOLD NOWHERE ELSE & MAIL ORDERS FILLED



Remember that feeling of warmth—that sort of “tingle” and “glad you’re alive feeling” that comes with winter?

That’s the sort of touch in the December OUTING. It’s the most satisfying issue we’ve ever published. It’s “as big as all outdoors,” and the photographs are remarkable.

It’s a fitting pacemaker for the 1911 OUTING—the one magazine to keep you in touch with the outdoor world.

Before selecting your magazines write us for rates, and include OUTING. All news-stands 25 cents; \$3.00 a year. It may be added to any magazine club for \$2.35.

Liberal offer to local representatives. Write for terms.

OUTING PUBLISHING COMPANY
313 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY



HAVE SOME JUNKET

The most healthful and delicious of desserts. Especially good after a hearty dinner.

As a food for children, it can not be surpassed. It is good for grown-ups, too.

Junket desserts are made from milk and contain all its nutriment. By the use of Junket Tablets the milk is made very digestible, palatable and nourishing.

10 Tablets for 10 Desserts 10c
At all grocers' and druggists'

EAT JUNKET

Chr. Hansen's Laboratory
1900 Hansen Ave., Little Falls, N. Y.

human mind with terror, brute terror, all down the ages. When man lived on roots, on nuts, on fruits, on uncultivated products, the fear of hunger terrified him, and the ghosts of this awful past linger in his midst today and he labors hard with the ever-present evil omen: How shall we supply life's meager necessities?

The dragons and the gnomes were driven from the caves, the sprites from the woodland and vale, the monsters from the seas, but the specter of hunger and want lingers.

The countless ages have left this remaining legacy, a superstition outgrown by those who are wise in economies. For clad in steel and iron, equipped with steam and elec-

THE blistering droughts came and the roots dried up and we were hungry, wretchedly hungry, and many of the young and old died and then we looked upon the fruit ❁ ❁

The late frost came and the buds dropped lifeless to the ground, and we wandered to many places, but there was no fruit; and many of the young and old famished and a-weeping died ❁ ❁

So the awful, frightful fear of hunger filled the

tricity, the last half of the Nineteenth Century came stalking upon the world stage and solved the riddle of the race, and in turn has created a new enigma.

Production has reached such vast possibilities that it chokes the old forms of industry and produces the very want which scarcity once entailed, and passes on to the Twentieth Century a new enigma, a new problem, unthinkable before our time, namely:

What shall we do with our wealth that we

may live? [How shall we distribute the products which we create as if by magic?—Seymour Steadman.

CHICAGO, with all its wealth and productive power, can not be said to be truly prosperous, for it has more over-worked charity organizations, more over-crowded jails, more police interference and regulations, more white-plague centers and red-light districts, more infant mortality, more involuntary idleness than there ought to be in ten prosperous communities. The cost of maintaining, creating and doctoring these social sores is many times what civic government should cost, and what is

true of Chicago is true, in greater or less degree, of every city and town in the country. People are heavily taxed and can see nothing ahead but still heavier taxes, for the maintenance of conditions which hinder prosperity.

To provide work for the unemployed is of more importance than to provide funds to maintain them at public expense, and is much less costly.

So long as the community upholds the right of any individual to own more land than he can use, thus lessening the available land in the

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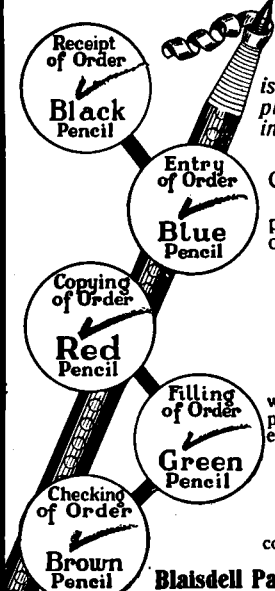
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community, just so long it should see that nobody on this account becomes a community burden instead of a helper.—Bolton Hall.

AS universal a practise as lying is, and as easy a one as it seems, I do not remember to have heard three good lies in all my conversation, even from those who were most celebrated in that faculty.—Jonathan Swift.

Syllables govern the world.—John Selden.

WOMAN'S WORK

A Book by ALICE HUBBARD



WOMAN'S work seems to have begun in the Garden of Eden, and there it was the simple task of tree-stripping. ¶ Time passed—so did the Garden. Not so with woman's work. It had just begun. ¶ Woman worked in the Garden that man might eat; outside the gate the table turned—so did the flaming sword—then man worked. ¶ But the journey is ever on, and today man and woman must make a new Garden of Eden, where neither works nor plays at the expense of the other; where man's work is as woman's work, and woman's is as man's—necessary, interdependent, also co-ed. ¶ Alice Hubbard knows this as very truth, and has set it down for all the toilers in the Garden that they may note their progress and take heart

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JUDICIAL OPINION

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD

NO doubt the eyes of some witnesses are livelier than those of others, and the sense of sight may be quickened or diminished by the interest or bias of him who possesses it," said Judge Danforth of the New York Court of Appeals. "Men are prone to see what they want to see," said Judge Brawley of the Federal District Court.

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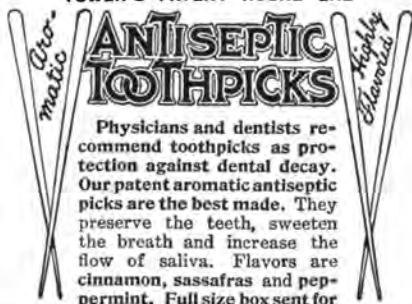
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JAMES OLIVER

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could devise when its doors were first opened. And it is kept to this standard.

The Oliver Hotel at South Bend, Indiana, is the delight of all tourists who have made this city a stopping-place. Their number is increasing year by year as the fame of this hotel spreads.

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has two diseases to endure and to rally from in place of the one. ¶ Under this powerful remedy the real inherent disease may be concealed and repressed, it is true, driven back still deeper into its seclusion—but although it may be subdued for a time, it is bound to reappear in some other guise.

Hence, while smallpox, and other diseases, may be dominated and apparently checked before the still more powerful pus poison that is injected into the blood, it has only temporarily retired before a superior enemy, to gather up new force and violence to break forth in tuberculosis, or in nervous disorder, heart-failure, eruptions, etc. ¶

¶ When we realize that disease

ERROR would die an easy death but for the grain of truth which animates it and gives it life, enabling it to masquerade as entire truth.

This statement applies to the serum treatment, now so much in use. The fact is—and this we contend is just where its advocates, looking at this question from a one-sided point of view, fail to see the ultimate results—that since the serum poison must necessarily be stronger than the disease it is given to combat, the invalid

results from impurities in the overtaxed system—a system so devitalized and weakened that it lacks power to cast off its accumulated encumbrance—we shall see that a quickened circulation, inducing a cleansing process, is the needed measure to give relief, rather than the poison with which the overtaxed system is to be impregnated.

The unexpected deaths which come with appalling suddenness find easy explanation in the deterioration of the drug-dosed system,

which has thus lost its resisting power.

It has been said that the closing fifty years of a man's life should be, relatively speaking, as actively pleasant as the preceding ones, but we fall far from this standard, for man finds his declining years full of aches and pains, and life becomes a burden and release not unwelcome.

¶ The serumized community can be likened to the disintegrated tables of Eastern climes, whose outward veneer shows no trace, until revealed by sudden collapse, of the well-concealed worm-eaten condition within.

In the tabulating of their serum successes, its eager supporters should take into consideration not only the immediate

results, but the still more weighty ones that are bound to be presented later on by rebellious Nature. ❄

The suffering body demands some treatment which shall help Nature to help herself, which shall help her to work out her own salvation of self-purification, giving her a renewal of the vital forces, which means a renewal of life.—K. G.

❄
'T is mere madness, to live like a wretch and die rich.—Burton.



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❄ **T**HERE is no man who holds a commission which authorizes him to sit in judgment on the rights of woman. She has as much right to sit in judgment on man and limit his sphere and his actions as he has to limit hers. Therefore, any attempt by man to deny woman independence or equality of rights is simply the assertion of brute force.

—John P. Altgeld.


❄
Imagination rules the world.—Napoleon.

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knobs upon their necks; such men are nearly always sunk in failure and are gloomy wrecks. I know a clerk who's served his time in one old store for twenty years; he's marked his fellows climb and climb—and marked with jealousy and tears; he's labored there since he was young; he'll labor there till he is dead; he never rose a single rung, because he never used his head. I know a poor-house in the vale, where fifty-seven paupers stay; they paw the air and weep and wail, and cuss each other all the day; and there they'll loll while life endures, and there they'll die in pauper beds; their chances were as good as yours—but then they never used

THE greatest gift the gods bestowed on mortal was his dome of thought; it sometimes seems a useless load, when one is tired and worn and hot; it sometimes seems a trifling thing, less useful than one's lungs or slats; a mere excuse, it seems, to bring us duns from men who deal in hats. Some men appreciate their heads, and use them wisely every day, and every passing minute sheds new splendor on their upward way; while some regard their heads as junk, mere idle

their heads. O human head! Majestic box! O wondrous can, from labels free! If man is craving fame or rocks, he'll get them if he uses thee!—Walt Mason.

ALBERT HUBBARD, the Mental Emancipator, gave his famous lecture, "The New Religion," to a crowded house in Denver, September Twenty-third, Nineteen Hundred Ten. The entire house, except "boxes and standing room," was sold an hour before the

lecture began. I remarked quite a while ago: "Watch him grow." ♣ If he is n't going some in spite of the opposition that all reformers must meet, I'm no judge.

I attended a lecture that he gave eleven years ago in Denver, and I remember that then not more than forty people were present; if he continues to grow in popularity for five years more, as he has gained in the past ten, he will be compelled to use our auditorium, which has a seating capacity for twelve thousand. ¶ Fault is found with this great lecturer because "he is not sincere."

It is a well-known fact that if a man really does know anything and compels the public to listen to his strictures

on the conventions, he must be insincere.

¶ The phase in Hubbard's character that causes opposition to writhe is his supreme power at wielding the wit of satire. Such men as Hubbard are needed, for the scorpion tongue of sarcasm is the only weapon that Nature invented to drive the chameleons of convention out of existence, and this man certainly has it. Why chameleons? Because when vanquished they change the color of their old belief, but their beliefs remain the same. Some say kindness



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and the science of logic and philosophy will do more than satire. They will when convention becomes scientific and philosophical, but when that day comes reforms will not be needed. ¶ Long live Hubbard, the Mental Emancipator! More power to his sarcasm, and may the Fates keep him sweet!—Doctor J. H. Tilden.

✱ **AM** for THE FRA and for Elbert Hubbard —hook, bob and sinker. THE FRA is a liberal education.—Evan Johnson.

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Bernard Meador, Northwestern Correspondent, THE COMMERCIAL BULLETIN, Minneapolis, Minn.



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Besides, if you order now you are sure of having your car when you want it the most. There is always a time in the Spring when every one wants cars all at once. And many are always disappointed.

Leaving our interests out of the question we want to tell you frankly that if you are going to buy a 1911 car at all, now is the best time to place your order.

So far as Chalmers cars are concerned they are built on a quality, not a quantity basis. A good many people who wanted Chalmers cars last year were disappointed, because they waited too long to place their orders. Our dealers are ready to show you the new models at your convenience. Catalog BN on request.



This monogram on the radiator stands for all you can ask in a motor-car.

"It runs with eagerness"

That is what the owner of a Chalmers "Forty" said recently, describing his car.

A telling phrase that! It describes better than any we have ever heard the peculiar charm of a "Forty." We could talk to you by the hour, giving you the statistics of this car, the cold, reason-why facts of it—bore and stroke, wheel-base, frame dimensions, length of springs and all that. And in all these things this car is the equal of any made.

And yet that wouldn't give you an adequate idea of just what this car is. Beyond the design, the steel, iron, wood and rubber, there is still a great something in this car which dimensions and materials can not account for—an intimate, human quality. "It runs with eagerness."

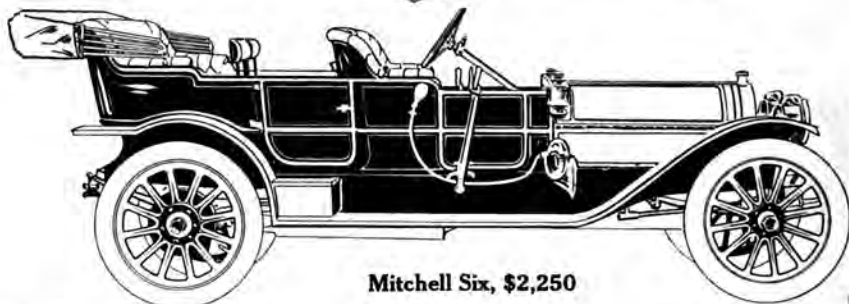
People are all made of exactly the same materials. In general features they are alike. Yet some are "different." There is about some a something you can't explain by external terms—a personality, a superiority which rises from within, from reasons unexplained.

A Chalmers "Forty" among automobiles has that rare quality. A quality of youth and life and unflagging energy. "It runs with eagerness."

A great many very particular people agree that there is no more beautiful car, either in line or in finish, than the Chalmers "Forty." The price of \$2,750 includes Bosch magnetos, Prest-O-Lite tank and gas-lamps. If you want high power, maximum seating capacity and some of the final words in lines and finish, then you really should see this car.

Chalmers Motor Company (Licensed Under Selden Patent) Detroit, Mich.

Mitchell



Mitchell Six, \$2,250

THE success of the Mitchell car has been made possible by the Company's attitude toward its patrons.

Today the Mitchell-Lewis Motor Company is the soundest and most reliable automobile concern in the world. It has become so, not alone because it makes a good car, but because it has religiously stood behind every car it has made and allowed no man to suffer for something it has failed to do or has done incorrectly.

That Make-Good Policy is the grandest asset this Company could have possibly had. *It's the biggest thing in the world.*

Every agent of the Mitchell-Lewis Company has been taught that a patron's acquaintance and claims *do not cease with the payment of the purchase price.* He has been inoculated with the Mitchell-Lewis belief in *moral responsibility.* He is not permitted to dodge the issue when it is raised, and if he seeks to do so, *he can't sell Mitchell cars.*

Our agents are the same today that they were seven years ago. *This policy has kept them.* When Mitchell owners buy new cars they invariably buy Mitchells. *This policy has kept them.* They feel mighty secure with that bulwark to lean upon, and we therefore have *the happiest family of owners that the automobile industry has ever known.*

"Silent as the foot of time." "The car you ought to have at the price you ought to pay."



Mitchell T, \$1,500



Mitchell Roadster, \$1,200

ALL PRICES: F. O. B. RACINE

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Co.

SUCCESSOR TO

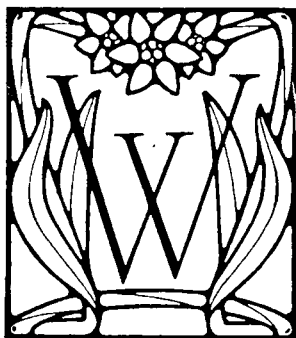
Mitchell Motor Car Co. and Mitchell & Lewis Co. LTD.

Racine, Wis. U. S. A.

Licensed under Selden Patent

THE BACK OF THE BOOK

An Advertisement by The Fra



WHEN you and I studied Ray's Practical Arithmetic, in the Little Red Schoolhouse, we were saved considerable worry because the right answers were always to be found in the Back of the Book.

¶ When the teacher evolved a new problem in mathematics and placed it on the blackboard, with a stern command that the correct answer must be forthcoming, we were on the cheerless, shoreless Sea of Doubt.

In business life there is no Back of the Book.

The slip of a pen that changes a 7 into a 1 may cause a considerable loss—and you never know why.

To be absolutely accurate at all times is a human impossibility. To siphon column after column of figures through your head,

and not misplace one, would be a miracle indeed.

The man with his nose close to the ledger, burrowing into figures, is sometimes called a "mere adding-machine" by his co-workers. This is really unfair. An adding-machine never makes a mistake. That is, a Burroughs does n't.

The Burroughs Adding Machine is the most complete and efficient business aid on the market. It is made in seventy-one different models. No matter if your business be large or small, simple or complex, there is a machine made to fit its particular need.

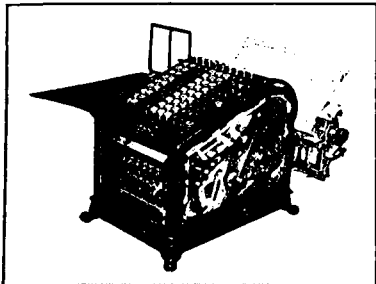
From the small store where the proprietor himself presses the keys, to the immense manufacturing concern with its battery of Burroughs Machines, this device fills the requirements of expert accounting.

The Burroughs is a wrinkle-chaser and a care-dispeller. It does the necessary but tedious drudgery. It gets a man out of the rut of routine and gives him the time and opportunity to accomplish things. A man with a head for figures may evolve into a Captain of Industry if he gets away from the grind that can be avoided with a Burroughs Adding Machine. Once installed, the purchaser wonders how he ever got along without the Burroughs.

The Burroughs is beginning to serve the Public just as it does the Individual. Here is an item from the Buffalo "Express":

"Owing to the voting-machines and the excellent system devised by the newspapers for prompt collection of returns, Buffalo now leads the country on election night. It is the only real big city that gives its votes complete on the main offices of a ticket before 6 P. M., and few of the other cities that use the machines can rival Buffalo in the speed with which the returns are assembled. Much of the credit in this work is due to the compilers who handle the adding-machines. The long battery of machines ranged in the City-Hall basement on election night, and the machines used by the 'Express' in compiling its own city tables and in collecting the vote of the towns, were Burroughs Adding Machines."

The Burroughs will add your figures—and multiply your profits.



SEVENTY-ONE STYLES OF BURROUGHS BOOKKEEPING MACHINES—ONE TO HANDLE ANY KIND OF WORK: AND IS ALSO MADE TO FIT ANY POCKET.

If you are interested in "A Better Day's Work," write us (using letterhead) for our unique book under that title. Now in its fourth edition—192 pages, 125,000 already distributed. Other books: "Why Don't You Go Home?"—a 48-page book for retailers. Also "Cost-Keeping Short Cuts"—180 pages—giving simplified methods for cost-keeping departments.

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE CO.

Department F, Burroughs Block, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
EUROPEAN HEADQUARTERS: 78 CANNON STREET, LONDON, E. C., ENGLAND.

THE OLIVER HOTEL, *which* is in South Bend, Indiana, U. S. A.



JAMES OLIVER



HE U. S. Census of 1910 tells us that South Bend, Indiana, has made a gain of fifty per cent.

James Oliver had great faith in the future of South Bend and when he built

the Oliver Hotel he built it for the city that was to be. He believed that anything worth doing at all was worth doing well—so day by day the structure grew according to the plans and specifications mapped out by the man who was paying the bills.

"Where will you get your guests?" he was asked.

And he answered, "From the World."

And so it has proved, for the four walls of the Oliver Hotel have housed distinguished men and women from every quarter of the globe, and still they come and come, and stop again on their way back.

You see, a really good hotel makes such an impression that a few miles this way or that to reach it is counted no trouble at all.

The malady known as "travelers' grouch" is occasioned by lack of ventilation, indifferent service, uninviting food and poor sleeping accommodations. A week's sojourn at the Oliver will cure the most aggravated case.

The Oliver management takes great pride in the fame that has come to this hotel and no effort is spared to keep it up to the standard set by its founder.

The policy of the Oliver Hotel is to keep ever to the front, and when guests are able to literally fly to the Oliver they'll find a place in the hotel's hangar for their aeroplane.

If you've never stopped at the Oliver, remember it when in the vicinity of South Bend, and add a chapter of delight to your hotel experiences. It's a revelation in the art of entertaining guests. Its name is a synonym for comfort and when a man

once inscribes his name on the register he becomes an enthusiastic Life Member of the Oliver Fraternity.

It's the Hotel of Pleasant Memories.

South Bend and The Oliver are on the Main Line of travel from Everywhere to Anywhere—particularly when going East to West or West to East.

And the rates? Oh, they're in keeping with the James Oliver policy—the best possible service at a price that gives satisfaction to the guests and a reasonable profit to the management.

Have you read "A Little Journey to the Home of James Oliver," by Elbert Hubbard? If not, drop us a postal card and we will send you a copy, gratis.



THE OLIVER HOTEL SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

PEBECO

TOOTH-PASTE

A PRIME NECESSITY



An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

When men worshiped fire and ate their meat raw, they had good teeth.
When there were no mills and each man ground his own grain, he had good teeth.

When parched corn went out of vogue and mush and steam-heat came in, the teeth needed a dentist.

The refinements of civilization have made the care of the teeth a prime necessity.

A meal of soft food must be followed by tooth-paste and toothbrush, or the teeth suffer.

PEBECO is a friend to teeth and mouth, and makes for health and happiness.

Unless the teeth are cleansed, disease is invited and answers the call.

PEBECO not only cleanses the teeth, but it cleanses the entire mouth cavity.

It stimulates the flow of saliva. And the saliva has an army of sentinels that call Halt! to the particles of poison brought into the mouth by food or breath.

PEBECO is a perfect product. It contains the necessary ingredients to purify, cleanse, polish and keep teeth and gums healthy.

PEBECO is neither artificial in scent nor color.

It is wholesome, pure, white and clean.

It leaves a refreshing taste in the mouth.

It is health and healing to disordered gums.

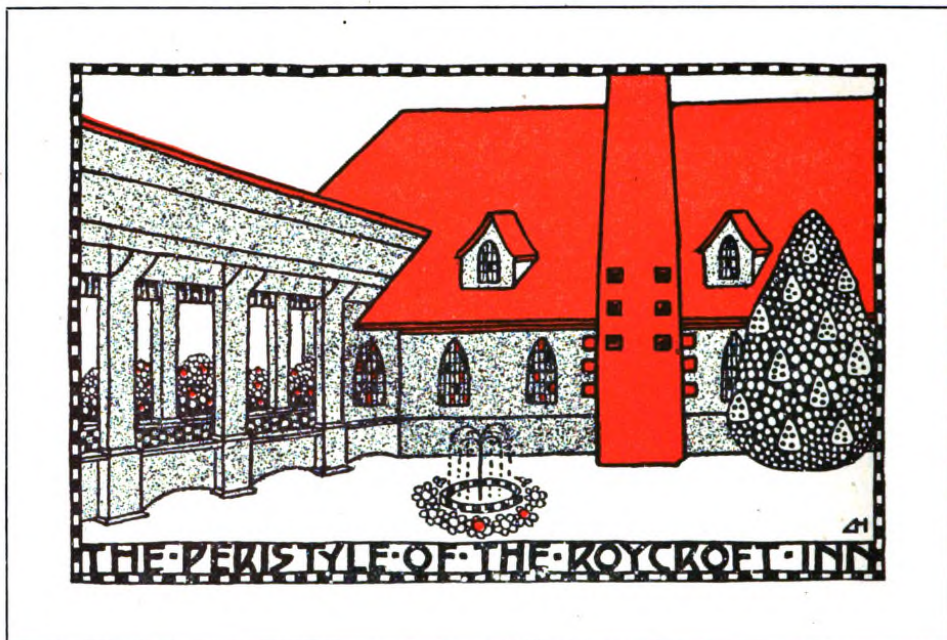
PEBECO cleanses, disinfects, preserves and purifies.

That which is necessary to human righteousness shares first place with air, water and food.

People of refinement recognize this and use PEBECO as surely as they breathe, drink and eat. It has become a necessity.

If your druggist is not Class A, send for a sample tube.

LEHN & FINK, 133 William Street, New York City



Gales - of - a - Wayside - Inn



ONCE there was a little girl with goldy hair and wide-awake eyes and far-hearing ears who went a-wandering with her father. Together they traveled up and down the English land to see the haunts of the great that were—and that are.

One twilight they stopped in a low-eaved dwelling, and the father told Little Wide-eyes that here was the famous Wayside Inn. He said that many men whose greatness belonged to the ages had told stories, and written them, and had drunk their ale in this quaint, old room * *

Content for a while, she looked about her—felt the rough walls with slender, childy fingers. Then, wrinkling a wise-wide forehead, she asked, "But, father dear, where is the way-side in? I find the walls so smooth."

At The Roycroft Inn, the walls are very

smooth with soft colors. Soft lights mingle with the firelight and tempt the wanderer to linger. A place to be alone in, yet never to be lone. A place where the quiet seems a part of the world outside, deep under the Winter snow.

Brides and grooms in search of kind friends who know them not, and in flight from those who know them well, will find The Inn a safe refuge and a happy retreat.

The Roycroft Farm is run in connection with The Inn, and our tables are provided with such butter and cream as you will remember from your childhood, if, haply, you grew up on a farm.

Our eggs and chickens and ducks that never kept company in cold storage add fame to The Roycroft table.

The Inn portfolio, which is done after the style of the Viennese by Dard Hunter, will be sent to any one on inquiry. Enclose ten cents in stamps for mailing.

Q The Inn is on the American plan. Send for rate-card.

The - Roycroft - Inn - East - Aurora - New - York



Learn How to Think!

The Sheldon School wants an opportunity to explain to you, **free of all cost**, how it is making thinkers out of men who before were mere plodders. Are you ready to hear the story?

The big prizes in the world of business, the **big positions**, the **big salaries**, are going to the men who can think ahead. "How to develop thinking ability" is a matter of training—training that you can acquire in

your spare time at home.

The Business-Building and Salesmanship Courses of **The Sheldon School** will easily put you in harmony with the fundamental laws which develop thinking men.

48,000 Sheldon Men Have Learned How

The Sheldon Book is one of the most interesting pieces of business literature ever prepared. It outlines the **Sheldon Idea** and explains how **Sheldon** has applied all the laws of mind-training to every-day business needs.

This book is mailed **Free** to ambitious men. It points out specific instances among more than **48,000 Sheldon** men who, without excep-

tion, have improved their ability to think through Sheldon teachings.

If you are seriously in earnest—write for **The Sheldon Book**, since you can do so without obligation or cost. This coupon brings it—mail it surely today.



The Sheldon School
1124 Republic Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

THE SHELDON SCHOOL, 1124 Republic Bldg., Chicago

Please send me **FREE** copy of **THE SHELDON BOOK** and full information regarding Sheldon Methods.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

Trust Company Bulletin.

SAFEGUARDING HUMANITY

¶ No man succeeds alone. A single man in a wilderness is lost and undone. Fifty men may make that wilderness a fit place for men in which to live, love, laugh and evolve.

¶ Together men approach the Ideal, but an isolated being dies at the top and given time may grow a ringtail.

¶ Society is the expression of the Herding Instinct, and this is the clutch for sanity and safety.

¶ Modern business is the important part of the social scheme which keeps the Herd together.

¶ Men work. They get a living and more, and Business arranges a place to keep that more for the days when men no longer have the power to earn * *

¶ The Individual who fails to take advantage of this economic plan is out of the game. He is putting himself on society's free list—an object of pity and shame.

¶ But the man who carries a Savings-Account is one of the saviors of society. He is helping humanity as well as himself.

¶ The Fidelity Title and Trust Company of Pittsburgh is an institution which will help you to help yourself.

¶ Bank with this Company by mail. Safe, sure and expert business Bankers—they will aid you in the right direction.

¶ On Regular Savings-Accounts at the Fidelity Title and Trust Company Four per cent interest is paid and compounded semi-annually. On Accounts subject to check at sight, and where the Balance warrants it, Two per cent per annum is paid. Certificates of deposit are issued and interest paid thereon.

Fidelity Title and Trust Company
341 and 343 Fourth Avenue, PITTSBURGH, PENNA.

HE said to himself, with little intuition of the popular taste, "She wouldn't be a bad heroine of Romance!" He said it derisively of the Romantic. But the right worshipful heroine of Romance was the front-face female picture he had won for his walls. Poor Diana was the flecked heroine of Reality: not always the same; not impeccable; not an ignorant-innocent, nor a guileless; good under good leading; devoted to the death in a grave crisis; often wrestling with her terrestrial nature

the most moderate possible indication of a countenance. Thousands of the excellent simple creatures do; and every reader of her tale. On the contrary, the heroine of Reality is that woman whom you have met or heard of once in your course of years, and very probably despised for bearing in her composition the motive principle; at best you say, a singular mixture of good and bad; anything but the feminine ideal of man. Feature to some excess, you think, distinguishes her. Yet she furnishes

nobly; a growing soul; but not one whose purity was carved in marble for the assurance to an Englishman that his possession of the changeless thing defies time and his fellows, is the pillar of his home and enviable universally. Your fair one of Romance can not suffer a mishap without a plotting villain, perchance many of them, to wreck the dread iniquity; she can not move without him; she is the marble block, and if she is to have a feature, he is the sculptor; she depends on him for life, and her human history at least is married to him far more than to the rescuing lover. No wonder then that men should find her thrice cherishable, featureless, or with

not any of the sweet sensual excitement pertaining to her spotless rival pursued by villainy. She knocks at the doors of the mind, and the mind must open to be interested in her. Mind and heart must be wide open to excuse her sheer descent from the pure ideal of man.—George Meredith, in "Diana of the Crossways."

THE darkest blot on our country today is the wrong done to its women by depriving them of a voice in their own government.

By this act Congress and the Legislatures nullify the promises of the Declaration of Independence and make a mockery of the Federal Constitution. They bar out from the electorate the qualities of which it stands most in need: temperance, morality, economy, conservatism, love of peace, devotion to domestic ideals. They retard the development of women by depriving them of the incentive to study public questions and make their influence felt in the government. It is a short-sighted policy and the nation suffers for it.

—Ida Husted Harper.

Self-conquest is the greatest of victories.—Plato.



"The Clear Track"

Two men a thousand miles apart talk to each other by telephone without leaving their desks.

Two wires of copper form the track over which the talk travels from point to point throughout a continent.

Moving along one railroad track at the same time are scores of trains carrying thousands of passengers. The telephone track must be

clear from end to end to carry the voice of one customer.

The Bell system has more than ten million miles of wire and reaches over five million telephones. This system is operated by a force of one hundred thousand people and makes seven billion connections a year—twenty million "clear tracks" a day for the local and long distance communication of the American people.

*The efficiency of the Bell system depends upon
"One System, One Policy, Universal Service."*

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

INDUSTRIAL organization and political activity constitute the two powerful arms of the labor movement. The man is free to use both his arms. The woman is fighting with one arm tied. Men are living under a democratic form of government. Women are living under an autocratic form of government. Men can shape the destiny of the nation by voicing their demands at the ballot-box and by electing their representatives. Women have no voice, no representation, no power.—Meta L. Stern.

SHALL WOMAN BE ADMITTED TO PARTNERSHIP?

WONDERS "THE FRA"
YES, SHE SHALL—

BUT in all these thousands of years Man has failed to impart to HER Sons and Daughters the commonsense knowledge of SELF.

Listen! A mother (and the perfect mother must ever be the highest aim of Suffragism and Evolution) writes to me: "Some years ago my daughter had typhoid fever and meningitis, which left her weak-minded. She is now in an Asylum. The doctors say the trouble is in the speech center. Before her sickness she was a very bright girl, and if she had kept well three months more would have graduated from the grammar school at thirteen."

But her daughter is a graduate of the Asylum instead! Poor, unfortunate mother! And yet she believes, with the doctors, that the trouble is in the speech center, when everybody should know that the trouble is largely in the commonsense centers of doctors, and of educators who are paid to know better!

FOOLS ARE NOT BORN! THEY ARE GRADUATED!

I am not knocking doctors and educators as individuals, but, the truth to tell, their Brain-laziness in all matters of Health has painfully retarded Evolution towards Autology's goal. Autologic Suffragism does not merely make woman a voter, but makes her the Educator, Doctor and, if you like, GOVERNOR of the home—in other words, the Perfect Mother. ¶ I presume that retarding of normal Evolution by doctors and educators made Elbert Hubbard exclaim: "Dr. Moras has written a Commonsense Book on Autology, and by so doing, placed the Standard of the Creed of Health farther to the front than any other man who has lived for a thousand years."

Well or Sick, You Need Autology. Autology is no theory, no fad, no creed. Autology is no experiment, either. That you may see and know for yourself, write for "Guide to Autology." It's free. Address,

E. R. MORAS, M. D., Dept. 810, Highland Park, Ill.

Harvard University Medical School, '88; College of Physicians and Surgeons (Chicago), '89. Formerly House Physician and Surgeon in Cook County Hospital (Chicago). Professor of Obstetrics, College of Physicians and Surgeons (Chicago), Member of Chicago Medical Society, etc.



thinking that she has n't the ability to comprehend the intricacies of trade. So here we get it: The world was discovered in Fourteen Hundred Ninety-two; man was discovered in Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six; woman was discovered in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six. Before Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six man was only a worm of the dust, and the tradition still lingers, fostered by those who believe in the divine ministry of fear.

Before the year Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six woman's existence was not even suspected. Doubtless a few men had their suspicions, but these persons were considered unsafe, erratic, strange and peculiar.

AS a schoolteacher, woman was not considered capable or acceptable until about Eighteen Hundred Sixty-eight, when war had made men scarce.

Woman's entrance into the business world is a very modern innovation. It all dates since the Civil War, and was really not accepted as a fact until Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six, the year the typewriter and telephone appeared.

¶ Even yet, the average man keeps his wife in total ignorance of his financial affairs,



In youth, when she was pink and twenty, she was a plaything; when she grew old and wrinkled she was a scullion and a drudge. All laws were made by men, and in some States a woman yet has only a second mortgage on her child. If she is a married woman all the money she earns belongs to her husband. Woman's right to have her political preferences recorded is still denied. Orthodox churches will not listen to her speak, and the logic of William Penn, "The Voice may come to a

woman exactly as to a man," is smiled at indulgently by preachers and priests. In English common law she is always a minor. ♣ She never grows up. ¶ It does not require much reasoning to see that as long as a woman is treated as a child the tendency is that she shall be one.—Fra Elbertus.

✱ **N** conferring the degree of Doctor of Letters upon Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who died a few weeks ago, in her ninety-second year, President Faunce, of Brown University, referred to her as author, philanthropist, mother, friend of the slave, the prisoner and all who suffer, this singer of the battle-hymn of freedom. ♣ For fifty years Mrs. Howe used her voice and wielded her pen for freedom, for the suppressed of all nations, for the blind and all unfortunate ones. She labored always for the equal suffrage of women and men. She was an earnest advocate of peace between nations, and was actively identified with every great philanthropic movement.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.—Emerson.

One Thousand Dollars (including \$250.00 First Prize for a letter of not more than two hundred words) will be paid for the best explanations of "The Reasons Why"

is the Largest Mail-Order Seed Trade in the World  

For particulars see page 173 of BURPEE'S NEW ANNUAL FOR 1911,—mailed free on application.



BURPEE BUILDINGS, PHILADELPHIA.—The Home of "SEEDS THAT GROW." The entrance to offices is now at number 485 North Fifth Street. ♣ The First BURPEE BUILDING (Seven Stories) was erected by us in 1898 upon the site occupied since 1882.

Burpee's New Annual for 1911

THE Thirty-Fifth Anniversary edition of this popular "SILENT SALESMAN" tells the plain truth about the BEST SEEDS THAT CAN BE GROWN,—as proved at our famous FORDHOOK FARMS,—the largest Trial Grounds in America. Handsomely bound with covers lithographed in nine colors, it also shows, painted from nature, on the six colored plates, leading specialties in unequaled Vegetables and most beautiful new Flowers. With illustrations from photographs and carefully written descriptions it is A SAFE GUIDE to success in the garden and should be consulted by every one who plants seeds. It is **Free** to all who are willing to pay a fair price for SEEDS OF THE BURPEE-QUALITY. Shall we mail you a copy? If so, kindly name this Magazine and write—**TO-DAY!**

W. Atlee Burpee & Co., Burpee Buildings, Philadelphia.

✱ **BELIEVE** in woman suffrage because I believe in justice. No one has the right to govern without the consent of the governed, except when the governed are idiots or criminals. Shall we class our mothers, our wives, our sisters and our daughters with these unfortunates? Indeed, woman suffrage needs no arguments; the burden of proof is all on the other side. All we need to ask is "Why not?" This is a government of the males, for the males, and by the males.—Rabbi M. M. Eichler.

ELEVEN SHORT STORIES BY ELBERT HUBBARD

Elbert Hubbard calls these short stories "The Mintage"—because they are. They represent the golden coinage of his mind.

Here are some word-etchings from this new book of fascinating fiction—some of which is not fiction:

(From *Five Babies*)

I did not know his name, but the sight of the man, carrying a child on each arm, their arms encircling his neck in perfect faith, their long journey done, and he turning them over in safety to their grandmother—was something to renew one's faith in humanity.

(From *Simeon Stylites, the Syrian*)

All day he sat there motionless.

The people watched in whispered silence.

Would he arise at sundown and pray? And as they watched, a vulture came sailing through the blue ether and circled nearer and nearer, and off on the horizon was another—and still another, circling nearer and ever nearer.

(From *Billy and the Book*)

"I say, Mister Judge, they sent my Brudder Billy away from school, they did. He's six, goin' on seven, an' I want that teacher 'rested and brought here so you can tell her to let Billy go to school. Here is our Family Bible—you can see for yourself how old Billy is!"

"THE MINTAGE" is beautifully printed on Italian handmade paper and bound "Miriam"—board sides covered with soft-toned handmade paper with designed-leather back.

The title-page and initials were drawn by Dard Hunter, and the frontispiece portrait of the author was made by Gaspard.

T W O D O L L A R S , P O S T P A I D

T H E R O Y C R O F T E R S

EAST AURORA, which is in ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK STATE

If you have health, you probably will be happy; and if you have health and happiness, you will have all the wealth you need, even if not all you want.

THE * HEALTH * HOTEL

By FRA ELBERTUS

The Hotel Rider that was, is now The Vanadium. Generally the advertisements read, "everything new but the name." The Rider, magnificent and beautiful as it was, is so much improved that even the name could not stay. ¶ This great modern hotel at Cambridge Springs, in the foothills of rugged Pennsylvania, is one of the few places which can be visited with equal pleasure and comfort at any time of the year. Perhaps this is why so many people include The Vanadium in the Winter travel list. The less favored places you visit when you can.

For "Adventures in Contentment," I recommend The Vanadium like my Little Journeys. The long Peristyle and the cheerful, cleanly interior possess a lure for me that syntax will not make you see and understand. This Little Journey you must make yourself, and not in the depths of a Morris chair either. The Vanadium and Cambridge Springs are only a night's ride on the Erie from New York and Chicago, and but four hours from Cleveland, Buffalo and Pittsburgh.

This is the most accessible health, recreation and rest resort in America. Nature's medicinal waters for the inner and outer man mean health. The baths are superb and the gymnasium is equipped to develop Muldoons. Sit amidst the quiet elegance of the new lobby before one of the big fireplaces with its crackling logs, and submerge the cares and routine of the tense life in the congenial company of people and books.

Health is the most natural thing in the world, but sometimes we need a place to induce it.

The Vanadium was remodeled for one purpose only: to induce health as promptly, as pleasantly and as permanently as possible. Start now.

BOOKLET C GRATIS

THE VANADIUM HOTEL, Cambridge Springs, Pa.

GEORGE W. AVERY, Manager

Formerly Hotel Astor, New York

The "Ex-Libris" Collector

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard



LIFE in this world is a collecting, and all the men and women in it are collectors. The best and most educational form is bookplate collecting. The psychic basis of collecting is human sympathy. You collect because some one you admire collects, although I do not ask you to confess this before men. You exchange plates and at the same time you make an exchange of courtesy, kindness and mutual good will.

Having the bookplate of a collector you are pledged to that man by a tie which is very gentle, yet very strong. He does not dictate to you, nor rob you of your time, nor intrude his personality upon you, but from out of the unseen now and again comes a cheery message (and a bookplate), and of course you send back good cheer and kindly greetings (and a bookplate, for some one has sent you duplicates).

And thus the circle grows until all round the world you count your friends and brothers, which binds men who love the same things and are engaged in like pursuits. Then beyond this you are linked to the past by the plates you own of men now dust, and you know, too, all the men who have wrought and traced in lines of beauty, and thought and felt and suffered and enjoyed.

You do not say that Holbein and Hogarth were: you say they are, for you have their work—they are immortal. And so you confuse the dead and the living in one fairy company, and although you detect varying degrees of excellence, for none do you hold contempt, of none are you jealous—none do you envy.

It is not at all necessary to meet collectors face to face in order to hold sweet converse. By their plates ye shall know them.

Possess a bookplate if you wish to possess your books. If you do not have a bookplate of your own, or have one that is not representative of you and your books, consult Dempsey and Carroll, the only firm in the United States exclusively devoted to the production of high-grade stationery, social forms and bookplates. Their varied experience in designing and engraving, and their knowledge of heraldic insignia make them pre-eminent in this work. They will gladly supply you any information on this subject by mail, or in person if you call at their store. And consult them now!

DEMPSEY & CARROLL, NEW YORK CITY
TWENTY-TWO WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET

visited." Love is presumably the visitor. Of the greater loneliness of women she says: "It is due to the prescribed circumscription of their minds, of which they become aware in agitation. Were the walls about them beaten down, they would understand that solitariness is a common human fate and the one chance for growth, like space for timber." ¶ As to the sensations of women after the beating down of the walls, she owns that the multitude of the timorous would yearn in shivering affright for the old prison-nest, according to the sage prognostic of men; but the flying of a valiant few would form a vanguard. And we are informed that the begin-

WHAT a woman thinks of women is the test of her nature. She saw their existing posture clearly, yet believed, as men disincline to do, that they grow. She says that "in their judgment upon women men are females, voices of the present (sexual) dilemma." They desire to have "a still woman, who can make a constant society of her pins and needles." They create by stoppage a volcano, and are amazed at its eruptiveness. "We live alone and do not much feel it till we are

ning of a motive life for women must be in the head, equally with men (by no means a truism when she wrote). Also that "men do not so much fear to lose the hearts of thoughtful women as their strict attention to their graces." The present market is what men are for preserving: an observation of still reverberating force. Generally in her character of the feminine combatant there is a turn of phrase, like a dimple near the lips, showing her knowledge that she was uttering but a tart

measure of the truth. She had always too much lambent humor to be the dupe of the passion wherewith, as she says, "We lash ourselves into the persuasive speech distinguishing us from animals."
—George Meredith.

A SENSE of humor would have warned her that a person of my sort would have an aversion to liveries of every kind, to any costume that stamps a man as one of a class. I am perhaps foolishly jealous of my own individuality. But I can not help it. A king in his robes, a general in his uniform—except in battle, where it's as necessary and as useful as night-shirt or pajamas in bed—any sort of livery seems

pitiful and contemptible to me. I will wear the distinguishing dress of the human race and the male sex, but farther than that classification I will not move.—David Graham Phillips, in "The Husband's Story."

★ FEEL sure that no one who understands the aims and aspirations of our women, or who realizes the part they have taken in promoting the welfare of the Dominion, but will agree with me that votes for women has

been an unqualified success in New Zealand. Our infant mortality is only seventy-five per thousand against one hundred thirty-eight per thousand in Britain.

—Lady Stout, of New Zealand.

★ IN New Zealand the men would not allow the women to give up the vote, even if the latter desired to do so, as such action would permit the floating nomadic to menace the stationary home vote.—Robert McNabb.

WELL-ARRANGED TIME



HAT pithy philosopher, Pitman, says, "Well-arranged time is the surest mark of a well-arranged mind."

Solomon, the first maker of orphics, rid himself of this one: "There is a time to be born and a time to die."

But it seems to us that the big problem is the proper arrangement of the interval between these two times of infinite importance.

Pitman is right—or nearly so!

One of the best aids to mental order is the Ingersoll-Trenton Watch.

Here is a timekeeper that is guaranteed accurate, stands rigorous tests, and sells at a low price.

The man who carries an Ingersoll-Trenton is an appointment-keeper, a train-catcher and a leisurely luncher. He has time for personal comfort, because his hours are well arranged with the help of a perfect timekeeper.

A Good Investment is the

Ingersoll-Trenton

7 and 15 Jewel Models

\$5 to \$15

The \$5 has 7 jewels and is in a solid nickel case. The \$15 watch has 15 jewels and is in a 25-year guaranteed gold-filled case of the highest quality. Equally accurate models in a variety of cases at \$7, \$8, \$9, \$10 and \$12.

Send for a copy of our booklet, "How to Judge a Watch," and get a liberal education on the subject of Watchmaking.

Ingersoll-Trenton jewelers make themselves known by a tray of I-T watches displayed in their windows.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 99 Frankel Bldg., New York

A Bargain De Luxe!



THE FRA is Two Dollars a year, and with it we give a Roycroft Book gratis. Just now we are offering as a premium, "Manhattan and Henry Hudson," by J. I. C. Clarke and Elbert Hubbard.

Read what the Lexington "Herald" says of this book:

"The dignified stone shops situated at East Aurora, New York, have sent many beautiful things abroad in the land. This volume is done in dull-colored boards, rough paper and the bold Roycroft print that is in itself a deep satisfaction. The time Mr. Hubbard spent in learning 'what's what' in printing and publishing was certainly not wasted. The poem 'Manhattan' is strong and effective ❖ ❖

"'Henry Hudson,' by Hubbard, is a sketch of Hendrik and the brave Half-Moon; done with the 'freehand effect' of which Mr. Hubbard is master. One interesting statement, thrown in as it were for good measure, is that the English names beginning with 'H' are from the Dutch—coming in with the Norse; there being no Saxon 'H.' 'Interesting if true.'

"Another subject that is always of deepest interest is the fact which Mr. Hubbard points out (as historians have frequently done) with succinctness and force—that the persecution of the Jews has always been followed by the downfall, or certainly the loss of power, of the nation refusing to accept and persecuting the 'Chosen People.' It may seem a far cry from Henry Hudson, but it really isn't. History is a good deal like a jigsaw puzzle: all the links fit in some way or other. It is this taking the subject by the large that makes Fra Elbertus' sketches so interesting."

JUST SIGN, REMIT AND MAIL

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

Friends:

Send along the "Manhattan and Henry Hudson" Book, also THE FRA Magazine for One Year. I enclose Two Dollars to Pay for my Subscription.

Name _____

Address _____

A Mark of Distinction

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard



HE crescent was employed as an ornament on the shoes of Romans of exalted rank.

The American of rank is the good citizen who has keen discrimination and the ability to produce and possess the best.

The name COWARD on a shoe is eloquent. It speaks well for the maker and for the wearer.

James S. Coward makes good shoes for good Americans.

Coward shoes are always in the mode, because they fit the human foot. The latest fashion note says nothing of new creations in feet.

¶ The experiments of the Chinese and of the makers of freak shoes have failed. Babies come into the world with perfect feet. And all the journey through they can be kept so by the use of Coward shoes * *

James S. Coward makes shoes for men, women and children which, in wear, fit and looks, prove the superior ability of their maker.

Mr. Coward has only his New York store, but he will fill your mail-orders as carefully as if you called in person.

Write to the Master Shoemaker, today, about your shoe wants, and ask for the booklet which describes the Coward line.

Some Coward "Special" Shoes

The Coward Good-Sense Shoe (made especially for tender feet)

The Coward Straight-Last Shoe (for slim, straight, slender feet)

The Coward Bunion Shoe

The Coward Arch-Support Shoe

The Coward Combination Shoe

The Coward Orthopedic Shoe

JAMES S. COWARD, 264-274 Greenwich St., New York

(Sold Nowhere Else)

MAIL ORDERS FILLED. SEND FOR BOOKLET



L-97



L-99

Ooze-Leather Skins and Pillows

These skins for table-covers and spreads are especially adapted for libraries and dens.

Pillows and skins of the same color tone make a pleasing harmony in room decoration.

L-97 is a whole-skin pillow, twenty by twenty inches, in all colors.

Price - - Five Dollars

L-99 is a plain skin pillow, with laced edges, twenty by twenty inches.

Price - - Six Dollars

L-107 Velvet-finish sheepskins in all colors.

Each - - Two Dollars

Goatskins, all colors.

Each - - Three Dollars

Very fine quality calfskins, selected colors.

Each - - Four Dollars

L-107



These skins and pillows are discreetly marked with The Roycroft emblem.

They are the best value that can be purchased, as we use only the finest selected calf and sheep skins.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

The National Sportsman

Is a monthly magazine for lovers of Sport with Rod, Dog, Rifle and Gun

It treats of the things you love best—field, wood, stream, song of reel, crack of rifle, and the joyful, restful things of true camp life. It is the great Stop Worry magazine of America, lures you away from the grind of work, puts new life in you and shows you the happiness of the Great Right Way. To read the National Sportsman is to live all the year in the glorious open—twelve delightful trips of fishing, hunting, camping, tramping, in pleasant companionship with the blazers of the way. Among our big brotherhood bunch of over one hundred thousand subscribers, the National Sportsman is fondly known as "Head Camp"—just like a big camp in the woods where good fellows gather around the fire smoking their pipes and spinning stirring tales. Fortunate is he who can break away for a brief outing each year, but the contents of the National Sportsman each month will keep your heart warm and red blood a-sizzling All the Time. Come, brother, draw up around the fire, light up and enjoy yourself. Join our bunch now by sending us a dollar for a year's subscription by return mail. The invite is up to you. Our fellows are waiting for you.

DO YOU KNOW?

ARE YOU IN DOUBT?

The National Sportsman Will Help You

With its 160 pages a month, crammed full of stories of outdoor sport and adventure, actual experiences of true sportsmen, and abundantly illustrated with pictures from life, each issue of the National Sportsman is a complete library of practical information—nearly two thousand pages a year! Through its pages thousands of fishermen, hunters, campers, canoeists have learned where and how to secure the best of sport and the kind of equipment necessary. Besides, each subscriber has free use of our Information Bureau, which will furnish upon request any sort of particular information he may desire. Any time you wish to know How, When and Where to go with full particulars as to outfit needed, the National Sportsman will gladly furnish the information you need entirely Free of Charge and with no obligation whatever on your part.

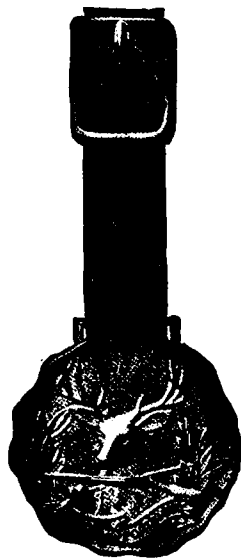
THE NATIONAL SPORTSMAN—THE SPORTSMAN'S BIBLE
Teaches the True Gospel of the Glorious Open

Instructs by most attractive means of story and picture how to avoid failures by studying the most successful methods of experienced sportsmen. Contents each month are a live and up-to-date commentary on all matters pertaining to Fishing, Hunting, Camping—when and where to go, selection and care of outfits; briefly, a thousand subjects of interest to sportsmen constantly undergoing rapid fire of intelligent discussion in every issue. It is brim full of rich stuff for red blood—the sort you will sit up to read if it takes all night to do it. It is the best literature in the world for man or boy, for it teaches you how to get the most out of life—The Great Right Way. Subscription Price, \$1.00 a Year.

SPECIAL OFFER

Send us \$1.00, on receipt of which we will enter your name on our subscription list for one year, and send you by return mail one of our heavily burnished Ormolu Gold Watch Fobs (regular price 50 cents) as shown, with russet leather strap and gold-plated buckle. This fob answers the same purpose among sportsmen that a Masonic, Odd Fellow, Elk, or college emblem does in those fraternal orders. It serves as an easy and agreeable introduction among our readers and friends, which is the greatest outdoors sport fraternity in the world, one hundred thousand strong. When you see a man wearing one of these fobs, you will know he is going your way, hail fellow well met. It's All Yours For \$1.00.

FILL IN ATTACHED COUPON AND MAIL TODAY



NATIONAL SPORTSMAN, 50 Federal St., Boston, Mass.


Enclosed find \$1.00 for a year's subscription to the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN, and a Watch Fob.

Name.....

Address.....

The Roycroft Fraternity

The Story of Junta Fifteen

 UT in Nebraska there is a ranch that stretches prairie-wide from sunrise to sunset. A live woman lives on that ranch. She thinks, and works, and is a mother. One day she wrote the Frater-in-charge that on the Second of February, Nineteen Hundred Ten, there had been organized, at Watson's Ranch, a chapter of The Roycroft Fraternity, called "The Solitaire." She was sole member, president, vice-president and secretary. Here is a bit of the letter:

"I have tried faithfully to find the other two members to bring them into the fold. I have failed. The Boss says he's too busy. The schoolteacher says she can't afford THE FRA because she is to be married in the Spring and needs all her money for her trousseau. The town is four miles away; the roads almost impassable. The weather is too bitter cold to make it safe to take the littlest babies so far, or to make any of the townspeople willing to come here. No other people will come to me—I can go to no other people.

"I will study faithfully. I have an hour or two at night, sometimes, to myself, and I can snatch two fifteen-minutes a day. That will make, usually, an hour a day to read, look up references and take notes.

"I'm not a freak. Tucked in lonely nooks and crannies all over these United States are hundreds of women like me, overburdened with household duties, held fast at home by precious baby hands. Women who are starving for just the things you are offering—to the people in towns and cities—women who pray each night for something to lift them out of themselves and their narrow lives, until, rather than face the madhouse, they let the live brains of them grow numb and wither, and life becomes a mockery of Life. Are you going to shut us out?"

A "The Solitaire" is Junta Fifteen. A Two or three gathered together are not more blessed than one, but it is the interchange of thought that gives zest for life. A You can get it through THE FRA Magazine. A Answer the questions, and compare answers with the three or four who understand. Then send them in and we will correct and mail them back to you. A No one can educate you but yourself. Here is your opportunity. Write today for membership in The Roycroft Fraternity.

Address FRA ELBERTUS, East Aurora, New York

VALUES AND VELVET

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard



TAKE care to be an economist in prosperity. There is no fear of your not being one in adversity. ¶ An economist is not a man who economizes, mind you! He is the one who uses his skypiece in managing his affairs while enjoying the good things of life. The economist does not say, "I deny myself this," but "I'll have the things I need and enjoy, and pay what they are worth." He cultivates a sense of order, forethought, and broadens his mental kinetoscope.

Another thing: Economist is not strictly male gender. The housewife who plans wisely is the real economist at the last. The woman who sees that the goods she buys contain the Hamilton Plan Certificates and Coupons is practising the right kind of economics. She is getting the best value for a reasonable price while adding to her store of good things. ¶ The finest food-products and domestic supplies are sold under the Hamilton Plan quality guarantee. Any manufacturer who has a product good enough to pass the Hamilton Plan test should secure the privilege of placing Hamilton Plan Certificates, Coupons and Bonds in his packages, to get a market with retailers worth while. And retailers find that by advancing the sales of Hamilton Plan goods they gain the confidence and gratitude of their patrons.

The list of goods containing the Hamilton Plan Certificates, Coupons and Bonds is the "Blue Book" of the manufacturing world.

The premiums given to retailers and consumers are of extra quality in every respect.

Americanese is a more expressive language than English. So when I say the goods are Values and the premiums Velvet, you understand.

Buy only Hamilton Plan goods. Information gladly supplied on request. Guaranteed resources—One Million Dollars.

THE HAMILTON CORPORATION

Twenty-Nine and Thirty-Five West Thirty-Second Street, New York City



THE ROYCROFT COPPER-SHOP

THIS building is made from field-stones—the stones the builders rejected. The roof is red tile. We planted the ivy, but God made it grow. Here some of our skilled boys and girls pound out unique objects of art, showing the loving marks of the hammer. Indestructible, beautiful, peculiar, individual—the true expression of man's joy in his work

FERNERY



Hammered Copper with German Silver Trimmings,
for 6-inch Fern-Pan. \$12.00

This Fernery with delicate, low-growing ferns will give a fairy touch to your dining-table

With Ferns, Primroses, Azaleas, Hyacinths and Poinsettias, this Jardiniere is a joy. It gives their loveliness a sturdy setting

JARDINIERE



Hammered Copper with German Silver Trimmings,
for 6-inch Pots. \$15.00

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

Big Ben



LIFE-SIZE

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, was named after a man who was always up early in the morning. The men who see the dawn before the rest of the world are the men whose names go ringing down the centuries.

Robert Cavalier, Sieur de La Salle, never suffered from insomnia, because he was always on the march toward the Golden West before 6 A. M.

And here at La Salle, the Western Clock

Manufacturing Company are making a sleepmeter which every morning, America over, awakens men who have the energy and spirit of La Salle.

Big Ben, Nation-Waker, is the best Alarm-Clock made. His works are in a massive, dust-proof, triple-plated case. His suspension-points are reinforced, and his keys are large and easy-winding. His face is cheery and his voice musical.

Big Ben is sold by jewelers everywhere, but if you do not find him, write to the Western Clock Manufacturing Company, La Salle, Illinois, for information.

\$2.50

Sold by Jewelers Only

Three Dollars in Canada

A Friend To Your Face



HE man who shaves himself is free—or partially so. But think not, kind Sir, when you have given the tonsorialist the fond farewell so far as shaving is concerned, that your troubles are o'er—not by several versts.

When the man buys his new razor he is apt to think that the subsequent shaving operation is simple, and so it is if he Knows How.

The average amateur buys the kind of razor that makes the strongest appeal to him in its advertising, and he gets a soap recommended the same way, but for a brush he thinks Any Old Thing will do—and generally he gets it.

Mixing lather seems so simple as seen by the layman in the barber's chair, lazily watching the man as he deftly does his work. But Mr. Amateur pours in about three times as much water as is necessary, and commences to slosh. He gives it that free-arm movement affected by the cook when she stirs a cake, and in less than a minute his shaving-mug looks like a picture of Niagara Falls in the Winter. Like Old Faithful Geyser, the foam leaps upward and over the sides—he has enough raw material to whitewash a fence. On the other hand, if he be too conservative and does n't use moisture enough, why, he bears so hard upon the brush that it spreads till the bristles flare and it has the shape of a miniature umbrella turned wrongside out.

Such is the fate of the Average Man who would shave himself.

"And is there no remedy?" query those who are Curious to Know.

Indeed there is. We've just been leading up to it. The remedy is the Fesler Fountain Shaving Brush.

In the handle of this brush is a glass reservoir filled with shaving-cream. A turn of the cap at the bottom forces this cream into the brush—and there you are!

From a sanitary standpoint the Fesler Fountain Shaving Brush has all others distanced so far that when once seen and used, the particular shaver will never go back to the old uncomfortable way.

Its compactibility makes it most desirable for the traveler. Instead of half a dozen shaving appurtenances you have but two—your razor and the Fesler Fountain Shaving Brush.

Even a good shaving-brush will soon lose its shape and usefulness when employed every day to coax lather out of a hard cake of soap. If your brush is a good one there is no need of using the fingers to soften the beard, but if the brush's life is worn out by continual gyrations in a shaving-mug, what can a man do? Answer: throw it away and buy the Fesler Fountain Shaving Brush. Be a friend to your face.

Placing shaving-cream upon an ordinary brush is awkward, wasteful and unnecessary—now. In the Fesler Fountain Shaving Brush the shaving-cream comes up from the bottom into the center of the bristle. It is distributed evenly, thoroughly and as needed, allowing the brush to perform its proper function of lathering the face and softening the beard. With the Fesler Fountain Shaving Brush your daily shave is a period of comfort and cleanliness—note that, cleanliness—no spattering deluge of superfluous lather.

Maybe you do not shave yourself. Perhaps you have ensconced in tonsorial archives a beautiful cup with a secret-order emblem or your monogram thereon. Peradventure it may be a present from Her. Love it, but don't use it. The Better Day is here. Get a telescope Fesler Fountain Shaving Brush and leave it at the shop. When you go away on a trip, take it with you. You'll have a Strange Barber, but the familiar brush and cream.

¶ The prices range from \$1.50 for the nickel finish with white bristle to \$10 for the Very Ornate gold finish with silver-tip badger bristle. Why would n't it be a good idea to send for illustrations, then you can select the style that appeals to your discriminating taste?

THE FESLER SALES COMPANY

Two Fifty-Six West Twenty-Third Street, New York City, in the U. S. A.

THE \$50,000 SUSPENDER

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard



Is it known that a suspender is only as strong as its weakest part.

Did you get that, Percival?

And now, having sloughed this great fundamental truth, it is meet that some explanation should be forthcoming as to the relevancy of this remark. A man does n't wear suspenders for ornamentation, or because he is a slave to fashion's stern decree. No indeed; he wears 'em because he needs 'em.

It is not considered *recherche* to appear in public with these useful articles exposed to view, therefore it really matters little whether they are worked in silk floss or not. But they must be reliable—dependable.

Far be it from me to disparage the belt as a mode of anchoring the trousers, but I consider the suspender method the best—and safest.

The Kady Suspenders, manufactured by the Ohio Suspender Company, are a revelation to the man who desires to adjust his suspenders and then forget all about them. The Kady Suspender is made for the particular man, the methodical man, the economical man—for every man. Like all good suspenders, the webbing is of a quality that leaves nothing to be desired, but the real feature of superiority in the Kady is the Double Crowned Roller. There, the secret's out!

This patented innovation belongs exclusively to the Kady, and although referred to as a fifty-thousand-dollar feature, the patent is not for sale at that price—not exactly.

Class B suspenders are the kind that some clothiers hand out when you buy a suit, and you felicitate yourself upon the supposition that you are getting something for nothing. As if we could ever get anything for nothing! These kinds of suspenders at first possess the resiliency of a hickory barrel-hoop, and then quickly go to the other extreme, and become as limp as the proverbial dishrag. The loops pull out, the near-leather center-piece in the back peels off in tissue-like layers, and the webbing wrinkles like a mummy's forehead. Then you give the wreck to the little boy around the corner and invest in Class A Suspenders—the Kady.

The Double Crowned Roller of the Kady allows the strappings to move freely and easily without friction. As Shakespeare says, "Aye, there's the rub." In the ordinary suspender the loops or flat rollers quickly wear out the strappings by fraying the sides; the weakest part gives out and the suspender is one of the things that were.

The inventor of the Kady spent many years in studying the construction of the suspender, seeking to eliminate the faults of its weakest part, with the result that the Kady is strongest where the wear comes. And withal they are comfortable, whether you lie down, stand up, bow, bend, wobble or weave, for the Kady adjusts itself to every movement of the wearer.

A man does n't want to be buying suspenders Every Little While, and the best way to avoid being bothered with these annoying duties is to ask the dealer for the Kady Suspender, and to insist upon getting this kind. There are suspenders and suspenders, but there is only one kind with the Double Crowned Roller. They outlast any other make, for reasons hereinbefore stated.

Like all good things, the Kady has a host of imitators camping on its trail, but the Ohio Suspender Company smiles and smiles, and makes more suspenders, for eventually the discriminating buyer gravitates to the Double Crowned Roller kind and there he stops, a lifetime user of the Kady.

Verily, the "just-as-goods" have their uses. They show the difference between.

"And where," you may ask, "can the Kady be found?"

There are about twenty thousand dealers who can satisfactorily answer this question. Just step into the nearest haberdashery and say, "Kady." If the dealer does n't understand, say, "The Double Crowned Roller style." If he still fails to comprehend, write to the manufacturers, giving this dealer's real name, and they'll put him wise.

THE OHIO SUSPENDER COMPANY
MANSFIELD, IN THE STATE OF OHIO, U. S. A.

The Commercial Bulletin

MEMBERS OF ROOT NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION

Bernard Meador

NORTHWESTERN CORRESPONDENT

Minneapolis, Minn.

Nov. 22, 1910

Mr. James Wallen,
Secretary to Elbert Hubbard,
East Aurora, N. Y.

Dear Friend:

Today your chief delivered a lecture before the Minneapolis Publicity Club on the "Religion of Business." For three-quarters of an hour, over five hundred businessmen laughed and thought as one. Hubbard expressed the ideas of each listener's better self. Businessmen understand him when he talks business, because he is a businessman.

Elbert Hubbard in my opinion enjoys the respect of more thinking men and women than any other writer who has ever lived. Men and Women who have brains that think, understand Hubbard because he expresses their opinions better than they can.

Fra Elbertus does not waste words: life is too short to explain. He seems to be experimenting--pursuing the truth across the map of life. This was my impression of Elbert Hubbard when I read his advertisements in THE FRA. Now that I have seen him and heard him talk, I have not changed my mind.

Sincerely,

Bernard Meador

honorable in money matters than the male of the genus homo. Women cashiers do not play the races, harken to the seductive ticker nor cultivate the poker face. There may be women who puff cigarettes, but they are not the self-supporting women--the women who work and pay their way. The boozing women are those who subsist on the bounty of male man, advertising his prowess in conspicuous waste and conspicuous leisure. Idle women are no better than idle men.

Good women, women who work, keep out of the smart set--those savages in silk who give parties to dogs and dinners to monkeys, where wordy and bitter quarrels occur over questions

of precedence between a mosquito and a flea.
—Fra Elbertus.

A REALTY OPPORTUNITY

ITHIA SPRINGS PARK, the famous Chautauqua Assembly Grounds, will soon be sold. ¶ "Here is a chance for investors, where, happily, one can buy profitable real estate and serve a good cause at the same time." So says Dr. Jenkin L.L. Jones (in "Unity" of Chicago, November 10, 1910), and he knows whereof he testifies. In this he represents scores of wide-awake people.

JASPER L. DOUTHIT SHELBYVILLE, ILLINOIS

THE success of the Bon Marche in Paris and the Boston Store in Chicago proves what the so-called weaker sex can accomplish when her head is not in a compress and her hands tied.

Man's boldness and woman's caution make an admirable combination. And in spite of that malicious generalization, pictured in print and in fable, about woman's enterprise being limited to exploiting the trousers of peacefully sleeping man, I believe that women are more

MRS. JENNIE MURRIN, of Freeland, Pennsylvania, was recently elected to the office of Borough Treasurer by a unanimous vote of the Borough Council. The new Borough Treasurer is the widow of a Councilman who was a candidate for the office at the time of his death. She is the first woman to hold the office.

American husbands have the reputation of being the most docile and the worst hen-pecked men in the world. All foreigners say so, and our women believe it. In fact, nothing could be further from the truth. The docility of American husbands is the good nature of indifference. A friend of mine has the habit of saying that his most valued and most valuable possession is his long list of things he cares not a rap about. It is a typically American and luminous remark. The men of other nations agitate over trifles, love to have the sense of being master at home—usually their one and only chance for a free swing at the joyous feeling of being boss.

The American man, absorbed in his important work at office or factory, and not caring especially about anything else, lets thieving politicians rule in public affairs, lets foolish, incompetent women rule in domestic affairs. He has a half-conscious philosophy that he is shrewd enough, if he attends to his business, to make money faster than they can take it away from him, and that, if he does not attend to his business only, he will have nothing either for thieving politician and spend-

With your Orchard, Correct Pruning is one of the Vital Things upon which its Success depends. Correct Pruning means Elimination for Stimulation. Skilled Men do it best. Now is the time of year to give your Orchard every possible attention.



*Have your Pruning—Filling of Cavities—
—Spraying for Scale—DONE NOW!*

In 1909, a practically non-bearing orchard; in 1910, a big crop of prize winners—that is what resulted from our care of J. B. Harriman's orchard at Mt. Kisco, New York. 150 barrels of culls in 1907—700 barrels of highest class fruit in 1908—is another phenomenal record produced by our Orchard Men, near Boston. (Name of orchard on application.)

Send for one of our Inspectors and find out for a certainty just what treatment your orchard needs to put it in top notch producing condition. Let us mail you our Booklet—*Trees: The Care They Should Have*. In it are the particulars, and among many others a picture of that Boston Orchard.

MUNSON-WHITAKER COMPANY, Commercial & Landscape Foresters
BOSTON: 625 Tremont Building NEW YORK: 825 Fourth Ave. Building. CHICAGO: 305 Monadnock Building.



NATURE'S AID

WHEN men and women lived in the open and did their work by the light of the sun, they had good eyes.

As civilization progressed, we worked more and more by artificial light. Now the delicate optical nerves and muscles serve longer hours than Nature planned for. Indoors and into the dark hours we toil. Women especially are victims of this trial on the eyes. Shur-on eyeglasses are Nature's aid, for they hold your lenses true.

¶ This assures efficient eye service.

They are simple in construction, easy to adjust and stay adjusted. Shur-on Eyeglasses are graceful, convenient and handy.

Forty-six years of conscious, constant development have given the mechanical perfection of the Shur-on.

There are styles for every need. If your dealer can not supply your particular want, write to

E. KIRSTEIN SONS COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

(Established 1864) Exclusive Manufacturers of Shur-on Goods

thrift wife or for himself. If you wish to discover how little there is in the notion of his docility, meddle with something he really cares about. Many a political rascal, many a shiftless wife, has done it and has gotten a highly disagreeable surprise.—David Graham Phillips.

✱ It is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking where it is your duty.—Addison.

An Unpublished Letter of Lord Byron

MY DEAR GIRL:—

BACK of us lies a pleasant land, a country wherein you and I disported ourselves together in untrammelled freedom and unheeding joyousness, and for a time forgot that, certainly, sooner or later, the Commonplace would inevitably encroach upon our domain. That time has come,—we are at the parting of the ways, and this letter is my kindly farewell to you. In it, I shall write as if all the world could read, while, in very truth, the letter must be destroyed lest a fear-and-hate-encompassed people should happen on it, and thereupon brand you with their unreasonable and uncharitable stigma. ¶ The reason why you meant so much to me is, that of those I have known, you are the one above all others, who always, and under every circumstance, played the game as though every pawn were a kindling brilliant. You knew no weariness;—in your philosophy there was only the Now. You and I held always that each was necessary to the other's happiness, and yet, the fact that you must have known that our paths divided just ahead, occasioned you never a moment's depression. You may forget; your vows of constancy, if they ever recur to you at all, may provoke but your tolerant smile; but, by the gods, the fire of laughing, reckless Youth still runs riot in your veins, and I shall ever remember that when the Past was yours and mine together, there was never a moment when Life, for you, was not a thing to be appreciated with the keenest zest, to be enjoyed with the utmost abandon, and to be remembered without a regret. Herein, were you incomparable. I have known man, men and women, but of them all, you got the most out of the chances that were yours. All others who have assisted me in decking with garlands of abandon the hours of recreation, have had some compunctions aroused by either fear or conscience. You had none;—I know them not, and so, between us, we made the world seem bright.

I am an idealist, a dreamer. Fancy carries me to a land where the eye grows never dim, where the ear is ever clearly attuned, where the step is buoyant, where is nothing that any one fears; but Life has shown me a world in which Death is inevitably the ruler; a world, the light of which lessens with every day that passes; a world wherein Fear compels us to a conformity and conventional poses, and in which the warm, uncalculating love of Youth fades into the callousness and coldness, and disinterest of Age. ¶ You say I am moody, to-night. No, my dear, I am only truthful. In the cheery, jolly days of a few years ago, I had but to beckon my friends and they would gather with acclaim, and sit down and hold revel while the red wine ran, and the flowing bowl was drained again and again. Mirth was King. His courtiers were madcap revelers, and they were a loyal crew. Hebe was their Divinity; but Time, Time the Tomb-builder, poured the waters of Lethe in their cups, and it corroded their veins and thinned their blood; and their erstwhile joyous laughter became transformed to a discordant cackle, and their mirth changed to mocking. They say, and they believe when they say it, that Wine is an enemy; that Women are wicked; and that Life is a vanity of vanities. Blame them not, for they are old; but grieve with them that the fires of exuberant Youth do not always burn. Life is a servitude. The rulers of the world are slaves. To rule, they must labor, and the labor crushes them with its inertia, and the garlands they win do but deck tombs, and that, so long only as the daylight lingers. Such garlands dissolve in the shadows of the first night, and the mists of morning fall on the bare graves that they for the moment adorned.

Our only friend is Memory. Her eye brims with understanding; her voice is caressing and tender; her touch is magnetic with sympathy. Today, Youth lures us to go; tomorrow, Age will command us to stay, and then will Memory be my sweet-voiced guest, and she will sit by my side, and look into my dimming eyes, and sing the songs of Yesterday. She will dwell on the glory of morning; she will recall the friends who joined with me in ready homage to King Mirth; she will speak of Hebe; and then will come your name, my royal, clear-eyed, straight-limbed Sweetheart; and at last will I know that Old Age is not too heavy a burden to carry in payment of having once been young. Doubt will whisper, "She was fickle, inconstant; she never really cared for you"; but the Ghost of Youth will fit across the strings of the heart, and that will pulsate, "She was young; she was beautiful; her kisses were endearing; her embrace was full of fire and passion and life; the response of her body was complete in its amorous abandon; and if she changed or forgot, we all change and forget; but while the glamour lasted, its spell was transmuting, and that for which the Universe was created, was our unstinted portion."

And when Time has taken me so far that even Memory's voice can no longer awaken the heart to answer, then will it suffice to record of me, "This Man Lived." And as you and I wander through Life after Life in unlimited series, perchance we will meet, and like a rush of fern scents wafted from years long past, will come again Memory, and you and I, though we know not why, will be glad; and it will be because we laughed and sang together, long before, and gave small heed to the droning world, which, had it known our hearts, would have used our names to adorn the moral of one of its degenerate tales.

And so, Farewell, and Farewell.

—BYRON

TO AMERICAN BUSINESS MEN



I AM an Englishman, born 1876 in Walthamstow, Essex. I am the son of a solicitor who intended to make a clergyman of me, but died when I was twelve and left me with nothing but a sound constitution and the strain of a long line of Englishmen who were always busy. Through no fault of my own I was taken to America, and am glad of it. Spent fifteen years getting experience in the best organizations of selling and advertising brains in that country. Came back to England four years ago, and went to work for W. H. Smith & Son at £5 a week to get some more experience. In ten weeks I was Manager of their Advertising Agency at £16 a week. Left them for a bigger opportunity.

¶ I Opened my business in Norfolk Street a year and a half ago, and now make enough money that I can care more about my reputation than my pocket. But I would like to help to do your advertising in England.

¶ I invite correspondence with the Turog Brown Flour Co., Cardiff, millers of "Turog" Flour and advertisers of "Turog" Bread, who believe in me, and will tell you why; Marshall & Snelgrove, London, who find that my knowledge of advertising to women—helps sales; W. Sandorides & Co., Ltd., 5 Old Bond Street, London, the sales of their "Lucana" Cigarettes I have helped to place second to none in England (three years ago their brand was unknown); Moore & Moore, Piano Manufacturers, London, who follow my advice; Mr. Stewart Dawson (of Stewart Dawson & Co., the Treasure House, Hatton Garden, London), who will tell you why he prefers my services to those of any other agent; and Maple & Co., the largest Furniture House in the World, whose Press advertisements are prepared by me.

¶ These firms, and some others the names of which I can send you on request, pay me a good price for my time—because it *pays them* to do so. They care more about a 25% increase in sales than they do about a 2½% commission some other agent might promise to save them in buying space. In spite of the keenest competition I am proud to say I have *never lost a client*.

CHARLES F. HIGHAM, LTD.
2 and 3 Norfolk Street, Strand, London, England

DEAR MR. ADMAN:

THE FRA is not a Hum Journal, but—if you want to interest Women who build and furnish costly homes, gown themselves well, motor, travel, read and help do the world's work, advertise in THE FRA Magazine.

Women who read THE FRA have means, position and receptive minds.

Here is a little list of some forty names just chosen at random, as a sample of our quality:

Maude Adams	Phoebe A. Hearst	Mrs. Jonathan Bourne
Rose L. Burcham	La Reine Helen Baker	Maude A. Cornell
Minnie Maddern Fiske	Mrs. W. T. Chantland	Kate K. Fowler
Laura Nelson Hall	Mrs. Geo. A. Fletcher	Mrs. J. W. Kellogg
Mrs. R. M. La Follette	May Irwin	Julia Marlowe
Mrs. H. C. McComas	Lady Grey	Cora Emelie Noyes
Mrs. Frank Presbrey	Mrs. Henry C. Purmort	Mrs. C. M. Schmidt
Marilla Ricker	Mrs. Mabel B. Ruste	Ellen Terry
Mrs. William C. Scott	Ruth Louise Sheldon	Mrs. George Gould
Mrs. Brand Whitlock	Ella Wheeler Wilcox	Rose Chatfield Taylor
Miss Billie Burke	Florence Gale	Emma Dunn
Mrs. Herbert D. Katz	Mrs. Henry Draper	Mrs. A. D. Bloodgood
Virginia Drew	Mrs. Nathan Strauss	Clara Barton
Mrs. Charlotte Singer	Mrs. A. B. Seaman	Grace Gallatin Seton

We have thousands of names on our lists that measure up to what is generally known as quality circulation. Let us help you convince them that they want your products.

Rate-cards and information furnished for the asking.

ROYCROFT SHOP

EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

political obligations is wrong in principle and a mistake in policy. Such methods might have been all right before the days of the Hepburn Bill, but at this time they are antique. No businessman would allow barter and sale of clerkships in a private concern ❀ ❀

These Post-Office appointments are absurd economics, and a needless source of worry to the President.

We do not elect Congressmen for log-rolling purposes—that we have outgrown.

¶ The "New Nationalism," as I understand it, aims to eliminate roguery and grafting.

Let it also eliminate the dam fools, the lame ducks and the silly antediluvian ways of doing business.

¶ As a net result,

ignorant methods in commerce are quite as bad as purposeful, predatory pilfering.

Now, no man can get the run of the Post-Office Department in four years.

It is a life-work for a strong, able, patient and persistent man.

The whole Department should be lifted out of politics and be managed by a Commission that is secure against removal except for malfeasance and incompetency.

Hitchcock should be given a free hand, a life

POSTMASTER-GENERAL HITCHCOCK has cut down the Post-Office deficit Eleven Million in a year, with no loss of efficiency or advance in rates.

Hitchcock is showing himself a businessman. ¶ The Post-Office Department is the most important function of our Government.

It is purely a business proposition, and should be taken out of the realm of politics. Let the shyster be eliminated.

To use Postmasterships as a means of paying

job, a Chalmers Forty and, say, Twenty-five Thousand Dollars a year.

His pay is now only about a quarter of what he could make in Vaudeville on split time.

This is foolish financiering, which is quite as bad as frenzied.

¶ The Post-Office is a big business, with big responsibilities, big opportunities and big burdens.

Why not give Hitchcock a man's pay and tell him to stand on the bridge?

¶ Hitchcock is young, but not absurdly so. He is strong, but does not try to rival Gotch. He has mentality, but not too much. He has decision without pig-headedness.

¶ We have tried him out in various places for several years, and he seems a likely lad.

¶ He has four years the start of any one else you can name.

Hitchcock is the first Postmaster-General who has had the courage to recommend the parcels post and to insist that it be inaugurated at once on the rural routes, knowing that once the system is introduced the demand for it throughout the entire postal service will become too strong to be denied. He sees the utter absurdity of carrying foreign parcels in compliance with international postal treaties



IT adds to your enjoyment of play, social evening or club-affair—to know that your *homegoing* will be as delightful as the hours that preceded it.

That's true always—if you go in a Detroit Electric.

The turn of a key—you are ready to start—in luxury, privacy, comfort and safety.

The Queen of Town and Suburban Cars. Richly finished, luxuriously cushioned, exquisitely appointed.

Our "Chainless" Direct Shaft Drive means a straight path of power from motor to adjustable bevel gear on rear axle without lost motion. The greatest feature ever introduced on an electric vehicle.

On October 5, 1910, a Detroit Electric Victoria (regular stock car) ran 211.3 miles on a single battery charge. A new world's record for mileage capacity. More mileage than you will ever need in a day.

This year we're offering a new Gentlemen's Underslung Roadster of stunning design—very low and rakish. Extra long wheel base. Pneumatic tires only.

Other artistic new Models in Victorias, Coupes and Broughams.

Three optional drives—"Chainless" Direct Shaft Drive, our successful double chain and Renolds Tandem Silent Enclosed Chain Drives. You have your choice, as well, of Special Electric Cushion or Pneumatic Tires; Edison or lead batteries.

See our exhibits at the Automobile Show, New York, January 7 to 21. Chicago, January 28 to February 4. Write for new catalog.

The Detroit Electric

Anderson Carriage Co., Dept. 28, Detroit, Michigan

BRANCHES: NEW YORK, CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY, DETROIT, BUFFALO, CLEVELAND.
Selling Representatives in all Leading Cities.

and denying the right to the same service in our own country. A predecessor said there were five obstacles to the parcels post and let it go at that, but a businessman delights in overcoming obstacles. Hitchcock will accomplish more wonders—if Congress will let him. ¶ Get busy, Congressmen! Lubricate the legal wheels and get this Government on a Business Basis. It will be done some day, anyway, and why not now? Let the honor be yours!

—Elbert Hubbard.

NEW AND STANDARD LIPPINCOTT BOOKS

The Most Amazing Human Document of Recent Years

China Under the Empress Dowager

Being the History of the Life and Times of Tzu Hsi

Compiled from State Papers and the Private Diary of the Comptroller of Her Household

By J. O. P. BLAND and E. BACKHOUSE

For the first time this remarkable volume lifts the veil that diplomacy allowed to fall over the late Empress Dowager's share in the Boxer outbreak during the summer of 1910. It begins with an introductory history of the Yehonala family, and graphically covers the stirring incidents and happenings during Tzu Hsi's eventful reign from her first regency to her death. It also incorporates the diary of His Excellency Ching Shan, which is more illuminating than perhaps any document that has ever come out of China. In it is recorded what actually took place from day to day in the Forbidden City during the siege of the Legations, and what was the manner and cause of many strange incidents during that period of stress and storm.

With 30 Illustrations and a Map of Peking. Large 8vo. 540 pages. Handsome cloth, gilt top, \$4.00 net.



"Indispensable to every student of Shakespeare."—*The Nation*

The New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare

Edited by HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, Ph.D., LL.D., Litt.D.

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Love's Labour's Lost
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With 170 reproductions and 40 photogravure plates. Large crown quarto. Cloth, \$7.50 net.

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One of the daintiest of holiday romances, full of sunshine and cheerful optimism. Colored illustrations by Underwood. Dainty page decorations and cloth binding. \$2.00. In a box.

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An intimate account of the manners, customs, and habits of the natives of Uap, the westernmost of the Caroline Islands. The book is written in a lively and humorous style, with much literary power, and is graphically illustrated by the author's own photographs. Thirty illustrations and a Map. Octavo. Cloth, gilt top, \$3.50 net. Postpaid, \$3.70.

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A comprehensive presentment of the development of Japanese color printing. With 16 full-page color plates and 79 illustrations in black and white. Large crown quarto. Cloth, gilt top, uncut edges, \$6.50 net.

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By WILL L. COMFORT

"A GREAT NOVEL"

This is the rarest and highest critical line—the absolute top of praise. ROUTLEDGE has called out a whole fleet of these Dreadnoughts in review. Edwin Markham and a score other important names and societies are supporting ROUTLEDGE for the Nobel Peace Prize. You will read ROUTLEDGE next year if not this, and you will read it again. Seventh Large Edition on Press. Cloth, \$1.50.

FINE EDITIONS OF JUVENILE CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED IN COLOR

Mopsa, the Fairy

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These beautiful holiday volumes are profusely illustrated with full-page pictures in color, have decorated lining-papers, and are uniformly bound. Cloth, gilt top, \$1.50 per volume.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Publishers of LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE and CHAMBERS'S NEW ENCYCLOPEDIA

How I Won Fourth Prize

A L A M E N T B Y T H E F R A



HE Cublet wanted a Detroit-Electric for Christmas.

What she wants she gets, and this poor pen-driver almost breaks his transmission writing good stuff to get the 5 off—ten days!

¶ Just as I was cranking up for another "Message to Garcia," along comes my old pal, Roy Simpson, Billposter for the Keller-Santo Vacuum Cleaner, and offers One Thousand Dollars in prizes for epigrams about the Santo.

We use the Keller-Santos here at Roycroft, and I know all about them. They have no competition here. So I worked off seven epigrams and sent them along. In the same mail I sent in my order for the Detroit-Electric.

Now, what do you think! The day I received my bill for the little Car, that rogue Simpson sends me word that I have won fourth prize in the contest—a \$125 Santo Vacuum Cleaner! The Cleaner is all right—the best ever. It is a joy—but not a joy-ride.

¶ Heretofore I have had only two rivals for orphics—Solomon and Shakespeare—and I leave it to you if these are not the best epigrams you ever read:

"Santo" spells safety from dirt,
disease and death.

Dust, dirt, disease, death—
"Santo" for ours!

Dust distributes disease; duty
demands S. V. C.

Sweep dustless and live long.
"Santo"!

Dust, dirt, disease. Salvation?
"Santo"—sure.

Healthy and happy? Dodge dust
—"Santo."

Sweep "Santo" style, and live long.

I am disappointed and undone, but I won't take back anything I said about the Keller-Santo. I personally endorse it. The \$125 Model is the best Vacuum Cleaner made—no exceptions! It is sold on approval. Don't take my word for it—Send for one.



Santo

Santo Vacuum Cleaner

KELLER MANUFACTURING CO., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



The Silver of Louis Quatorze

Louis XIV of France surrounded himself with masters of every art and craft. He stimulated them to do their best by lavish payments of money.

*Vauban was his engineer
Mansart built his palaces
Le Brun and Boreau adorned them
Le Nôtre laid out his gardens
Gobelin was his tapestry
Boule was his cabinet-maker
Watteau painted his pictures
Ballin was his metal worker*

Under such a royal master these men made his reign famous for its splendor. It was an age of Magnificence.

Today we show that 17th century magnificence interpreted in Gorham solid silverware in the style of Louis XIV. The effect is exceedingly impressive, with a massiveness and grandeur seldom seen.

In an examination of Gorham silverware there will be found designs adapted to the different historical periods of the 17th and 18th centuries. Gorham silver is always easily recognized by this trade-mark and may be obtained of leading jewelers.



THE GORHAM CO. SILVERSMITHS NEW YORK

GORHAM SILVER POLISH—THE BEST FOR CLEANING SILVER

FROWERT HIMSELF!

A FRIENDLY TOKEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD

THE science of advertising is the science of psychology. And psychology is the science of the human heart. Humanity is our raw-stock; and humanity is Divine Energy incarnate.

Professor James' "Pragmatism" is the primer of the publicity-promoter. Pragmatism is a present, positive good. ¶ One man I know has his lessons by heart.

Percival K. Frowert puts practical psychology into his copy. He makes syntax sell goods because he understands his audience. His clients are all class A, and he understands whom they want to reach and touch, and how and why.

PERCIVAL K. FROWERT, *Stephen Girard Building, PHILADELPHIA, PA.*

Advertising is the creation of favorable public sentiment, and the selling of goods. Sometimes it creates a want and then fills it.

¶ It is obviously essential that the more an advertising man knows about art, life and letters, the more competent he is to create sales. I count as one of my assets the fact that I know all the bum schemes that won't work. It is just as essential to be familiar with the people to whom you want to sell as you are with the goods that you want them to want.

Frowert knows!

The Frowert Advertising Agency is just a lengthened shadow of Frowert Himself!

¶ He is willing to be as useful to a few more firms as his present clients will tell you he is to them. ¶ Address him personally:

The Choice of a Magazine

SCRIBNER'S Magazine has been more read, more quoted, and more talked about within the past year than any other magazine published. Its position of leadership is established, its quality known, and its reputation for *progressiveness*, for filling its pages with the best, most interesting and entertaining literature and art of the time, is as widely known as its name.

Scribner's Magazine is a family institution. If you read it this year, you will want to read it next year and the year after. There is never any occasion for speculation about its contents. *You are always perfectly sure that you will find every number worth reading, worth keeping.*

1911 will be another great Scribner Year

Send your **SUBSCRIPTION NOW** and ask for an Illustrated Prospectus. You will find it very interesting reading.

\$3.00 a year; 25 cents a number

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

SUCCESS



SUCCESSFUL MAN is one who has tried, not cried; who has worked, not dodged; who has shouldered responsibility, not evaded it; who has gotten under the burden, not merely stood off, looking on, giving advice and philosophizing on the situation.

Q The result of a man's work is not the measure of success. To go down with the ship in storm and tempest is better than to paddle away to Paradise in an Orthodox canoe * *

Q To have worked is to have succeeded—we leave the results to time. Life is too short to gather the Harvest—we can only sow.—*Fra Elbertus.*

A Greater Income



On Your Money

THE SEAL OF A SAFE INVESTMENT



ONE OF OUR COMPANY'S BIG WEALTH PRODUCERS

It is a pleasure to talk to readers of THE FRA Magazine through its advertising pages. I have done so month after month on the subject of the Apple Orchard Industry of the Northwest. Today it is my good fortune to have hundreds of readers of the high-class Magazines, part owners with me and my associates in the large Commercial Apple Orchards being developed by us in the Spokane Country, State of Washington.

So I have taken this page to make a request:

I want to send you our Booklet entitled, "*The Apple and the Dollar*," in which I have told the story of the Northwest Apple Industry. Between its covers I have pointed the way for you to *increase* your income by becoming identified with this enormously profitable business.

The investment pays seven per cent from the start—*guaranteed*—and the financial side has been brought within *your* reach, that is if you are willing to lay aside a little each month for a purpose.

Today the greatest Apple Crop ever produced in the Spokane Country is being shipped to the Eastern and

Foreign Markets. From it the Apple-Growers will make a profit of twenty-five millions of dollars.

My Request is this:

Clip the coupon appearing below, mail it to me today. It will bring the Booklet in which I have discussed the growing of the Apple in a careful and conservative manner, for our mutual benefit and your personal prosperity.

Your own judgment will tell you what to do after you read the last page of the Booklet.

WE ARE THE LARGEST ORCHARD OPERATORS IN THE SPOKANE COUNTRY.

A. G. Hanauer

The Commercial Orchard Company of Washington

General Offices:

FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING, CHICAGO.

Trader's National Bank of Spokane.

Union Trust Company of Spokane.

Executive and Home Offices:

OLD NATIONAL BANK BUILDING, SPOKANE.

spokane and Eastern Trust Company.

Old National Bank of Spokane.

COUPON

A. G. HANAUER, President, 453R First National Bank Building, Chicago,

Please mail me your free Booklet, "*The Apple and the Dollar*."

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

TOWN.....

STATE.....

A Little Book of Big Thoughts

A FEW months ago there appeared in the New York "Evening World" an interview with Alice Hubbard by Sophie Irene Loeb. This interview caused a discussion among the New York editorial writers which will be long remembered in newspaper circles.

We have reprinted this interview and have appended an essay by Mrs. Hubbard—"The Basis of Marriage."

This is the way Miss Loeb opens her article—

"Alice Hubbard is a mother. She is a successful mother. Besides being a mother, Alice Hubbard is a woman of varied occupation. She supervises the work in a manufacturing establishment employing five hundred people. She has charge of two unique hotels run as home, where visitors come from all parts of the globe. She is a writer on various subjects and assistant editor of two monthly magazines. She is the author of several books. She pays almost daily visits to her farm of three hundred acres, which produces all the food that is consumed in her extensive household.

"I know all this, for I have seen her morning, noon and night at these various tasks. So when I asked her, 'Mrs. Hubbard, how do you find time to do all these things, when most mothers find it difficult to attend only to the duties of motherhood?' she answered:

"'Because I am economically free, as I think every mother should be ♣ ♣

"'We are in the process of evolution, because of commerce. All that we are and have, above and beyond what an isolated band of savages has, is due to commerce. And the unprejudiced person would know, too, that the money one gets for his product, no matter what the product, is not the highest good he gets from the exercise. No one can do good work without having his heart full of love and without joy in his work. Also, no one can do continued good work if depressed by the thought of dependence, or if hungry, cold or physically miserable. A degree of personal independence is absolutely necessary to good work, no matter what kind the work may be.'"

Mrs. Hubbard believes that this is the crest of the wave in social reform, and if you want to see her point of view, get this little book. Printed in three colors and bound in brown-paper covers—price, Ten Cents. In Limp Leather—One Dollar.

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, New York

An Expert Statistician's Forecast of What Long Island may be in Nineteen Twenty

By DOCTOR JOSEPH CACCAVAJO

Long Island may not appear large on the map, especially when compared with the rest of the United States, but it is rapidly becoming an empire in itself. The recent census shows that Long Island has a greater population than the combined population of the States of Vermont, Delaware, Montana, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nevada, Idaho, Utah and Arizona. Within ten years it will be the home of a greater number of people than there were in the United States when George Washington was President.

MUCH surprise was expressed at the wonderful growth during the past decade, but men in a position to know about such things and who took pains to study conditions were not surprised. For instance, the men who influenced the directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad to acquire the Long Island road and later to spend the millions of dollars necessary to connect the Long Island and Pennsylvania system by means of the wonderful tunnels now opened for service, certainly knew whereof they spoke ❀ ❀

They were not alone in their optimism. Shortly after the consolidation of Greater New York, the father of the consolidation, the late Andrew H. Green, stated to the writer that within fifty years the population of Long Island would exceed the population of all the other counties in the State of New York combined. He predicted great things for Long Island, and said that Jamaica Bay would be the greatest shipping center in the world when it was connected with the East River and Long Island Sound by the proposed ship-canal across Queensborough and Flushing Bay ❀ ❀

No one can now question the wonderful foresight of the wonderful man, and probably during the life-time of a majority of those now living, his vision of the future greatness of New York City, which included all of Long Island, will come true.

The estimate of the future population for the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk was prepared with considerable care from an intimate knowledge of conditions in these counties, extending over a period of nearly twenty years. I have witnessed within a few years the evolution of great sections of Queens and Nassau ❀ ❀

The phrase, "Time is money," is probably more nearly true in New York City than anywhere else in the world. It is not a question of the number of miles

a man lives from his place of employment, but how long does it take to get there, which counts. Heretofore, it was more difficult to get to places on Long Island outside of Brooklyn than it was to get two, three or four times the distance to the North or West. The wonderful growth of Westchester County, which is farther away from the business centers of Manhattan than Nassau, and a great portion of Suffolk County, was due to the fact that the man choosing his home there was able to get to or from his train without difficulty and with comparatively little loss of time.

Until recently, Long Island was entirely dependent for transit connection with Manhattan on one bridge of limited capacity and a few antiquated ferry-boats. The Brooklyn Bridge and the East River ferries had a capacity of about 70,000 passengers in all. During the past ten years there has been added the Williamsburg Bridge, with six tracks and a capacity of 72,000 passengers in all; the Battery tunnels, carrying 24,000 an hour; the new Manhattan Bridge, with eight tracks, will carry 96,000 passengers in all; the Queensborough Bridge, with a capacity of 70,000 in all; the Belmont tunnels and four Pennsylvania tunnels accommodating nearly 50,000 an hour.

The barrier caused by the East River and the delay and annoyance of getting to and from one's place of employment or amusement can truly be said to have been removed.

Some of the improvements mentioned are not as yet in full operation, so that the real impetus consequent upon their completion and operation was not indicated in the census figures for Nineteen Hundred Ten, but with these facilities in full operation and others to come, completed or under way long before Nineteen Hundred Twenty, the next census will without doubt be a real surprise to the outside world. —New York "American."

The Rickert-Finlay Realty Co., 45 W. Thirty-Fourth St., New York Will have something interesting to say about Long Island Property, on this page, in the February Number of THE FRA. It will be worth watching for.



Elbert Hubbard

BANKING BY MAIL

THE idea suggested itself one day, when one of our boys asked to have us hold back three dollars a week from his pay and give the accumulation to him January First. You see, he had a saving bee in his bonnet and wanted us to help him help himself. Going to buy a lot and build a house on it!

Right there, it occurred to us that this was an opportunity for us to enlarge the idea and help all our people who were so inclined. So, The Roycroft Bank, under the title of Elbert Hubbard, Banker, was started. Simply a scheme whereby the boys and girls could have banking facilities handy, and at the same time derive more benefits than banks usually offer. About three hundred Roycrofters have bank-accounts

with us now, and when one of them needs a little money to start a home with, why, he can have it. We do not loan money to outsiders, and, in fact, do not want outsiders' business. The policy of the bank is a conservative one, and the main object a lesson—education and opportunity.

We can just as well handle two or three hundred more accounts with the same expense, and so Roycrofters-at-Large with a saving bias are offered our banking opportunities. ¶ All savings-accounts are subject to check at any time: we pay Four per cent interest per annum on quarterly balances, computed and added to the account quarterly. Deposits of One Dollar and up received.

East Aurora is a safe place to put that savings-account for your boy and girl (and yourself, too). Real Estate has doubled here in value in ten years. Also, the population of the town has doubled, and the place is growing surely and steadily in money, beauty and intelligence. And if it does not continue to grow it will not be my fault.

ELBERT HUBBARD, BANKER
EAST AURORA, WHICH IS IN ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

Beauty is an Asset!



WHAT clever and truthful Philosopher, Pascal, remarked, "If the nose of Cleopatra had been a little shorter it would have changed the history of the world." Whether this is so or not, we know that beauty is an asset and beauty comes from health and cleanliness.

If you have beauty you will be happy, because beauty is the most natural thing in the world. It is natural to be beautiful, because we are a part of Nature—we are Nature. Nature is trying hard to keep us well, because she wants to make the useful, active things lovely. If you know of a thing that will improve your appearance and at the same time promote your general health, it is your duty to annex it.

The best beauty clean-up we know is Daggett and Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream—applied with a hot, wet cloth. Just wipe your face with it instead of washing the old-fashioned way. The skin is thoroughly cleansed and left in a soft, velvety and supple condition. It takes a new lease of life when this is followed as a daily habit. Men as well as women are realizing that a white, clear skin makes for health, happiness and success.

Daggett and Ramsdell's chemists are masters—they are safe men, and safe chemists mean safe preparations: Remember that Daggett and Ramsdell's is the Perfect Cold Cream!

Your dealer has it now. Traveler's Tubes, 50c, 25c and 10c; Jars, 35c, 50c, 85c and \$1.50.

Write for Free Tube today. With the sample tube we will mail an interesting book, "Beware the Finger of Time," which contains valuable lessons on the care of the skin.

DAGGETT and RAMSDELL, D. & R. Building, New York

SPECIAL ADVERTISING BOOKLETS

TO Manufacturers, Wholesalers, Department-Stores, Railroads, Trust Companies, Private Schools, Colleges and Institutions: we can supply Booklets and Preachments by Elbert Hubbard, by the thousand—your advertisement on the cover-pages.

These pamphlets are real contributions to industrial literature. One railroad used several million. One department-store used five hundred thousand.

Thomas Jefferson once said, "To gain leisure, wealth must first be secured; but once leisure is gained, more people use it in the pursuit of pleasure than employ it in acquiring knowledge." A study of these pamphlets will not only help you to gain the wealth that brings leisure, but better yet, they make for the acquirement of knowledge.

There has been nothing better written teaching the solid habits of thrift since Benjamin Franklin wrote his maxims, than these pamphlets. They appeal to all classes of people and are read, preserved and passed along.

Your advertisement on these booklets will proclaim you an apostle of the new order of things in business.

For samples and prices, address

T H E R O Y C R O F T E R S
EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, STATE OF NEW YORK, U. S. A.

Roycroft Levant Bindings

A FEW OF THEIR SUPERIOR QUALITIES

By LOUIS H. KINDER, Master Binder

Great stress is laid upon the sewing of the book. The work is done wholly by hand with the best grade of Japan silk thread. Invariably, the books are sewn "all along," a technical term which means that each section of the book is sewn throughout its full length. Instead of sewing around hemp cords, as most binders do, we use for this purpose the best quality of pure rope-silk. Thus our method of sewing, the foundation of any binding, insures the greatest possible strength and flexibility, which, in connection with our thorough and rather unique way of treating the back, allows the book to lie open almost perfectly flat, a property highly valued and sought after by booklovers.



In the making of the cover we use only the very best grade of English rope tarboard, handmade and unsurpassed for its wearing quality. It is the same article that has been used by the foremost English binders for more than a century, and so has stood the test of time.



To fasten securely the boards to the book we "lace in" every one of the rope-silk cords, or "bands" (using the technical term), that the book was sewn upon, instead of following the example of some bookbinders, who lace in only the two outer cords, thus leaving the binding weak at the very point where the strain is greatest.



Following the best modern tradition, the back of our Levant binding is made hollow, and to impart to it the strength and flexibility of the tight-back book, much coveted by some connoisseurs, we first line the back with imported morocco leather. By this arrange-

ment, we embody in our binding every good quality of the tight-back, at the same time giving added stability to the book and preserving the beautiful finish of the Levant cover, as well as any gold tooling that may have been put upon it—results not to be found in the tight-back book. Add to this that the book so constructed

lies open practically flat, and you have a binding as nearly ideal as possible.



For covering we use only the very best grade of Cape Levant morocco leather, tanned by the natives of Africa and colored and finished by expert leatherdressers in Paris, France.



With the same infinite care and patience, we search every corner of the world for the high-grade materials necessary to the making of a thoroughly good binding.



As to workmanship: Throughout, the workmanship of our Levant bindings is of the very highest order. It is on a par, both in quality and artistic merit, with any in the world, and surpasses much that is being done

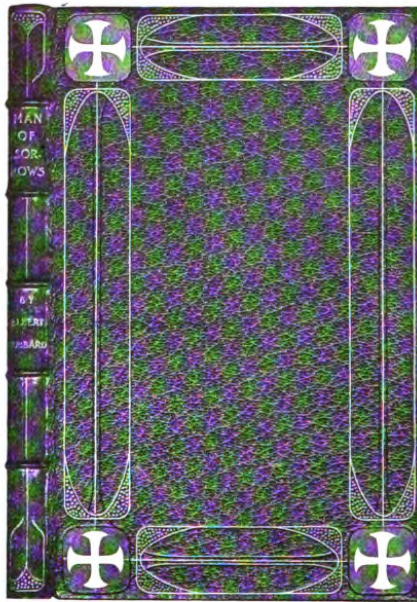
by other binders classed as A1. Our men and women are conscientious workers, and not being harassed with time-slips they put heart and soul and much time into their work. "Not how quick but how good" is the only question confronting them, and the result is highly artistic work, very, very carefully done.



The Roycroft Three-Quarter Levant Binding of "The Man of Sorrows" is printed on Japan Vellum. This is one of our best books, and one for which there is great demand. The price is TEN DOLLARS.

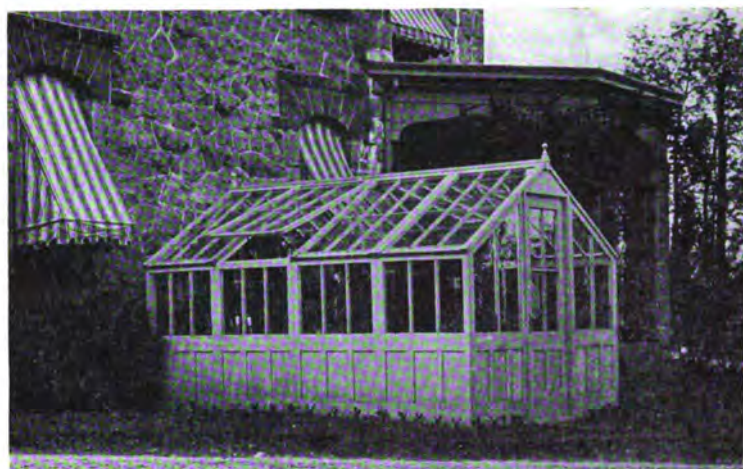
THE MAN OF SORROWS

ELBERT HUBBARD



PRINTED ON JAPAN VELLUM AND BOUND IN FULL LEVANT, INTARSIA, \$30.00

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, Erie County, New York



Start your Garden, Flower and Vegetable Plants in one of these Greenhouses Now. Get Six Weeks Start. \$250 buys the House—with Boiler—Heating Pipes—Benches and All—No Extras. Shipped knocked down—any handy man can put it up. No Masonry Foundations needed 🌿 🌿 🌿

So don't be commiserating with yourself because you didn't buy one of these houses last Fall. Buy it now. There is no end of things that you can start in it right this minute. You can have good, strong stocky plants, all ready to set right out in the garden the first warm days 🌿 You will have your flower and kitchen gardens a month to six weeks ahead of your neighbors. You will have tomatoes in July, cosmos in July, and flowers and more flowers blooming in May 🌿 🌿

Think of the bulb blooms you could have for Easter, bunches and bunches of them. Flowers to cut; flowers in pots, flowers in pans.

It is a thoroughly practical house—not an experiment. \$10 worth of coal heated one in Northern Massachusetts last year.

Send for the Booklet. It describes the house in every detail—tells you what you can grow in it. Along with it we will send you a reprint of an article in "Country Life," told by Mrs. F. H. Lovell, of Madison, N. J., in which she tells in a most interesting way just what she accomplished last year with her house. The one in the illustration. She is a flower enthusiast, and the things she accomplished in that little house will open your eyes. Not only did it grow a wondrous lot of flowers and vegetables, but it was directly responsible for the development of a good Sunny Jim philosophy and oodles and oodles of health.

\$250 buys the house, all ready to join directly to your residence, garage, etc. We send erection directions 🌿 Order received one day—we ship it the next.

HITCHINGS & CO., 1174 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

I AM LOOKING FOR RESPONSIBILITIES

ARE you in need of the services of a Class A Hundred-Point manager? Do you want an executive who can make quick, correct decisions, who knows men and can keep every employee buzzing with enthusiasm? **Q** Under my management a Kansas City branch office and factory of a big importing and manufacturing concern increased the volume of business for the first year from \$56,000 to \$125,000. Of course, its products have merit, but nobody seemed to know that before I took hold. With an Electric Company I worked up in four years from machine-hand to head of its administrative department. This position I left to take one as systematizer with the biggest Gas and Electric Fixture Manufacturing Company in Chicago. From there I went to my present position at the bidding of the President of the Kansas City concern.

I am now looking for more worlds to conquer. **Q** I am twenty-seven years young, but I am a married man and not subject to attacks of "next morning." **A** I have no entanglements or interests that will prevent devoting all of my energies and loyalty to the proposition I tie to. **Q** If you need a man to carry burdens and carry out big ideas, utilizing commonsense, initiative and wide experience, I can give you my services. **Q** I am not an experiment—I have already made good. **Q** I want a decent salary, but I don't want my pay-envelope to be so large I can not carry it home alone. **Q** My business ability and standing I can substantiate by references from leading business and professional men. **Q** My reason for wishing to make a change is simply this: I am handling a minnow proposition with a whale capacity! If your business has no limit, you want me **A** **A**

JOSEPH L. TUPY, 409 W. SEVENTEENTH ST., KANSAS CITY, MO.

TWO GREAT POLITICAL PARTIES HAVE PLANKED THEIR PLATFORM WITH SUFFRAGE

(SOCIALIST)

Unrestricted and equal suffrage for men and women, and we pledge ourselves to engage in an active campaign in that direction.

(PROHIBITION)

Legislation basing suffrage only upon intelligence and ability to read and write the English language.

But these signs are pointing the way to feminine freedom. Thinking men now recognize how unjust are prevailing conditions; school-teachers, newspaper and professional women, all property-owners, remain at home while the charity-fed village idiot helps decide the issues of the day. **Q** Alice Hubbard voices her protest against this old-time and unjust "taxation without representation," in her Book

WOMAN'S WORK

Bound in Boards	-	-	\$ 2.00	Alicia, on Japan Vellum	-	-	\$ 7.50
Alicia, on Handmade Paper	-	-	5.00	Three-Quarters Levant	-	-	10.00
			Modeled Leather, \$20.00				

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

F all the things that make me tired, nothing more predisposes me to hebetudinosity than the very frequent claim that industrialism is the destruction of womanhood. The fact is that in a sane industrialism woman is benefited. She is only debased and stunted under the sweating system. But she's changing even that. I went to the Woman's Trades Union League dinner not long ago. It was the most delightful social function ever I found. The bookbindery girls, the telephone girls,

Florence Wyman Richardson, Margaret Squire Potter, Mrs. Frederic C. Howe were short, full of snap and substance. Little Rose Schneiderman, the Jewess, and Mary Dreier, the rich girl, who led the shirtwaist strike in New York, were delights to look upon and to hear. The Lilliputian Jewess' speech was a model of succinctness, and Mrs. Howe's ironical presentation of the case for the employers of women was the more wonderful for that the ironist is such a pretty woman. I've heard men at banquet

the laundry girls, the shirtwaist girls from New York and Chicago were pretty, well-dressed, bright-minded, sparkling. They had any equal number of any section of any city's "400" that ever I saw beaten at all points that would be considered in a competition. They looked, spoke, behaved better than their swell sisters—and Lord, Lord, how much more human they were! At this meeting, I heard about ten women speak and not one talked too long, not one told a damfool story, not one said what others had said before her. It beat any banquet I ever attended for getting down to business. **A** The addresses of Mrs. D. W. Knefler, Mrs. Raymond Robbins, Mrs.

after banquet these many long years piddle and gabble and drivel and splurge around in language, shaking out chestnut stories until you felt like a roasted turkey, but these able Women Trades-Unionists had a series of banquet speeches that meant something. These women addressed themselves directly to the subject in hand and showed all-around capacity. In their convention proceedings they had bigger gains to show, greater victories to report than the men's unions. They in every way convinced the observer of these proceedings that they had developed fine capacity through their contact with industrialism. They are fit to

work, fit to fight; but—they're not fit to vote! Rats! They outclass any man who thinks so.

—W. M. Reedy.

THE Democratic Party can thank the women of the United States for the fact that they will control the next Congress. Their strenuous protests against the high cost of living wrecked the high-tariff party. High prices bore upon the women. They control the votes, just as they control all the affairs of

life. Man himself is almost entirely what woman makes him. He is a creature largely of prenatal influence. The creative forces of the mothers mold the minds, the character and the physique of the man. In their hands is the future of the entire human race.

—Emerson Hough.

THE Democrats have not so much won a victory, as they have obtained an opportunity.—Woodrow Wilson.



Are
Your Floors and
Rugs Worth Protecting?

Unshod chair and table legs and ordinary casters put a quick end to your floor and rug attractiveness. Hairlines and digs today, become a trail tomorrow—needless floor and rug destruction is inevitable. Yours are *proof* if you're unacquainted with

"FELTOID" CASTERS and TIPS

They are the dividing agent which receives and absorbs the impact. Made of all, pure wool, scientifically treated to insure a lifetime of service; "FELTOID" Casters and Tips cannot, will not harden, mar, scratch nor stain.

Insist, make sure, that your new furniture is equipped with "FELTOIDS". They should cost nothing extra—yet eliminate floor, rug, furniture and "back" destruction. Substitutors can steal our claims *only*—not the mar-proof caster and tip. *Money back if you want it.* Look for the name "FELTOID" on every caster and tip.

Get the free "FELTOID" booklet anyway. Now.

THE BURNS & BASSICK COMPANY, Dept. O

Bridgeport, Conn.

Cream City



The Only Every-Day-in-the-Year
ROASTER

If your dealer does not carry this Roaster in stock, send us his name, and for your kindness we will see that you are given a fourteen-inch Cream City Garnet enameled-ware spoon—also a receipt-book. Write your dealer's name and your own on a postcard and mail it to us today.

GEUDER, PAESCHKE & FREY COMPANY
Ninety-Three Fifteenth Street, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN, U. S. A.

DOCTOR ADOLPH LORENZ, who believes that roast meat is far more digestible than fried, once remarked, "But I suppose the fair ones who preside over our kitchens fear the finger and wrist burns incident to roasting things." The famous Viennese physician had not yet seen the Cream City Coverless Roaster. And it is the cover that makes the trouble. The Cream City Roaster designed to do the work better without a cover saves time, temper, fuel and fuss. It is made in three sizes to fit every oven.

A Sermonette to Writers

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

"Any man who is thoroughly interested in himself is interesting to other people," said Wendell Phillips.

The moral of this is to write as you feel, think for yourself, and your work will be appreciated—if properly placed.

To get the right measure of appreciation represented by real dollars, consult the people who can place your work where it will get an audience.

The Literary Bureau, specialists in the inky product, will do this for you.

Write as you feel, but use discrimination in marketing your thinklets. Be natural and be proper, but not too proper—except in this matter of business.

The Literary Bureau charges no fees until your script is sold.

A nominal charge is made for type-writing and revision when necessary. Consult them Early.

THE LITERARY BUREAU

Suite 809 Stephen Girard Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE TIE THAT TALKS!



MAN'S card but tells his name; neckties reveal his Personality.

ROYCROFT TIES For People of Quality. Full Fra Elbertus size—best crepe-de-chine, in black, white, red, gray and tan, both ends hemstitched by hand. Two Dollars Postpaid. Address **THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N. Y.**



Friendship, Love and Marriage

A ROYCROFT BOOK By HENRY THOREAU



HERE is a great nugget of literature, written half a century ago, that the world for the most part has missed. We have rediscovered the treasure and framed it in a finer way than Thoreau ever dreamed—and he was a great dreamer—in his happiest days when hoeing in the garden of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

¶ Friendship, Love and Marriage—yes, and Thoreau never tasted of but one of these. That is why he writes so superbly well about them. You remember that Lazarus, when he had come back from the confines of Death—from "that bourne from which no traveler returns," as Shakespeare erroneously says—had nothing to tell in way of description. ¶ If you would know the truth concerning Friendship, Love and Marriage, don't ask a divorcee—ask the girl a-gallop of Fancy, or the healthy, intelligent youth who dares dream aloud. ¶ Thoreau was a theorist, but he was a prophet; and any man or woman who does not deny his Maker will be thrilled and inspired by this divine idealism of the man who inspired Ralph Waldo Emerson. ¶ The theme is lofty, earnest, noble; and the paper, typography and binding complete the ensemble. A book for lovers—and we are all lovers, or should be. ¶ This book is printed on Italian handmade paper and bound in Limp Leather. ¶ A few volumes have Japan Vellum backs and blue or buff brown Italian handmade paper sides. ¶ There are some special volumes bound daintily in white Japan Vellum—ideal for presents. ¶ She will like these. ¶ In any binding, TWO DOLLARS.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

The Roycroft Fraternity

Questions from this number of THE FRA. Use these for topics of discussion at the meetings of your Junta. Members who are working for Certificates or Diplomas should answer the questions on separate sheets and send papers to us for examination and marking—no charge.

Lesson Number One

- 1 (a) What is meant by "economic freedom"? (b) Do you possess it, and if not, why not?
- 2 In what way can a wife be economically free?
- 3 Should children belong more to the father than to the mother?
- 4 What do you think of the French "dot" and the English "dowry" systems?
- 5 What is the difference between a "dowry" and a "dower"?
- 6 (a) Have women property-rights in your State? (b) What are they?
- 7 In your opinion, are the Divorce-Laws of your State just or unjust?
- 8 What constitutes Tyranny?
- 9 (a) State your conception of a hen-minded man. (b) Have you ever met one?
- 10 What is meant by the "Mutterrecht"?
- 11 In what respects is civilization today superior to the civilization of the ancients—say, of the Romans, Greeks, Egyptians?
- 12 Does Woman's position today compare favorably with that held by her in the Pagan World?

Lesson Number Two

- 1 What are the essential features of (a) Norman Architecture? (b) Roman Architecture? (c) Byzantine Architecture? (d) Renaissance Architecture?
- 2 Who was (a) William the Conqueror? (b) Anne Boleyn? (c) Sir Robert Peel? (d) Haman? (e) John Howard?
- 3 Who was Olive Schreiner, and what is her contribution to human progress?
- 4 Why does Architecture precede all other arts?
- 5 What do these expressions mean: (a) Te Deum Laudamus? (b) Gloria in Excelsis?
- 6 What is meant by an Established Religion?
- 7 Under the Established Religion is woman favored or discriminated against?
- 8 Who are (a) the Friends, and who was their founder? (b) the Shakers, and who founded the sect?
- 9 What other religion was founded by a woman?
- 10 What, in your opinion, will be the future of Christian Science?
- 11 What do the following references mean: (a) Botany Bay? (b) "Tyburn Tree"?
- 12 What does this mean: "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath"?


Lesson Number Three

- 1 What are the qualifications (a) of a Lady? (b) of a Gentleman?
- 2 What is Woman's Sphere?
- 3 What is meant by the expression, "Denatured Woman"?
- 4 What will be the essential qualifications of the Superwoman?
- 5 Can there be a Superman without a Superwoman?
- 6 What is the difference between a Suffragette, a Suffragist and a Smugglette?
- 7 What is meant by Militant Suffragism?
- 8 What are Woman's Rights, anyway?
- 9 Give a brief description of the rise and progress of woman suffrage in the United States.
- 10 Name the States enjoying equal or nearly equal suffrage today.
- 11 What in general is the attitude of the Western States as opposed to the Eastern States, on equal suffrage?
- 12 Is equal suffrage a success?

Lesson Number Four

- 1 (a) What is the Initiative, Referendum and Recall? (b) Is it anywhere in successful operation?
- 2 (a) What is femininity? (b) Is it incompatible with "strong-mindedness"?
- 3 What are the characteristics of the New Woman?
- 4 (a) What is anarchism? (b) Does anarchism necessarily imply violence?
- 5 (a) What is Egoism? (b) Is it synonymous with self-gratification?
- 6 (a) What is self-sacrifice? (b) Do you know of any instances of self-sacrifice?
- 7 Should husband and wife sacrifice themselves for each other?
- 8 What is sympathy?
- 9 (a) Do the daily newspapers work more harm than good? (b) Does "news" to the average person mean good news or bad news?
- 10 What is Commercialism?
- 11 What is meant by Emerson's Aphorism: "Society is in league against all its members"?
- 12 In what respects does liberty mean responsibility?

THE FEBRUARY FRA

HE February FRA is n't an Ideal Number, but it lingers around the suburbs.

When we reach the Ideal we will quit publishing, drop out of the game, cash in our cosmic chips, and push the button for a crown and heavenly tambourine.

We know our shortcomings—East Aurora is n't Elysium—but we also have a fair appreciation of our efforts.

Also, it's lots of fun to work and to try.

In the February FRA we have done ourselves proud. "The Open Road" contains more phosphorus than any issue ever before contained—written by Elbert Hubbard in moments of spiritual souse—wherein he tries to suggest the Ideal Education, the Ideal Book, the Ideal Life.

THE FRA has much to be thankful for.

Life is collaboration. The singer demands a listener; the orator an appreciator; the writer a reader.

THE FRA'S list of readers has steadily increased month by month.

We have the cream of the mental world with us: the men and women who work, love, strive, think, act, succeed or nobly fail.

We have no free list and no exchange list. The readers of THE FRA buy the Magazine, and we assume that they buy it because they want it. It makes them vibrate.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

All we claim is that we are right a part of the time. With the coming of new light we change our minds; and as we meet better people we get out a better Magazine.

One of our subscribers is dead.

But being dead, he yet lives.

His name was Leo Tolstoy. Once he wrote us this: "My daughter has just read me the last FRA. She read the text, and then she went back and read all the advertisements. You make us smile, and you make us think; and to make people think is to have lived. We send you our love, and wish to say that East Aurora seems very near and dear to us—although these eyes may never look into yours."

The February FRA will have a special picture of Tolstoy on the cover, drawn by Raymond Nott, Art Director of The Roycrofters. In the text will be articles on Tolstoy, and various quotations from his works. Ernest Crosby, good and great, introduced Tolstoy to America, and Ernest will be represented.

Love, sympathy and appreciation will key the symphony.

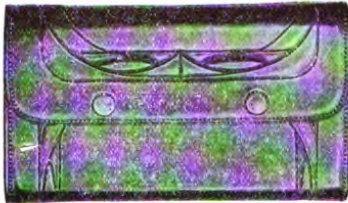
¶ We call this February issue, "The Ideal Number," but of course it isn't, because the Ideal realized would no longer be the Ideal—but it is "warm," that's all.

THE FRA, East Aurora, New York

Manicure-Cases in Modeled Leather

THESE choice examples of Roycroft work have your need of them as well as their beauty to commend them. And only necessary articles are included. The instruments were made for us by the F. A. Henckles' "Twin Works." This mark on cutlery instantly establishes confidence. To women who travel, these complete, compact and convenient manicure-cases are truly indispensable.

THE ROYCROFTERS
East Aurora, Erie Co., New York



OPENED, THIS CASE MEASURES 6x10 INCHES

—CLOSED, 3½x6 INCHES

THE PRICE IS TWELVE DOLLARS

CHECK YOUR CHOICE!

We give an Even Dozen, from the following list, of

Little Journeys

by ELBERT HUBBARD, in Booklet Form—Frontispiece Portrait of Each Subject—FREE with each Subscription to THE PHILISTINE

John Knox
Robert Owen
Theodore Parker
Oliver Cromwell
Anne Hutchinson
Confucius
Pythagoras
King Alfred
Friedrich Froebel
Booker Washington
Thomas Arnold
Erasmus
Thomas Carlyle
Mary Baker Eddy
St. Benedict
James Oliver
Stephen Girard
Mayer A. Rothschild

Philip D. Armour
John Jacob Astor
Peter Cooper
Andrew Carnegie
George Peabody
H. H. Rogers
James J. Hill
George Eliot
Leonardo
Charles S. Parnell
John Ruskin
W. E. Gladstone
J. M. W. Turner
Dean Swift
Victor Hugo
Wm. Wordsworth
Wm. M. Thackeray
Charles Dickens

THE ROYCROFTERS EAST AURORA, COUNTY OF
ERIE, STATE OF NEW YORK

VERY SPECIAL

1. THE PHILISTINE Magazine for One Year as issued.
2. Twelve Assorted LITTLE JOURNEYS booklets, each the complete life of some great man who has made the world better.
3. An Autographed Etching of Fra Elbertus on Japan Vellum, by Gaspard, suitable for framing.

All For One Dollar

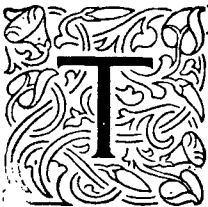
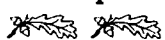
The Roycrofters,
East Aurora, N. Y.:

Enclosed find One Dollar, and I request you to send me THE PHILISTINE Magazine for one year, and the twelve LITTLE JOURNEYS checked, also the Etching of Fra Elbertus, at once, as your Special Offer.

Date.....

Remit One Dollar by Mail, Registered Letter, P.O. Order or Draft.

THE HIGHEST CLUB

HE coming man," says Allen Upward, "is a member of the Highest Club. Clubs are not all alike, neither are they meant to be all alike. They are meant to sort out men and women, each into his own Club, to the end that they may enjoy themselves, without marring the enjoyment of others. In the long run they tend to mount in an upward spiral, and to draw the Rules of Good Manners from the highest Club." ¶ The requirement for membership in the Highest Club is gentlemanship. This qualification is displayed by a man's behavior, his mode of dressing and his stationery. ¶ An uncouth man will introduce himself through the mail on paper that carries affront. A flighty, vapping little man will use flimsy stuff that brings annoyance. A man who is neither of these types may use either kind of stationery, but the impression is there. This impression will prove a deadlock to respect and friendship. ¶ And so, if you want to be considered a member of this Highest Club, use "The Stationery of a Gentleman"—Old Hampshire Bond. Its use will prove your eligibility. ¶ Old Hampshire Bond is mannish, strong and personal. This note-paper with matched envelopes proclaims you a man of taste, judgment and standing. ¶ It is carefully made, packed expertly and reaches you fresh and clean. ¶ Send for a free sample box, which will be mailed on receipt of four cents to help cover postage. ¶ Address 

HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY
SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, MASSACHUSETTS, U. S. A.

The only paper-makers in the world making bond-paper exclusively

At The Interlaken School They Teach Boys to Live

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ALICE HUBBARD

"Is it not strange that your father gives to his servants a better education than he gives to you?" said Socrates to the son of a rich man in Athens.

¶ We realize that children who do not learn how to be useful early in life, do not make good citizens or help carry the burdens of the world.

¶ Knowledge of simple things, how to keep clean and wholesome, how to dress, how to eat, what food to eat, when to sleep, how to keep your room, are a necessary part of education.

¶ At Interlaken they teach boys to live—and the boys live, there.

¶ They exercise, work, play, they become

hungry and they eat food to nourish the body, not to tempt the appetite.

¶ At Interlaken the boys learn that clothing is meant to serve the body and make it more useful. Their clothes do not hinder the movements of the body—they respond.

¶ The first requisite at Interlaken is to produce good citizens, then they give as much learning from books and of culture as the boy can assimilate.

¶ Write for a catalog. You can send your boy now.

¶ The school where boys can develop into useful, capable, honest men—

THE INTERLAKEN SCHOOL, LA PORTE, INDIANA

Edward A. Rumely, President

Raymond Riordon, Superintendent

complete, and intellectual torpor was the result. Not one great book was written during that period; not one beneficent discovery came from the Puritan brain; and not one tender sentiment came from the Puritan heart. Everything was stern, hard, cold and cruel. The heartless superstition of Puritanism might keep their supposed God on His throne in Heaven, but was powerless to establish His government on earth. New ideas were born; new thoughts were taking a hold on men and women; new opinions were being published abroad. The curse of religious tyranny was overthrown in the State. The Declaration of Independence ended the reign of

A BEAUTIFUL ECONOMY

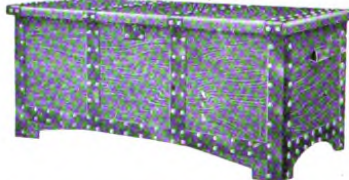
William Chase is quoted as having said to an art student: "Use good paint. If it is necessary to economize, don't paint so much, but use good paint when you paint." This applies to everything we use. Let a few beautiful, useful things suffice. ¶ The two chests pictured here hold all the personal property of a precious pair we know, and their things—rare and fine—are protected against moths, mice, dust and dampness. The odious odor of camphor is not present, because the chests are of Red Cedar.

No. 141. The Flanders Treasure-Chest



The price of Chest No. 141 is \$37.50. It has a Yale lock, brass lid-stay, glide-casters and ornamental cedar handles. It is bound with bands of dull-finished copper, studded with heavy copper rivets. This chest measures 44 in. long, 30 in. wide and 21 in. high.

No. 60. The Patrick Henry Chest



Number 60 costs but \$25.25. It is a pure Colonial chest of strength and stability. It is especially designed for linens and silverware. These two chests make an ideal combination to ship down a Honeymoon Trail. Write for catalogs and descriptive matter of other styles. Information will be gladly given you.

Piedmont Red-Cedar Chest Company

Dept. F

Statesville, N. C.

THE Ingersoll of Puritan days was a woman. Anne Hutchinson defied the narrowness, the intolerance and savagery of Puritanism, and was banished from the Massachusetts colony. Thirty years after the Mayflower's voyage ended in Plymouth Bay, a night of theological darkness settled over the land, which lasted until the dawn of the Revolution heralded the coming day of liberty. From Sixteen Hundred Fifty to Seventeen Hundred Fifty, the reign of the clergy was

Jehovah in our land. A new intellectual, as well as a new political world, was opened to mankind. The flag of freedom protected the minds as well as the homes of men.

—Marilla Ricker.

¶ F all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting.

—Sterne.

ONE hundred thirty thousand women were added to the voting strength of the State of Washington by the adoption of an amendment for equal suffrage to the Constitution at the election held on the Eighth of November. The women who are taxpayers are also eligible for jury duty. The women of Spokane will probably cast their first votes at an election to ratify the new charter which provides for a commission form of government. November Twenty-fourth was set aside as a special day of thanksgiving for the State's newly enfranchised women. * Mrs. May Arkwright Hutton of Spokane, President of the Washington Political

Equality League, said: "I attribute the success of the movement largely to the broad-minded ideas of the men of Washington, who stand for a square deal in all things. Another reason for our success is the fact that the management of the campaign has been at all times under the control of the women of the State."—"Woman's Daily."


Nothing is so firmly believed as what we least know.—Montaigne.

*Lightning-Like
Rapidity*

UNDERWOOD

STANDARD TYPEWRITER

Has the
**LIGHTEST
TOUCH**
and the
**FASTEST
TYPE-BAR ACTION**



"The Machine You Will Eventually Buy"

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER CO.
INCORPORATED
NEW YORK AND EVERYWHERE

WISCONSIN has a woman County Treasurer. She is Mrs. Nellie Archibald. She was once a schoolteacher. Her husband was Treasurer of Ashland County and she acted as his deputy for several years. When he died she became a candidate for his place and beat two men for the office.

AT Exeter, N. H., Miss Frances E. Smith has been re-elected to the school board. More than half the votes were cast by women.

LIFE LESSONS

A Book by ALICE HUBBARD




USAN B. ANTHONY, Mary Wollstonecraft, Friedrich Froebel and Henry D. Thoreau are a few of those who have learned life lessons—thus are they the men and women who can teach them. Carlyle said, "Great men taken up in any way are profitable company." Tammis the Tetchy knew what profitable company is—a few men and women gathered together and held by the earnest desire to learn of life and through learning to live—and in living to do! Thinking, living, doing! Watchwords in the school of life! Mrs. Hubbard does not consider *Life Lessons* as biography. Personalities in the lives of men and women interest her not at all until those personalities become so strong that they are the men.

Personality clarified is genius—and genius is the ability to live untouched by the mass of men, a leader among them.

Life Lessons is simple and direct—out of the heart of a woman who has the desire and power to learn them well—a learner and a doer, a pupil and a teacher.

The book is generous and square. The type clear and fine. The design classic in its simplicity.

The whole is a beautiful book. Written out of a heart that has faith in all ages, it speaks truth to all the men and women who can hear it and understand. 



CLARABARTON BINDING

Alicia, on Japan Vellum	- - -	\$10.00
Three-Quarters Levant	- - -	10.00
Alicia, on English Boxmoor	- - -	5.00
Clarabarton binding	- - -	3.00

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N.Y.

The Writerpress



This is the Mail-Order Age! The "Demos"—the people—buy through the mails, and unless you are equipped to reach waiting business with sales-letters you are out of the game. The Writerpress turns out letters at the rate of one thousand to two thousand per hour. Let us tell you how to get your letters up, and give you expert advice born of experience on the subject of "result-getting letters."

THE WRITERPRESS COMPANY
400 Writerpress Bldg. Buffalo, N. Y.

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Are Filling High Salaried Positions

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Write for particulars and Headnote Art Book. Our Own Fingerprint Bldg.

SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART

2261 FINE ARTS BLDG. 
Battle Creek, Mich.

ROYCROFT PATTIES

Made of pure, New York State maple sugar and selected pecan-nuts. ¶ They are delicious, wholesome, nutritious and human. ¶ Each patty is wrapped in special dust-proof paper. ¶ Eighty cents each pound. ¶ Express charges are prepaid. ¶ *Fresh every morning at the*
Roycroft Candy Kitchen, East Aurora
WHICH IS IN ERIE COUNTY, STATE OF NEW YORK

~~~~~

## Learn to Concentrate and Remember

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ALICE HUBBARD

"By the mass, I was about to say something. What was I about to say?" chattered old Polonius, who never knew what concentration meant.

It was the habit of this man's life to fasten his mind on nothing. He had lost his mental grip and he had lost his power to get it.

He had forgotten all his life and had never made himself remember.

Professor Henry Dickson can help you to help yourself to have a store of knowledge at your command. ¶ You can stop forgetting.

More than this, you can remember—remember at the right time exactly what you wish to recall.

An attic full of treasures is of no value unless you can find the one thing you want when you need to use it.

"Put money in thy purse?" It is more necessary to you to put activity in your brain. Do not use a perpetual notebook as a substitute for brains. Use your brains. It is more convenient, besides being hygienic and conducive to long life.

Professor Henry Dickson can show you the way. Write to him for a free booklet.

**DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL**

**PROFESSOR HENRY DICKSON, Principal**

**963 AUDITORIUM BUILDING**

**CHICAGO, ILLINOIS**





**SCHAUM**  
ENGRAVING &  
PRINTING CO.  
MILWAUKEE WIS.

HIGH CLASS  
ENGRAVERS & PRINTERS  
STEEL DIE STAMPING  
COPPER PLATE PRINTING

WRITE FOR  
ESTIMATES & SAMPLES



**STREISSGUTH-PETRAN**  
ENGRAVING CO.

**S-P**

QUALITY MAKERS

No. 5  
WELLS ST.

**MILWAUKEE**

## FILLING ■ A ■ DAILY ■ WANT!



It is truly great who ministers to the daily needs of his fellow-men. The real saviors of humanity are the men who supply its every-day wants. Elias Howe, who gave us the sewing-machine, received tardy recognition in the decoration of the Legion of Honor. Just now the work of Elias Howe is being supplemented by an American Firm. Thanks to modern advertising, and the receptive attitude of the modern woman, the Detroit-Delaware Company is getting its reward here and now.

They have perfected an attachment which can be adapted to any sewing-machine to sew buttons, hooks and eyes on any kind of material! The Holdaway Buttsewer does its work with rapidity, neatness and precision. It locks every stitch.

It is Moneybacked! It costs but Five Dollars, and is guaranteed for Five Years.

The Holdaway Buttsewer does the work of twenty women and does it better. No more tedious work on buttons, hooks and eyes. Representatives are wanted by The Detroit-Delaware Company. Here is opportunity enough for any one. Write for terms at once.

**DETROIT-DELAWARE MANUFACTURING COMPANY**  
HAMMOND ■ BUILDING ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ DETROIT, ■ MICHIGAN

### ORDER HERE

DETROIT-DELAWARE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

My sewing-machine is a ..... The number of it is ..... Please send me a  
(Give Name) (Give Number)

Holdaway Buttsewer, for which I enclose \$5.00. Name .....

Street and No. .... Town ..... State .....

## THE ROYCROFTERS USE



## Brown Folding-Machines

Made by  
**Brown Folding-Machine Company**  
Erie, Pennsylvania

## Active Securities

We have prepared a special letter on the following stocks:

|                  |                    |
|------------------|--------------------|
| U. S. Steel      | Penna. R. R.       |
| Southern Pacific | Rock Island R. R.  |
| Union Pacific    | Ches. & Ohio R. R. |
| Western Union    | Atchison R. R.     |
| American Can     | American Smelters  |
| Reading R. R.    | Amalgamated Copper |

*Mailed Free Upon Request*

together with investment circular showing high, low and average price for forty leading issues during past ten years. ¶ We invite your buying and selling orders in listed Stocks and Bonds for cash or on conservative margin.

### LEAVITT & GRANT

ESTABLISHED 1903

Members Consolidated Stock Exchange of New York

55 Broadway, New York City

## Roycroft Catalog for 1911

The new catalog is, in its own way, an example of the growth of The Roycroft Shops.

Every year for a dozen back we have put out a catalog, and each one has been a bit more "grown up" than the one before it.

We have sort of kept track of ourselves as we watched the development of this little yearbook. The one we are now sending to our friends who ask for it is the best indication of what we are and what we do.

The man from Missouri Valley says, "Show me!" and Chicago answers, "I will," but it takes a Roycroft Catalog to say, "I did." ¶ Get one and see for yourself. Sent upon request.

*The Roycrofters East Aurora N.Y.*

## NOT FOR MUMMIES!

THE FRA is a journal of affirmation, issued the Twenty-fifth of every month by The Roycrofters.

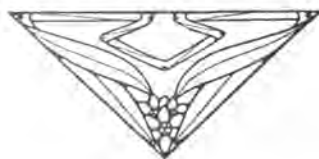
¶ This publication is *not* for dead ones. It is written and printed by live ones.

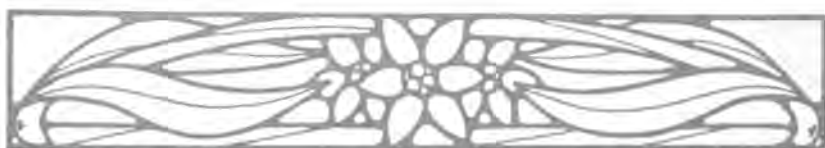
Mummies do not advertise, but if they did they would not select THE FRA as the medium.

FRA text and advertisements never get "chucked." The ads get answered and so does the text—sometimes.

THE FRA, East Aurora, N. Y.

OUR advertisements in THE FRA are read by over fifty thousand believers in Elbert Hubbard's philosophy of work, most of them men upon whose shoulders rest important enterprises, and who read THE FRA because, as Elbert Hubbard says, 'it supplies the needed mental martini.' So say W. E. Wroe & Co., who make Construction Bond Stationery.





## DE LUXE "LITTLE JOURNEYS"



VERY little while marks a decided decrease in the supply of "Little Journeys"—De Luxe. None of these will be reprinted in this de luxe form again. ¶ Of the original number, of some are there none, and of few are there several. But there will be fewer still TOMORROW, so you had better select yours TODAY. They are printed on fine handmade paper which comes all the way from the land of the Blue Adriatic. ¶ The title, initials and tailpieces are specially made; so is the Frontispiece portrait. ¶ The firm board binding makes these books valuable as library assets. ¶ If your boy or girl has a growing love for biography that does not gather mold, select one volume from this list. ¶ Great thoughts in the minds of children bear a mighty harvest; here are great thoughts enow.

Abbey  
Mark Antony  
Aristotle  
Philip D. Armour  
Marcus Aurelius  
Bach  
Henry W. Beecher  
Beethoven  
Bellini  
Brahms  
Robert Browning  
Edmund Burke  
Burns  
Andrew Carnegie  
Cellini  
Coleridge  
Auguste Comte  
Corot  
Correggio  
Gainsborough  
Handel  
Patrick Henry

Samuel Johnson  
Kant  
Starr King  
Leonardo  
Liszt  
Martin Luther  
Marat  
John Milton  
William Morris  
Mozart  
James Oliver  
Pericles  
Wendell Phillips  
William Pitt  
Raphael  
Savonarola  
Seneca  
Schopenhauer  
Schumann  
Socrates  
Herbert Spencer  
Spinoza

Swedenborg  
Tennyson  
Thoreau  
Velasquez  
Verdi  
Voltaire  
Whistler  
The  
Roycrofters  
East  
Aurora  
New  
York  
U.S.A.



During Nineteen Eleven You *Must* Read

## Human Life

*The Magazine About People*

### WHY? *Because!*

And it's no woman's "Because" either—

But because *Human Life* is a nut full of meat—sweet, tasty meat.

For example, in the February *Human Life* begins "The Chief," a brand-new, red-fire novel by Alfred Henry Lewis.

You know Lewis. You know "The Boss," which he wrote and which was *the* novel of its year.

"The Chief" does for the New York police what "The Boss" did for the New York politicians—pictures them as they *are*, as no other writer has ever pictured them:

You will have to read "The Chief" sooner or later. Why not begin at the beginning, so you can tell your friends about it first and not wait for them to tell *you*—as they surely will.

*Human Life* is only a Dollar a Year.

Your name on a postal brings you a copy. Write it *now* ❊ ❊ ❊

Human Life Publishing Company

580 Atlantic Avenue, Boston

to create a "new nation" — conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men "are created equal." In the Declaration of Independence they wrote of "self-evident," "inalienable rights" as the endowment of "the Creator." ❊ Yet the bell's vibration set to "proclaim liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof" fell vacant on the ears of many slaves—and so made liberty no final message ❊ The freest people on God's earth are not yet free. On July Eighth, Eighteen Hundred Thirty-five, came this final message, when the Liberty Bell cracked—into lasting silence—while tolling for the funeral ceremonies of John Marshall, Chief Justice of the

**M**RS. BROWNING eloquently writes: "Some thoughts are fashioned like a bell,

To ring with once being touched."

❊ Science tells us that, unless the vibrations set in motion as by a bell reach a living ear, there is no sound. So it must ever be that great bells strike, and seeking, find their immortality in human thought and action. Our Liberty Bell on July Eighth, Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six, sounded in the ears of men pledged

United States. ❊ Why is not this coincidence recognized as inevitable, and as giving in symbol the great bell's final message, "Liberty can not survive Justice" ?

The movement for woman's suffrage from whatever point of view it may be urged is, in its final analysis, an appeal for justice, and is the Human Voicing of this Last Message of the Bell.

It is as though, through our Liberty Bell, the arm of the Almighty striking to and fro



hath sent forth two vibrations—to take sound for all time in the listening ears of a great people, until with men safeguarding liberty, and women loving justice, the lie—now at the root of our nation's honor—that government “by the people” means government by men only—shall die away. Lincoln says, “I go for all sharing the privileges of government who assist in bearing its burdens, by no means excluding women.”

¶ When we changed to self-government by the people from the rule of a king, it may have seemed right that only men should vote, but today, under modern conditions, we think of “the people” as God has made them, men and women—we

have forgotten kings. ¶ Liberty is egoistic—masculine. Justice is altruistic—feminine. The cry, “Give me liberty!” has secured for humanity its supreme achievement. Yet it is written, “Justice is the only worship”—the equal balance of the Golden Rule.

—Katherine W. Ruschenberger.

¶ OUR Boards of Education should work along broader lines. The school authorities should take an active interest in our boys

and girls, even after they leave school for work. These young folk, many of them, have no helpful guides now, and so they look for cheap amusements, which are mostly harmful. The schoolhouses should be a second home to them all through the year. For the schoolchildren themselves, healthful diversion and recreation should be provided during the Summer. Make the city clean, beautiful and comfortable, and, above all, a safe place for our boys and girls.

—Mayor Emil Seidel.



¶ In January OUTING there's a dog story that's the real thing. You can locate it by the drawings of C. L. Bull.

¶ There are automobile articles that interest one and pay big returns to the buyer and owner.

¶ And there are a dozen more big, cheerful outdoor stories that help in a practical way.

¶ The January issue is the beginning of OUTING'S most helpful year.

¶ Make sure of next year's best outdoor reading by purchasing a year's subscription through your dealer or agent. All news-stands, 25 cents.

Liberal offer to local representatives. Write for terms.

OUTING PUBLISHING COMPANY  
313 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY



### This Individual Library

keeps your Xmas books in your own room—in one or two Globe-Wernicke units, combined with Writing Desk and Locker units, if desired—all in harmony with your furniture and furnishings.

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conform to *lasting* style rather than passing fancy—made in a variety of woods and finishes—exact duplicates are *always* obtainable—sold at uniform prices and freight prepaid, everywhere.

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Contains lists of the 5, 10, 25, 50, and 100 "Best Books" for children and adults, as selected by acknowledged authorities.

"Booklovers will find much to commend in this meaty volume."

—Chicago Record Herald

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Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# LITTLE JOURNEYS

## GOOD MEN AND GREAT

### BOOK ONE

GEORGE ELIOT

**W**HEN Ralph Waldo Emerson came to Coventry to lecture, he was entertained at the same house where Miss Evans was stopping. Her brilliant conversation pleased him, and when she questioned the wisdom of a certain passage in one of his essays, the gentle philosopher turned, smiled, and said that he had not seen it in that light before; perhaps she was right. And ten years after, when a zealous reviewer proclaimed her the greatest novelist in England, the sage of Concord said something that sounded like "I told you so."

THOMAS CARLYLE

**H**AIL! hardheaded man of granite outcrop and heather, of fen and crag, of moor and mountain, and of bleak East Wind, hail! Eighty-six years didst thou live. One hundred years lacking fourteen didst thou suffer, enjoy, weep, dream, groan, pray, and strike thy rugged breast! Thou hadst no Past, but thou hast a Future. Thou didst say: "Bury me in Westminster, never! where the mob surges, cursed with idle curiosity to see the graves of kings and nobodies? No! Take me back to rugged Scotland and lay my tired form to rest by the side of an honest man—my father."

JOHN RUSKIN

**R**USKIN'S father was a prosperous importer of wines. He left his son a fortune equal to a little more than one million dollars. But that vast fortune has gone—principal and interest—gone in bequests, gifts and experiments; and today Mr. Ruskin has no income save that derived from the sale of his books. Talk about "Distribution of Wealth"! Here we have it.

WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE

**M**R. GLADSTONE is grave, sober, earnest, proud, passionate, and at times romantic to a rare degree. He rebukes, refutes, contradicts, defies, and has a magnificent capacity for indignation. He will roar you like a lion, his eyes will flash, and his clenched fist will shake as he denounces that which he believes to be error. And yet among inferiors he will consult, defer, inquire, and show a humility, a forced suavity, that has given the caricaturists excuse.

J. M. W. TURNER

**T**URNER was a stubborn lad, with a pugnose and big, dreamy, wondering eyes and a heavy jaw; and when parents see they have such a son they had better hang up the rod behind the kitchen-door and lay aside force and cease scolding. For love is better than a cat-o'-nine-tails and sympathy saves more souls than threats.

JONATHAN SWIFT

**M**ANY hate, but few have a fine capacity for scorn. Their hate is so vehement that when hurled it falls short. Swift's scorn was a beautifully winged arrow, with a poisoned tip. Some who were struck did not at the time know it. His misanthropy defeated his purpose, thwarted his ambition, ruined his aims, and—made his name illustrious.

WALT WHITMAN

**T**HE last playing youngster had silently disappeared from the streets. The clouds had drifted away.

A great yellow star shone out above the chimney-pots in the East.

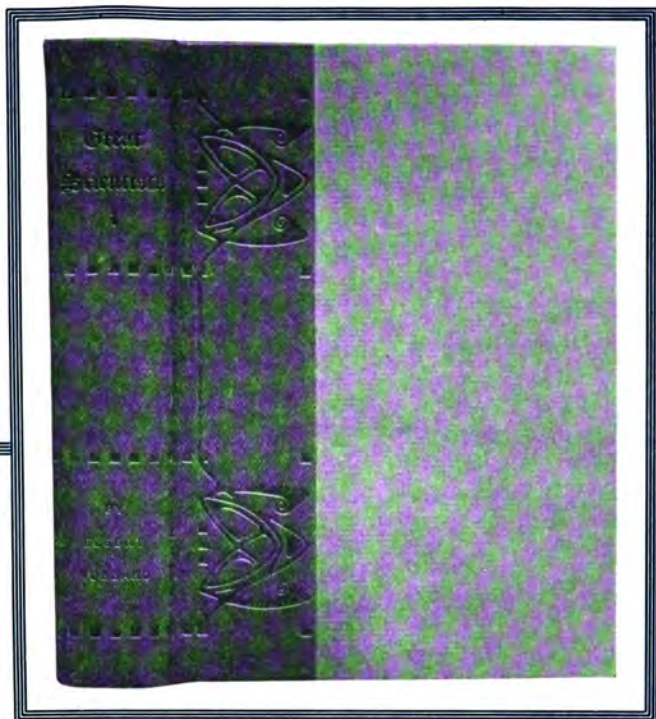
I arose to go.

"I wish you 'd come oftener—I see you so seldom, lad," said the old man, half-plaintively. "I did not explain that we had never met before. I grasped his outstretched hand in both of my own.

He said not a word; neither did I.

There was a soft sublimity in the sound of the bells that came echoing over the waters. My heart was very full, for I had felt the thrill of being in the presence of a great and loving soul.

Q It was the first time and the last time that I ever saw Walt Whitman.



# LITTLE JOURNEYS

By *ELBERT HUBBARD*

The specialist is the man who standardizes. He is the man who can make decisions and who can make them quick.

The complete set of "Little Journeys" in Miriam binding is the result of one such decision.

Elbert Hubbard has taken out of the past and given to the living present the lives of one hundred seventy men and women. Through him their words and deeds will echo down the centuries. His Little Journeys to their haunts and his knowledge of their hearts have made these lives the Miniatures of Literature.

A Plutarch, without a Plutarch's prejudices, has thrown upon the screen of time these tender, personal, inner men and women who laugh as we laugh and who weep our tears. The "Little Journeys" grew and as they grew a need for them increased. In the home, in schools, in libraries and in hotels, in public offices where men and women wait their turn—from all sides we heard the call for "Little Journeys."

Then came the thought to Standardize.

And to think is to act, lest the thought be lost.

And the word went forth: They shall be printed on Italian handmade paper, the finest the paper-maker can produce. Each volume shall contain a portrait from an original drawing. And there shall be specially made borders, initials and colophon. And of this set there shall be twenty-eight volumes.

The cost of each separate volume shall be Two Dollars and the set shall sell for Fifty-six Dollars, prepaid. ¶ And the name of the binding shall be called Miriam.

See the extracts from Book I on the opposite page.

**THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK. U. S. A.**

---

**THE LITTLE HOTEL WILMOT**

SOUTH PENN SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

*The RYERSON W. JENNINGS Company*

---

Two minutes' walk from the Pennsylvania Railway-Station, known  
as the Broad Street Station

---

My dear Hubbard:

When THE FRA first peeped out I sent for a sample copy.

I liked it and its appearance and sent along my two dolodocci, Taft money at that, and reveled in THE FRA for a year.

Then came the business lust, so I built a hotel in the Poconos. I bought a two-hundred-acre farm in the neighborhood, and between catering to the "boarders" and trying to clear my farm of stones, I did a foolish thing--I dropped THE FRA.

But as the stones were hauled off and the alfalfa commenced to wave in the breeze, my thoughts turned FRA-ward, and again I sent two dollars. And today, as I pick up my November number, and read the advertisements and the other good stuff, I can think of but one thing:

"What have I missed? What have I missed?"

So, as I write, I mix with my congratulations this inquiry:

"Can I get copies of THE FRA from the first?"

"Can I get 'em in a binding?"

I want to share my joys.

On the reading-table at the Hawthorne Inn are back copies of the "Little Journeys" and they are always busy. The bound "Philistine" is there, too, and does its hourly service. Now I want to add the capsheaf. Will you send me bound volumes of THE FRA? Every one?

Yours fraternally,

RYERSON W. JENNINGS

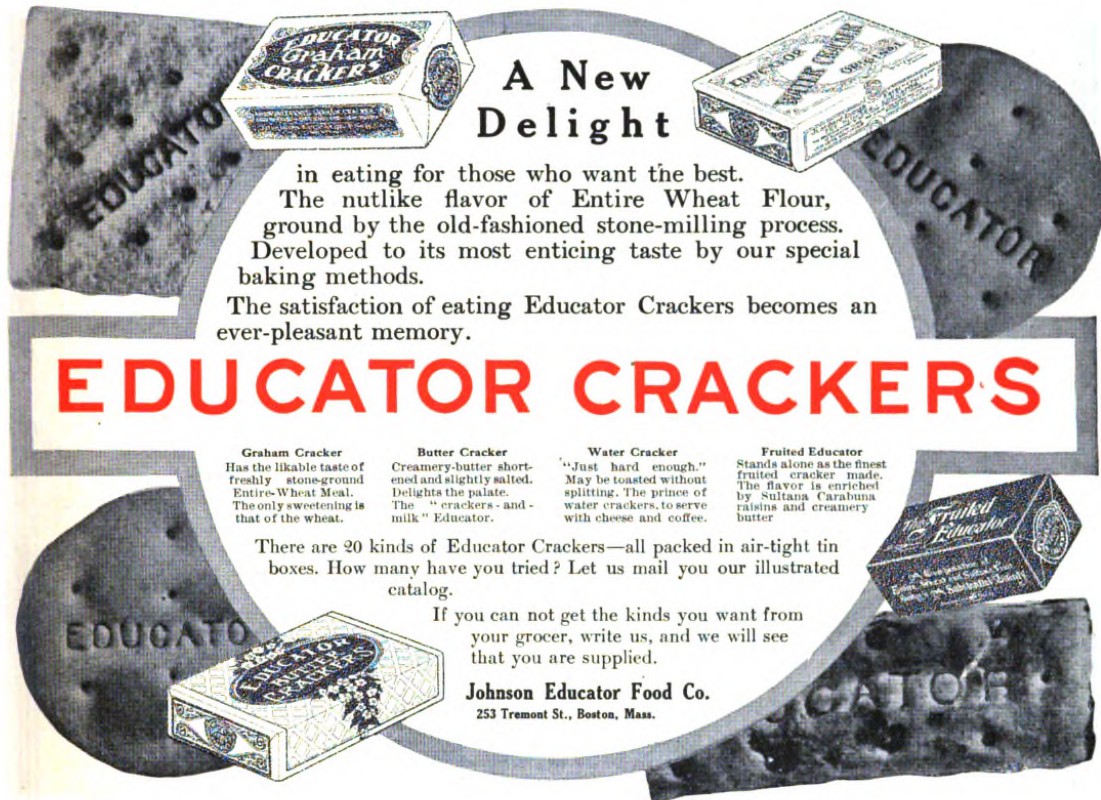
November, 1910

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THE ROYCROFTERS have bound THE FRA, six numbers together, text and advertisements. These books have solid board sides with leather backs, and the price per volume is Three Dollars. Volumes I to V are ready for delivery. Order now.

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**A New Delight**

in eating for those who want the best.  
The nutlike flavor of Entire Wheat Flour,  
ground by the old-fashioned stone-milling process.  
Developed to its most enticing taste by our special  
baking methods.  
The satisfaction of eating Educator Crackers becomes an  
ever-pleasant memory.

## EDUCATOR CRACKERS

|                                                                                                                                             |                                                                                                                                            |                                                                                                                                                      |                                                                                                                                                              |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p><b>Graham Cracker</b><br/>Has the likable taste of freshly stone-ground Entire-Wheat Meal. The only sweetening is that of the wheat.</p> | <p><b>Butter Cracker</b><br/>Creamery-butter shortened and slightly salted. Delights the palate. The "crackers - and - milk" Educator.</p> | <p><b>Water Cracker</b><br/>"Just hard enough." May be toasted without splitting. The prince of water crackers, to serve with cheese and coffee.</p> | <p><b>Fruited Educator</b><br/>Stands alone as the finest fruited cracker made. The flavor is enriched by Sultana, Carabana raisins and creamery butter.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

There are 20 kinds of Educator Crackers—all packed in air-tight tin boxes. How many have you tried? Let us mail you our illustrated catalog.

If you can not get the kinds you want from your grocer, write us, and we will see that you are supplied.

**Johnson Educator Food Co.**  
253 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

## Three Great Things About Eating

**First:** You must select foods that contain all the elements of nourishment that the body requires.

**Second:** You must combine them so they will be chemically harmonious in the stomach.

**Third:** You must proportion them so the body will not be overfed on some things while underfed on others.

Here is what this will do. It will remove the causes of all stomach and intestinal trouble, nervousness, etc., and Nature will do the curing. It will make the best flesh, blood, bone and brain, then every organ of the body will rise to the highest point of vitality and endurance.

If you do not know these things, perfect health is almost impossible. If you do know *them*, sickness is almost impossible. This is not theory: it is scientific certainty. My mail course in FOOD STRUCTURE teaches you all these natural laws.

Write me a letter or a postal card and I will send you my latest booklet, "How Foods Cure." It tells all about my work.

My curative foods made under improved formulas are about ready for shipment. Agencies will be placed this month. Tell your dealer about it, and send for price-list and circulars.

**EUGENE CHRISTIAN, Food Scientist**

Times Building, Forty-Second Street and Broadway, New York City





# The Blue-Bird Box



Charles Henry Fox has a Surprise Special for January that will make happy flower-lovers everywhere. Fox creates what Nature suggests.

Flowers are friends to everybody. Everybody who gets a Blue-Bird Box will be a friend to flowers and the Sender ever and always.

The Blue-Bird Box is generous, glorious and gladsome. The freshest and choicest flowers obtainable are used in witching this box into being. It costs just Five Dollars, even.

Send for this box for yourself or Some One. Then you will say of Fra Fox as Tytyl, the Fairy Child, says of "The Blue-Bird"—"We need him for our happiness."

Remit Five Dollars just now and Charles Henry will send the Blue-Bird on its way with your heart message. Passage prepaid!

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## *Charles Henry Fox*

AT THE SIGN OF THE ROSE

*Broad Street, Below Walnut, Philadelphia, Penna.*

An enthusiastic belief that superiority brings its own reward impels the production of

## Diamond Tire Mileage Not Merely Tires

It has been no easy task to hew strictly to this line—but we have done it.

This has set a standard for tire buyers and tire makers—that is some satisfaction.

Specifically for 1911

# Diamond

### Tires Made for Every Type of Rim

Regular clincher,  
Quick detachable  
clincher, Fisk and Me-  
chanical (Dunlop type)

### Inner Tubes

stronger, tougher and  
much better than you  
know anything about  
if you have never used  
them.

### Accessories

The best tire sleeves  
and the new Diamond  
Cementless patch—  
practically equal to a  
vulcanized repair.

---

**The Diamond Rubber Company**  
**Akron, Ohio**

Branches in all Principal Cities

Trust Company Bulletin.

# THE BETTER WAY

**W**ALT MASON, "Poet Laureate of the American Democracy," has something to say on savings:

"When Winter comes upon us, yelling like a baseball fan, then it's nice to have some boodle in an old tomato-can; when there's sickness in the wigwam, and we have to call the Doc, then it's nice to have a package hidden in the eight-day clock; when Old Age, the hoary rascal, comes a-butting in at last, then it's nice to have some rubles that you cornered in the past; and the man who saves the pennies is a dandy and a duck."

Walt's advice is good, but the saving method he suggests is not his own. Part of that Five Hundred Dollars a month that Walt gets for making prose-poems goes into an Emporia Savings-Bank. Some day Walt will be rich, and rich poets are not so numerous as they might be if more of them saved.

But this is so of people in every profession, business, trade, craft and art. To have a golden old age is not to spend, careless of the long days to come, or to use a corner of the eight-day clock.

There is a better way. The Fidelity Title and Trust Company of Pittsburgh is one of the institutions which has perfected the savings system. Bank with this Company by mail, and your savings will be safe and productive.

¶ On Regular Savings-Accounts at the Fidelity Title and Trust Company, Four per cent interest is paid and compounded semi-annually. On Accounts subject to check at sight, and where the Balance warrants it, Two per cent per annum is paid. Certificates of deposit are issued and interest paid thereon.

## Fidelity Title and Trust Company

341 and 343 Fourth Avenue, PITTSBURGH, PENNA.

**T**HE following are extracts from Tolstoy's Last Appeal to the Bureaucrats of Russia, and are quoted from the London "Daily Chronicle" of July Fifteenth, Nineteen Hundred Eight, the Russian papers being denied the privilege of publishing the Appeal: ¶ "Today, the Ninth of May, the paper contains these few words: 'Today in Kherson, on the Strelbitsky Field, twelve peasants were hanged for an attack made with intent to rob, on a landed proprietor's estate in the Elizabet-

grad district.' Twelve of those by whose labor we live, the very men whom we have depraved and are still depraving by every means in our power—from the poison of vodka to the terrible falsehood of a creed we do not ourselves believe in, but impose on them with all our might—twelve of these men, strangled with cords by those whom they feed and clothe and house, and who have depraved and still continue to deprave them. ¶ Twelve husbands and fathers and sons from among those on whose kindness, industry and simplicity alone rests the whole of Russian life, were seized, imprisoned and shackled. Then their hands were tied behind their backs, lest they should seize the ropes by which they would be hanged, and they were led to the gallows. Several peasants similar to those who are about to be hanged, but armed, dressed in clean soldiers' uniforms, with good boots on their feet, and with guns in their hands, accompany the condemned men. ¶ Beside them walks a long-haired man, wearing a stole and vestments of gold or silver cloth, and bearing a cross. The procession stops. The manager of the whole business

grad district.' Twelve of those by whose labor we live, the very men whom we have depraved and are still depraving by every means in our power—from the poison of vodka to the terrible falsehood of a creed we do not ourselves believe in, but impose on them with all our might—twelve of these men, strangled with cords by those whom they feed and clothe and house, and who have depraved and still continue to deprave them. ¶ Twelve husbands and fathers and sons from among those on whose kindness, industry and simplicity alone rests the whole of Russian life, were seized, imprisoned and shackled. Then their hands were tied behind their

says something; the secretary reads a paper; and when the paper has been read, the long-haired man, addressing those whom other people are about to strangle with cords, says something about God and Christ. Immediately after those words the hangmen (there are many, for no one man could manage so complicated a business) dissolve a little soap, and having soaped the loops in the cords that they may tighten better, seize the shackled men, put shrouds on them, lead them to a scaffold, and place the well-soaped nooses round their necks, and then, one after another, living men are pushed off the benches which are drawn from under their feet, and by

their own weight suddenly tighten the nooses round their necks and are painfully strangled. Men, alive a minute before, become corpses dangling from a rope—at first slowly swinging, and then resting motionless.

"If there be any difference between you and them, it is certainly not in your, but in their favor. The mitigating circumstances on their side are, firstly, that their crimes are committed under conditions of greater personal danger than you are exposed to; and risks and

danger excuse much in the eyes of impressionable youth. Secondly, that the immense majority of them are quite young people, to whom it is natural to go astray, while you are for the most part men of mature age; old men to whom reasonable calmness and leniency towards the deluded should be natural. Thirdly, a mitigating circumstance in their favor is that, however odious their murders may be, they are still not so coldly, systematically cruel as your Schlüsselburgs, transportations, gallows

(Continued on Page vi)

# Tone

That's where the Victor-Victrola is pre-eminent.

You might be able to build a cabinet that outwardly would resemble a Victor-Victrola. You might even copy the inside construction and details, if they were not protected by patents. But there is no copying the superior Victor-Victrola tone-quality.

That represents years of patient experiment—with various woods, with different proportions, with numerous vibratory surfaces—and it is simply astonishing how slight a variation in size, in shape, in position, produces discord instead of harmony.

No, the Victor-Victrola tone can't be equaled! Even though the eye could take in every detail of construction, there is still that same indescribable "something" which makes the Stradivarius supreme among violins, which gives to the Victor-Victrola such a wonderfully sweet, clear and mellow tone as was never known before.



Hear the Victor-Victrola today at the nearest Victor dealer's—you'll spend a delightful half-hour and come away with a greater love for music and a more thorough appreciation of this superb instrument.

Victor Talking Machine Co.  
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.  
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal  
Canadian Distributors.

To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records.



Victor-Victrola X, \$75



Victor-Victrola XI, \$100



Victor-Victrola XIV, \$150  
(other styles \$20 and \$25)

# Victor-Victrola

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

## THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY



Y old playmate of the Little Red Schoolhouse, Lafe Young, advises Congress to adjourn, and then not reassemble for two years, this for the good of the country.

Words of wisdom, Lafe! You can not legislate us into either Virtue or Prosperity. Just be a little easy, and we will work this thing out ourselves. "The heart of humanity is sound," said Jefferson.

The American Philosophy had its germ in the minds of Jefferson and Franklin. It is founded on the Science of Economics.

Just here, in order that we may speak a common language, a few definitions are in order: Economics is the science of the production, distribution and use of wealth.

Science is accurate, organized knowledge founded on fact.

All that which is simply assumed, believed, conjectured, taken on dogmatic statement, or read out of printed books, is unscientific, no matter how plausible \* \*

All practical businessmen are scientists.

Business is a vocation; philosophy is—or should be—an avocation.

To make a business of philosophy is to institutionalize and dilute it, just as to institutionalize love or religion is to degrade and lose them.

Religion is philosophy touched with emotion.

Philosophy is our highest conception of life, its duties and its destiny.

A religious organization is a different thing from religion. A religious organization is built on a feeling made static, or fear frozen stiff \* It then becomes superstition, and is employed as a police system, and is taxed all the traffic will bear.

Modern philosophy is the distilled essence of wisdom that naturally flows from science.

Transportation, manufacturing, distribution, advertising, salesmanship, are all variants of business.

Each and all are scientific, that is, capable of analyzation and demonstration \* \*

Weight, size, color, number, qualities and time are all elements of science.

☞ Theology is antique and obsolete philosophy. It never is nor ever was scientific, not being derived from knowledge. Faith is the first item in its formula. Theology comes to us from dogmatic statements gotten from



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# AN ANNOUNCEMENT

books or the hearsay words of men long dead. Theology is on a par with augury, palmistry, alchemy, astrology and allopath medicine.

Science is understood, theology believed.

Psychology is the science of human minds and their relationship one to another ❦ ❦

Superstition is scrambled science, or religious omelet, flavored with fear.

❦ Organized religion, being founded on superstition, is, perforce, not scientific. And all that which is not scientific—that is, truthful—must be bolstered by force, fear and falsehood.

The American Philosophy is one of work, play, study, laughter and love, mixed in right proportion, as a prophylactic 'gainst all human ills ❦ It teaches that only the busy person is happy, and that systematic, daily, useful work is man's greatest blessing.

This country is built on business.

We are a nation of workers, builders, inventors, creators, producers.

We are the richest country, per capita, in the world; and our wealth has all come from the farm, the forest, the factory, the mine, the sea.

We have dug, plowed, pumped, smelted, refined, transported and manufactured. We did not inherit our wealth, neither have we laid tribute on other countries as did those earlier civilizations.

Any individual who uses the word "commercial" as an epithet, who regards business enterprise as synonymous with graft and greed, who speaks of certain men as "self-made" and others as "educated," who gives more attention to war than to peace, who seeks to destroy rather than to create and build up, is essentially un-American.

The word "education" sometimes stands for idleness, but the American Philosophy symbols work, effort, industry. It means intelligent, thoughtful, reasonable, and wise busy-ness—helping yourself by helping others.

The world's big prizes, in honor and money, in the future will go to the businessman. The businessman is our only scientist, and to him we must look for a Science of Economics that will eradicate poverty, disease, superstition and all that dissipates and destroys.

The day is dawning! Eat, drink and subscribe for THE FRA. The March Number means an Epoch.

**THE FRA, Exponent of the American Philosophy**  
EAST AURORA, *Which is in* ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK, U. S. A.

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## *Some "Good Resolutions" for 1911*

### Resolved:

- that this year I will be punctual.
- that I will provide myself with a watch that will reflect credit on my punctuality, permit me to keep appointments, and enable me to catch trains.
- that I will be truly, not falsely, economical in my selection of a timekeeper, choosing one moderate in price but fine in construction and accurate and durable in service.
- that as a watch that answers all these requirements and is yet inexpensive I will purchase one of the

## Ingersoll-Trenton

7 AND 15 JEWEL MODELS

### \$5 to \$15

The \$5.00 I-T has 7 jewels and is in a solid nickel case.

The \$15.00 I-T has 15 jewels and its case is gold filled and guaranteed for 25 years.

Between these two prices there are many styles and grades of cases, designed for every taste.

Responsible jewelers only sell the I-T—jewelers who understand how and will adjust the watch to its buyer.

"How to Judge a Watch," a special little book for watch buyers and watch wearers, will be sent on request. It is full of interesting information.

Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro., 99 Frankel Bldg., New York

with the deeds you commit.

"Everything now being done in Russia is done in the name of the general welfare, in the name of the protection and tranquillity of the inhabitants of Russia. And if this be so, then it is also all done for me, who live in Russia. For me, therefore, exists the destitution of the people, deprived of the first most natural right of man—the right to use the land on which he is born; for me the half-million men torn away from the wholesome peasant life, and dressed in uniforms and taught to kill; for me that false so-called priesthood, whose chief duty it is to prevent and conceal true Christianity; for me all these transportations

and shootings. The fourth mitigating circumstance for the revolutionaries is, that they all quite categorically repudiate all religious teaching, and consider that the end justifies the means, and therefore they act quite consistently when they kill one or more men for the sake of the imaginary welfare of the many; whereas, you Government men—from the lowest hangman to the highest of those who command them—you all support religion and Christianity, which is altogether incompatible

of men from place to place; for me those hundreds of thousands of hungry workmen wandering about Russia; for me those hundreds of thousands of unfortunates dying of typhus and scurvy in the fortresses and prisons which do not suffice for such a multitude; for me the mothers, wives and fathers of the exiles, the prisoners and those who are hanged are suffering; for me, are these spies and this bribery; for me the interment of these dozens and hundreds of men who have been shot; for

me the horrible work goes on of these hangmen, at first enlisted with difficulty, but now no longer so loathing their work; for me exist these gallows, with well-soaped cords from which hang women, children and peasants; for me exists this terrible embitterment of man against his fellow-man.

"Strange as is the statement that all this is done for me, and that I am a participator in these terrible deeds, I can not but feel that there is an indubitable interdependence between my spacious room, my dinner, my clothing, my leisure, and these terrible crimes committed to get rid of those who would like to take from me what I use. And though I know that these homeless, embittered, depraved people—who but for the Government's threats would deprive me of all I am using—are products of that same Government's actions, still I can not help feeling that at present my peace really is dependent on all the horrors that are now being perpetrated by the Government. And being conscious of this, I can no longer endure it, but must free myself from this intolerable position!

"It is impossible to live so! I, at any rate,



15 Years Here

MESSES. OSTERMOOR & Co.

I am very glad to again tell you how much I like the Ostermoor Mattresses. My first one was purchased 15 years ago to replace a very expensive hair one, which the Ostermoor much surpasses both in comfort, cleanliness and durability. As I wrote you when General Manager of the Maine Steamship Co. in 1904, we found the 300 Ostermoor Mattresses you furnished in equipping throughout the steamships *North Star*, *John Ennis* and *Horatio Hall*, proved to be all you claimed for them, they have given the utmost satisfaction in every way to our patrons, who were delighted with their comfort and luxury.

First National Bank,  
Huntington, L.I., Aug. 1, 1910.

Yours very truly,  
HORATIO HALL,  
President.

Ostermoor \$15.

"Built—Not Stuffed"

YOU choose between two kinds of mattresses. Ostermoor and an imitation. They both look alike, possibly feel alike—at first. The Ostermoor is backed by a record of fifty-seven years' service and proven worth. The other is only an untried imitation—simply sold as "just as good as" the Ostermoor. Which mattress do you want?

The OSTERMOOR is built—not stuffed. Upon this built-in quality the Ostermoor bases years of service no other mattress in the world can equal. During all these years it has been the choice in homes of all classes, because:

It is the most comfortable—it cannot sag or bag, grow lumpy or bumpy—a result of its hand-laid construction.

It is absolutely clean and sanitary—sterilized, germ-proof, vermin-proof, damp-proof, odor-proof.

Its comfort and its quality are the most lasting—the Ostermoor is the only mattress that can show letters from prominent people who attest that after generations of use their mattresses are as comfortable as when new. Be assured of the genuine Ostermoor by seeing our trademark sewed on the end.

Write for 144-page Book and Samples, Free

Buy from your Ostermoor dealer—his name will be sent if you write us. Do not be deceived into taking a cheaply constructed imitation offered at another store. We will ship a mattress by express, prepaid, same day your check is received, where we have no dealer or he has none in stock.

Ostermoor & Co., 182 Elizabeth Street, New York

Canadian Agency: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal.

MATTRESSES COST

Express Prepaid

Best blue and white

ticking

4'6" wide, 45 lbs. \$15.

In 2 parts, 50c extra

Dust-proof, Satin Finish

Ticking, \$1.50 more

Mercerized French Art

Twills, \$3.00 more



can not and will not live so! ¶ "That is why I write this, and will circulate it by all means in my power, both in Russia, and abroad, that one of two things may happen: either that these inhuman deeds may be stopped, or that my connection with them may be snapped, and I put in prison, where I may be clearly conscious that these horrors are not committed on my behalf; or, still better (so good that I dare not dream of such happiness), that they may put on me, as on these peasants, a shroud

(Continued on Page 2)



Have you gone back to work in the new year to a **bigger salary** and a **higher position**? Or is it back to **the same old rut**?

Your situation is **no different** from that of **48,000 Sheldon men** who were once drudging along, until they learned through Sheldon methods the secret of how to get ahead.

Any athlete will tell you that victory on any field depends **CHIEFLY** upon how well you know the "Rules of the Game." And business is **NO DIFFERENT**—governed by **FIXED** rules and **EASILY UNDERSTOOD** laws.

Sheldon has classified these laws. He has placed the means of learning the laws of business success within **YOUR** easy reach through a few **REMARKABLY INTERESTING** lessons in your **SPARE TIME AT HOME**.

### The Secret of How to Get Ahead

Sheldon has written a book—an inspiration to any man, and your copy is **FREE FOR THE ASKING**. This book proves that, after all, there **IS** a royal road to success.

It lays **PLAINLY** before you just what The Sheldon School is, what it has done for 48,000 level-headed men who were tired of the "rear rank," and tells what it can do for **YOU**. It explains every detail of the Sheldon Courses in Salesmanship and Business Building.

To the man who is **DEAD IN EARNEST** we want to send a copy of this book **WITHOUT CHARGE**. Are **YOU** that man? Then, **TODAY**, make the request—and the book goes forward on the first mail. **GET BUSY!**

The Sheldon School, 1126 Republic Bldg., Chicago

Please send me **FREE** copy of **THE SHELDON BOOK** and full information regarding Sheldon Methods.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**THE SHELDON SCHOOL**

**1126 Republic Bldg.**

**Chicago**

## Books Rebound

The Roycroft Bookbindery is unequalled in this or any other country in its facilities for handling the most artistic bindings.

We rebind books of every description, in bindings that have individuality, durability and finesse.

The charges are reasonable.

### Books in Sizes up to Octavo:

|                                                    |            |
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| Ooze-sheep, silk-lined.....                        | \$2.00     |
| Ooze-calf, silk-lined, turned edge...              | 3.50       |
| Plain boards, leather backs .....                  | 2.00       |
| Boards, ooze or plain calf back and corners .....  | 3.50       |
| Three-fourths Levant or antique pigskin .....      | \$5.00 up  |
| Full Levant, antique pigskin or modeled calf ..... | \$15.00 up |
| Full parchment, boards.....                        | \$10.00 up |

MENDING, CLEANING, PLATE-INSERTING AND JOBS REQUIRING MORE WORK THAN USUAL, EXTRA CHARGE \* \* \* \* \*

*Send us your book treasures now before time and chance play havoc with them.*

**The Roycrofters**

East Aurora, Erie County, New York

# SPECIAL OFFER NUMBER THREE

## 1—"THE PHILISTINE" Magazine for One Year, as issued.

Businessmen, doctors, lawyers, preachers, actors, adboys—all those who prize the Kosmic Kilowatt—peruse "The Philistine," and pinch from it as their needs require.

## 2—ONE SPECIAL DE LUXE ROYCROFT BOOK.

(Our selection) by ELBERT HUBBARD, bound in boards, French charcoal-paper sides. Portrait from special drawing by Gaspard, Holland handmade paper, special watermark, antique type, wide format. STRICTLY DE LUXE and a RARE and UNIQUE SPECIMEN of BOOKMAKING.

## 3—AN AUTOGRAPHED ETCHING of Fra Elbertus on Japan Vellum, by Schneider, suitable for framing.

# ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR

THE PHILISTINE,

*East Aurora, Erie County, New York:*

Enclosed find ONE DOLLAR, in acceptance of your SPECIAL OFFER NUMBER THREE.

Name.....

Address.....

Extra Postage: To Canada, Twelve Cents; to Europe, Twenty-four Cents.

# THE ROYCROFTERS

EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK STATE



# THE GONDOLA OF THE MOTOR WAYS



THE DETROIT ELECTRIC is superbly Milady's Car. It is the Gondola of the Motor Ways that takes her in safety and comfort to bank, shop, theater, café and home.

No matter if part of the way leads over a rough piece of paving, it skims along as on the surface of a canal, so far as its occupants are concerned.

The chainless direct-shaft drive—a Detroit Electric feature exclusively—means economy of motion, a straight path of power from motor to rear axle.

When you drive a Detroit Electric you are never perplexed by doubts. It goes the journey.

On October Fifth a stock Detroit Electric ran Two Hundred Thirteen and Three-tenths Miles on a single charge—more mileage than you will ever want in one day.

Men like this Car o' Dreams, as do women, because it is practical as well as beautiful.

This year the manufacturers are offering a new Gentleman's Under-slung Roadster—extra-long wheel-base, pneumatic tires—very mannish.

Other artistic new models are offered you in Victorias, Coupes and Broughams.

In Detroit Electrics you are offered three optional drives: "Chainless" Direct-Shaft Drive; the successful Double-Chain Drive; and the Renolds Tandem Silent Enclosed-Chain Drive. You have choice, as well, of Special Electric Cushion or Pneumatic Tires, and Edison or Lead Batteries.

The new catalog will be sent you for the asking.



**Anderson Carriage Co., Dept. 28, Detroit, Michigan**

BRANCHES: NEW YORK, CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY, DETROIT, BUFFALO AND CLEVELAND  
Selling Representatives in all Leading Cities

and are evoking special hatred, should remember this.) Is it possible that you have had this short glimpse of God's world (for even if you are not murdered, death is always close behind us all), is it possible that in your lucid moments you do not see that your vocation in life can not be to torment and kill men; yourselves trembling with fear of being killed, lying to yourselves, to others, and to God; assuring yourselves and others that by participating in these things you are doing an important and a grand work for the welfare of millions? Is it possible that—when not intoxicated by your surroundings, by flattery and by the customary sophistries—you

and a cap, and may push me also off a bench, so that by my own weight I may tighten the well-soaped noose round my old throat.

"Brother men! Come to your senses; stop and think, consider what you are doing! Remember who you are!

"Before being hangmen, generals, public prosecutors, judges, Premier or Tsar—are you not men? Today allowed a peep into God's world, tomorrow ceasing to be ✱ (You hangmen of all grades, in particular, who have evoked

do not each one of you know that this is all mere talk, only invented that while doing most evil deeds you may still consider yourself a good man? You can not but know that you, like each of us, have but one real duty, which includes all others—the duty of living the short space granted us, in accord with the Will that sent you into this world, and of leaving it in accord with that Will ✱ And that Will desires only one thing: love from man to man."

**PEOPLE** say to me, "Well, Lyeff Nikolae-vitch, as far as preaching goes, you preach; but how about your practise?"

The question is a perfectly natural one; it is always put to me, and it always shuts my mouth. "You preach," it is said, "but how do you live?"

I can only reply that I do not preach, passionately as I desire to do so. I might preach through my actions, but my actions are bad. That which I say is not preaching; it is only my attempt to find out the meaning and the significance of life.

People often say to me, "If you think that there is no reasonable life outside the teachings of Christ, and if you love a reasonable life, why do you not fulfil the Christian precepts?" I am guilty and blameworthy and contemptible because I do not fulfil them: but at the same time I say—not in justification, but in explanation, of my inconsistency—"Compare my previous life with the life I am now living, and you will see that I am trying to fulfil. I have not, it is true, fulfilled one eighty-thousandth part, and I am to blame for it; but it is not because I do not wish to fulfil all, but because I am unable. Teach me how



## Telephone Etiquette

Co-operation is the keynote of telephone success.

For good service there must be perfect co-operation between the party calling, the party called, and the trained operator who connects these two.

Suggestions for the use of the telephone may be found in the directory and are worthy of study, but the principles of telephone etiquette are found in everyday life.

One who is courteous face to face should also be courteous

when he bridges distance by means of the telephone wire.

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The 100,000 employees of the Bell system and the 25,000,000 telephone users constitute the great telephone democracy.

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to extricate myself from the meshes of temptation in which I am entangled—help me—and I will fulfill all. Condemn me if you choose—I do that myself—but condemn Me, and not the path which I am following, and which I point out to those who ask me where, in my opinion, the path is."—Tolstoy.

ART is not handicraft: it is the transmission of feeling which the artist has experienced.—Tolstoy.

## "THE CHIEF"

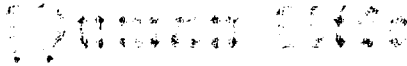
—the novel whose serial publication begins in the February issue of "Human Life"—is a picture of the New York City Police and its workings painted from the inside. Told in the first person, it is the life history of a New York urchin who, beginning in the gutter, finds his way into the police by political paths, and through force and wit and avarice and a callous want of conscience goes from grade to grade, from patrolman to roundsman, roundsman to lieutenant, and so on through captaincy and inspectorship until he culminates in Mulberry Street as Chief of Police.

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"Resurrection"—will never be surpassed. But you know Shakespeare left no school, nor Milton, nor Shelley. Zola did. He was a tremendous fellow, Zola, but he's rather forgotten now. And that's it; the lesser man has mannerisms or even a manner, and a manner can be caught, taken up, imitated, even absorbed; but a great personality is incommunicable. I do not pretend to try to explain Tolstoy's later days. I never met him, was never in communication with him, but it seems to me that he believed what he lived and that he tried to live what he believed. It was unfortunate that his belief forced itself into such poignantly dramatic expression.

TOLSTOY was a realist in art and in life.

It is perhaps difficult to estimate what his influence has been on contemporary humanity, but I should say it has been very great. He believed in taking the life of Christ for an example and for precept, not the dogmas of the schools; and that seems to be the tendency of the younger Christianity.

In letters, I can not say that he left a cult, although it may be that three of his books—"Peace and War," "Anna Karenina" and

his last, "The Death of Ivan Ilyich"—were read by millions. There he sat at one end of the table, in peasant's clothes, eating coarse food, while a footman stood at the other end of the table and served delicate viands to his family.

There is this about such poverty as that—that it is imaginative in essence and dramatic in form, rather than real. The man experienced poverty; he lived the life of the poor, wore their clothes and ate their food, but he could not feel the dread that is never lifted from the very poor, the dread of actual want tomorrow.



It was impossible that he should actually want. We see that in the very circumstances of his death, strive as he might. He did not die a peasant's death, unattended, cold, bare ❀❀ Yet he was a very great man—perhaps, as I have said, the greatest and the best of his time.—William Dean Howells.

**E**T me say, as one of many hundreds paying Tolstoy tribute, that I owe him a debt which can never be measured. He was one of those who, for me, has redeemed and transfigured life. He brought to us of the Twentieth Century the best traditions of the ages. I believe he will rank with Shakespeare, Goethe and Victor Hugo. **¶** I think of him

as a writer, the author of "Anna Karenina" and "War and Peace"—books that can never die. Yet Tolstoy was not content to be only a writer, nor would I be content if he had been that alone. His motive in laying bare the hidden springs of human action and of thought was, even in his earlier stages, the motive of a seer quite as much as of an artist. Like so many others who have begun by simply transcribing what they saw, he ended by recognizing that, for him at least, it was more

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important to learn how to Live, and to teach others how to live, than to write stories. Tolstoy had the directness, the simplicity, that only go with the highest genius. He had a compassion that embraced every human being. Some of the battle-cries of his later years—"I Can Not Be Silent," for instance—were absolutely sublime in their human pity and intensity.

Beautiful and great-hearted Tolstoy!

—Leonard D. Abbott.

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by the facts of our own age. For now, when we are viewing the decay of a dead Catholicism and of a dying Protestantism, we are also witnessing the birth of a New Religion, to which no specific name has been attached, but which is eventually to conquer the Christian world. Sabatier calls it the "Religion of the Spirit"; Doctor Newman Smyth describes it as the "New Catholicism"; but whatever it is, it is here. "I see," said the Bampton lecturer recently, in the pulpit of Saint Mary's at Oxford, "I see the rise of a new religious order, the greatest that the world has known; drawn from all nations and all classes, and, what seems stranger yet,

**R**ELIGION is an infinitely greater thing than either Catholicism or Protestantism. Religion is permanent, these are transient; religion is universal, these are local. Religion was before any of these were, and religion still will be, long after both of these have vanished away. Religions may come and religions may go, as they always have come and gone, in the history of mankind, and probably always will; but religion itself goes on forever! That this is no mere theory is clearly revealed

from all churches." This New Religion is found today both inside the churches and out. In the Catholic Church it appears as Modernism; in the Protestant Church as the New Theology or the New Liberalism. Outside the Church, it appears on the one side as New Thought, Free Thinking, Mysticism, and, on the other hand, as Organized Charity, Social Service and Socialism. But wherever it appears this New Religion has two characteristics. In the first place, it rejects utterly the idea of external



and supernatural authority, whether this authority be that of a divine church as in Catholicism, or that of a divine book as in Protestantism; and adopts the idea of the inward and purely natural authority of the soul, as embodied first in the reason, second in the conscience, and third in the affections. It is thus, as Sabatier well says, the Religion of the Spirit, which is the religion which Jesus preached when he said, "The Kingdom of God is within you." And secondly, this New Religion, basing itself upon the soul, finds expression not in the performance of rituals nor in the recitation of creeds, but in the service of human need. Now, it is this

New Religion which is being given to the world in our time, and which is to succeed to the throne once occupied by Catholicism and now occupied by a dying Protestantism. The Catholic period of history ended with the close of the Sixteenth Century; the Protestant period of history ended with the close of the Nineteenth Century; and now comes the third period of Christian history, which is to be greater than either of the other two. The traditional churches are perishing, and rightly perishing, not because

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He booked the order in feverish haste, for a thousand dollars' worth of stuff, then hiked towards home with a gleeful smile, for traveling had been pretty rough. He looked at his pencil, then at his book, his face became an ashen gray. "Ye gods!" he wailed, "such blasted luck; another case of lead astray."

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religion is vanishing, but because a New Religion is come, which these traditional churches can no longer contain. And with it will come the New Church, which shall be loyal to truth and not to tradition, which shall be moved by the spirit of freedom and not of authority, which shall be interested in this world, and not primarily in the next world, which shall seek the reform of society as well as the regeneration of the individual.

—Reverend J. H. Holmes.

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AT Wyomissing, Reading, Pennsylvania, is a Nursery that deserves the name. Here Bertrand H. Farr grows Hardy Plants with the tender care of an anxious parent raising sturdy boys and girls. And he has the largest Flower Family in America.

¶ When you get a seedling plant of Farr you know it will grow, because it has been carefully nurtured into being.

¶ Mr. Farr specializes on Hardy Plants, because the perennials have constancy, character and charm which the showy annuals never suggest. Hardy Plants stay with us, and we watch for their blooming with memory full of remembrances of the brave showings they have made in seasons past.

¶ Farr's book, which he will send you for the asking, reminds you of Maeterlinck's *Essays on Flowers*.

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¶ Here follow a few Peony descriptions as a sample of his quality.

### DELICATISSIMA

Flesh, passing to blush-white, full double, sweet-scented, extra fine. 50c each, \$5.00 per dozen.

### EMPEROR NICOLAS

(Cr.) Enormous, full, broad-petaled flower, with tufted center, brilliant chatoyant amaranth, with purple reflex, a most effective color. \$1.00 each.

### MODESTE GUERIN

Very large anemone, ball-shaped bloom, perfectly built, very bright, lively purplish carmine, superb foliage, a very fine variety. 75c each, \$7.50 per doz.

### GOLDEN HARVEST

(ROSEFIELD.) Soft pink guard, clear yellow collar, with a tuft of creamy blush petals tipped red in the center. A very beautiful variety, very free bloomer, medium early. 50c each, \$5.00 per doz.

### LA TULIPE

(CAL., 1872.) Very large globular flower, flesh pink, shading to ivory white, center petals tipped carmine, outside of guard petals striped carmine, tall vigorous grower and free bloomer, one of the best. 75c each, \$7.50 per dozen, \$60.00 per hundred.

### FESTIVA MAXIMA

(MIELLEZ, 1851.) Generally considered the finest white peony grown. Though an old variety, it has never been surpassed, and the true variety is always scarce. Color snow-white, center petals touched purplish carmine, enormous full double bloom, very broad petals, handsome foliage, very tall, vigorous grower, splendid strong stem, early bloomer. 50c each, \$5.00 per dozen, \$40.00 per hundred.

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¶ You may exist, but you will never know all the joy of living unless you know Farr, His Irises, Peonies, Phloxes and other Hardy Beauties.

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excuse you until you feel better; but when you are here, smile and smile all the time ❀ ❀

I want you to pump yourself full of enthusiasm every morning. We have no use for dead ones. It is enthusiasm that breeds new ideas and makes things go.

Don't forget that every question demands a respectful answer, not a grunt or a yawn.  
—Charles Henry Fox.

❀  
THE only living sage of the West, the greatest thinker of this age of false philosophy, has at last gone over to the majority ❀ Leo Tolstoy is no more. Leo Tolstoy is enough—the "Count" counts not his worth and personality. Even "Leo," simple "Leo," may do

❀ ❀ WE are starting out in a new year. It is our duty to go each year one better and make the year worth while because we have lived and worked in it.

It is my purpose in life to be happy and to make others happy, and thereby evolve something original out of our thoughts and work. I can not do this if there are any disturbing elements about me.

I want to see every one with a pleasant disposition at all times. If you are not well, we will

now to express him, for he was a lion of the most powerful thought; powerful with the might of spiritual love. Yea, he was the spiritual lion of the mental world-forest caged in domesticity by mistake. And yet he roared out his thoughts which struck like cannon-balls at the minds and hearts of a superficial civilization and tore away the mask of a church out of which the spirit of its Savior and God had fled, but which pretended to be all-in-all for the salvation of mankind. Even at the last

he broke through the cage and fled to the open, to once at least breathe the air and tread the path of the holy wanderer, even if it was to die in the attempt. And he did die, on the wayside, die in his body, with joy in his soul for the freedom he had at last gained for his fleshly encasement, weeping for the distressed, oppressed and miserable whose cause he had fought all through half a century. His physical self has fallen, but his real self, his soul-illuminated mind and towering individuality, stands resplendent, lighting up, more than ever, the horizon of human consciousness the world over.—Baba Bharati.

✱ If we are tempted to

make war upon another nation, we shall remember that we are seeking to destroy an element of our own culture, and possibly its most important element. As long as war is regarded as wicked, it will always have its fascination. When it is looked upon as vulgar, it will cease to be popular.—Oscar Wilde.

✱ PUT men to death in war, I fought duels to slay others, I lost at cards, wasted my substance wrung from the sweat of peas-



I found this out after long experiment with all sorts and conditions of hot drinks.

Bouillon seems to "go to the spot"—it warms one up in a minute, is a mild stimulant, and best of all is always on tap. For modern bouillon comes already prepared.

Just get a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef and a box of crisp, salty wafers and you are ready to offer cold weather comfort to all comers. A quarter of a teaspoonful in a cup of boiling water, a little seasoning, and you have a delicious bouillon that home manufacture cannot equal.

Give the children a cup when they come in from school faint and tired, maybe cross. It won't spoil appetites, but will send them to the table cheerful and eager for food—keeps them from clamoring for tea and coffee.

Served after the theatre it sends you to bed warm and comfortable. Try it in place of afternoon tea. Your guests will find it far more satisfying.

But making bouillon is only one of the endless possibilities contained in a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef. Its delicious flavor improves every

meat dish, is a delightful addition to gravies, while as a foundation for soup it will save you long hours of standing over the kitchen range.

To learn the innumerable uses of Armour's Extract of Beef write to Armour & Company, Chicago, and ask for *Popular Recipes*, a famous little cook book sent free on request. Keep it handy and learn its rules. It will make you a good meat cook.

## Two New Recipes

From Correspondents

*M. T. C.—Jersey City.*—Take a piece of fat bacon about one inch square, cut into tiny pieces and fry until brown. Take two cups of sweet milk and add one tablespoonful of flour, two teaspoonfuls of Armour's Extract of Beef and a pinch of salt and pepper, all rubbed together. Pour into the pan with the bits of bacon, and let it thicken. This is economical, yet very rich and nutritious.

*B. K. B.—Madina, Minn.*—Try this new style potato soup. Peel potatoes and boil until soft; strain, add milk, seasoning, and a teaspoonful of Armour's Extract of Beef to every bowlful. Bring to a boil and serve—especially suited to invalids and convalescents.

# Armour's EXTRACT OF BEEF

Rich, concentrated and economical, gives the needed life and flavor to soups, meats and gravies.

Save the cap or certificate from every jar you buy and send it to us with ten cents. We will give you a beautiful silver spoon, Wm. Rogers & Sons' AA,



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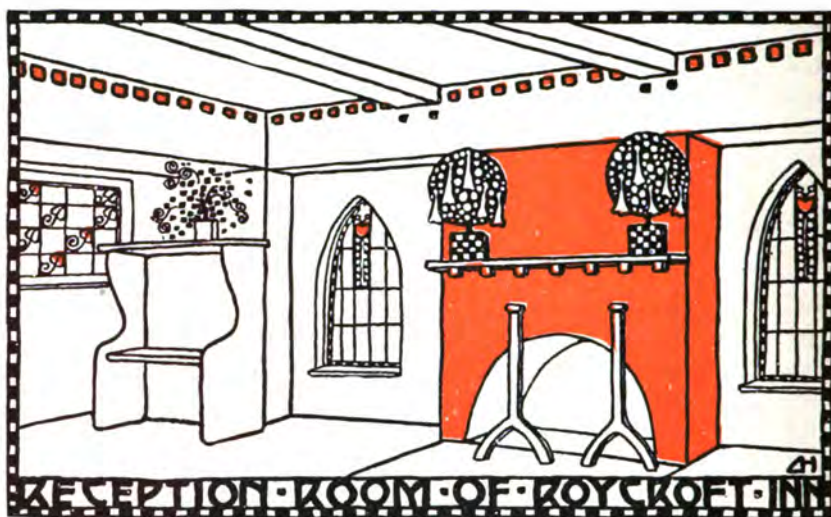
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CHICAGO

ants, punished the latter cruelly, rioted with loose women, and deceived men. Lying, robbery, adultery of all kinds, drunkenness, violence and murder, all committed by me, not one crime omitted, and yet I was not the less considered by my equals a comparatively moral man. Such was my life during ten years.

—Tolstoy, "My Confession."

✱ When the fight begins within himself a man's worth something.—Browning.





## Early Taverns and The Roycroft Inn

¶ At the beginning of the Eighteenth Century, London was filled with coffee-houses and taverns. These were trysting-places for the wits of England.

¶ Steele received letters from Stella, and wrote his Journal to his "little M. D." in many a London tavern.

¶ Addison was seen thrusting his head into "a round of politicians" at Will's. And they still show with pride a couplet which the rollicking Bobby Burns scratched on the window-front of his favorite alehouse.

¶ These famous haunts of the Eighteenth Century gave opportunity for brilliant conversation and the play of wit. But there is ever in the heart of man the need of home, with its comfort and peace.

¶ An Inn is the product of the consistent efforts of a home-loving and home-making spirit.

"But is there for the night a resting-place?  
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin?  
May not the darkness hide it from my face?  
You can not miss the Inn."

¶ The Roycroft Inn is the embodiment of a rare spirit. Every corner—from the sociable, wide hearth-settles in the living-room to the dignified modeled leather wall-seats in the salon—suggests comfort and peace.

¶ Here is a place to work in, a place to play in, or a haven of rest.

¶ The food is simple, delicious, wholesome. Everything that is served at The Roycroft tables is produced on The Roycroft Farm.

¶ The wide peristyle offers a delightful promenade, where you can walk miles each day.

¶ Across the way are the great graystone shops where the workers are making fact of a theory; where daily is being evolved The American Philosophy, that nightly is discussed by the friends who gather round the fireplace of our Inn.

¶ The Roycroft Inn is a realization of a dream which the great frequenters of the early taverns often dreamed. Here men and women live, and laugh, think and grow; and all about are the beautiful suggestions of home.

¶ The Inn Portfolio is done after the style of the Viennese, and contains six views of The Roycroft Inn in five colors. One of these is given on this page. The Portfolio will be mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents.

## The Roycroft Inn, East Aurora, New York

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A Burpee Seed Order is a Garden Insurance-Policy. The productiveness and economy of your garden is guaranteed when you plant Burpee seeds.

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*The Burpee Annual for Nineteen Hundred Eleven* is now being sent out on request. It is a manual authoritatively prepared by America's seed authority.

The Burpee Annual is the Bible of Boss Biddick of The Roycroft Farm, which is planted exclusively with Burpee seeds. This farm supplies *The Roycroft Inn* and *Emerson Hall* with garden stuff which has made The Roycroft Dining-Room famous. Send for this Annual and you will be as successful as Burbank, Burpee and Biddick—the Big Boys! Just address

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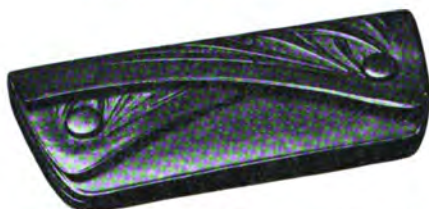


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This bag is modeled in lily-of-the-valley design, has one inside pocket and modeled-leather change-purse.  $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8$  inches. Price \$15.00

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Turned edge, leather-lined, with three gusset pockets and two flat pockets. This is an unusual value at \$5.00

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L-11



L-9

These cases are numbered for your convenience in ordering.

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| L-9 — $2\frac{3}{4} \times 4$ inches . . . . .             | \$1.25 |
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Roycroft Modeled-Leather Goods have found their way into the hands of artistic connoisseurs in many parts of the world. In design and coloring, the work is as beautiful as that found in fine pottery or rare glass.

Our modeled leather is as delicate as either of these, yet it is not fragile.

When a design is worked up, a few articles are made from it, then a new design is used. So the pieces have an individual value.

This month we have some special articles of fine workmanship from our leather department. These are unusual values and are offered in this way to introduce Roycroft work to new friends.

**THE ROYCROFTERS**  
EAST AURORA, N. Y.

# A SHOE IDEAL



VERY craft has its superior workmen whose names go into history to represent a period in the development of an industry.

In shoe lore we find the names of Gallahue, McKay and Goodyear, who at different times did much to advance the art of fashioning shoes.

And now to men and women the world over Coward means the highest development in shoemaking. Coward shoes are the tangible expression of the Coward Ideal. The Coward Ideal is simply this: to make the best shoes possible for men, women and children—from the best materials, by the best processes, and through the services of the most skilled workmen.

James S. Coward makes shoes that are as nearly perfect as it is possible for a human being to create. Special features do not make a comfortable shoe, any more than one star-act makes an entertaining vaudeville bill.

## THE COWARD SHOE

can be purchased only from the New York Store. James S. Coward has appointed no agents, does not sell to dealers and has no branch stores. He wants to deal with his patrons direct, to make sure of their perfect satisfaction.

¶ The Coward Out-of-Town Service is so well organized that you can get the same care over the miles as if you called at the New York Store. The Coward Catalog is well illustrated, and contains correct descriptions and a price-list. It also includes full directions for ordering Coward Shoes by mail. Send for this booklet to promote your Foot-Health.

### Coward "Special" Shoes for Special Needs

*The Coward Good-Sense Shoe (made especially for tender feet)*

*The Coward Straight-Last Shoe (for slim, straight, slender feet)*

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## JAMES S. COWARD

Two Sixty-four to Two Seventy-four Greenwich St., New York

Questions from this number of THE FRA. Use these for topics of discussion at the meetings of your Junta. Members who are working for Certificates or Diplomas should answer the questions on separate sheets and send papers to us for examination and marking—no charge.

### Lesson Number One

- 1 What do you understand by the word "Idealist"?
- 2 Why are all creeds in degree dead creeds?
- 3 What is (a) Materialism? (b) Paternalism?
- 4 Who was Alfred Nobel?
- 5 What do you understand by the word "Literature"?
- 6 What is the "Divine Comedy"?
- 7 Should Theodore Roosevelt have had a Nobel prize, and if so, why?
- 8 Who is William Marion Reedy?
- 9 What is ankylosis?
- 10 Explain the following words: Storthing; Reichstag; Congress; Parliament; Duma.
- 11 Who was (a) Herodotus? (b) Chatterton? (c) Iamblichus? (d) Ali Baba?
- 12 Has "salvation" any special significance to you—in other words, are you "saved," and from what, and what for?

### Lesson Number Two

- 1 What is the attitude of Organized Labor toward Industrial Education?
- 2 Are Capital and Labor coequal?
- 3 What is "Higher Education"?
- 4 What is a "dead language"?
- 5 What is an Individualist?
- 6 What is "intensive" farming?
- 7 Do farmers need agricultural education?
- 8 Which would you consider the more desirable accomplishment: the ability to speak German or the ability to write Greek?
- 9 In what respect may the farmer be considered the bulwark of the nation?
- 10 What country is called the granary of the world?
- 11 What do you think of the advertisements in THE FRA (a) from a literary standpoint? (b) from a business point of view?
- 12 Is THE FRA getting better or worse? How do you like the February Number?

### Lesson Number Three

- 1 What and where is Yasnaya Poliana?
- 2 Who was Ernest Crosby?
- 3 Explain the Doctrine of Non-Resistance.
- 4 What constitutes Success?
- 5 Was Tolstoy a success?
- 6 What are the lessons to be learned from Tolstoy's life?
- 7 What do you consider the *summum bonum* of existence?
- 8 Is Work a blessing or a curse?
- 9 What is Fear? Is it a disease?
- 10 (a) What is Poverty? (b) Was Tolstoy poor?
- 11 Differentiate the following words: distinguished; conspicuous; noted; eminent; illustrious; famous; notorious. Which would you rather be?
- 12 What is the difference between Physical Culture and Athletics?

### Lesson Number Four

- 1 What are Indulgences, and are they legitimate merchandise?
- 2 What is the difference between the Greek and the Roman Catholic Church?
- 3 Where is Purgatory? Would you call it a Summer Resort?
- 4 If you are a good Catholic, is it possible to skip Purgatory? How?
- 5 Does the Catholic Church oppose education?
- 6 Why was Francisco Ferrer assassinated, and by whom?
- 7 What is Jesuitry?
- 8 Why are Jesuits especially tabu in most European countries?
- 9 How does American Catholicism compare with what you know of the European article?
- 10 What is (a) a bashi-bazouk? (b) a humanitarian? (c) a legal lobster?
- 11 What do you understand by the expression, "a person of quality"?
- 12 What is the most important industry in America?



# The Commonsense Cleaner

**C**OSMIC dust consists of the ashes of meteorites: which is a terrible thought unless you know all about it. But cosmic dust is not half so dangerous as the dust which causes no excitement among the major portion of mankind. Dust that lurks in carpets and hangings is Dust that kills. We may have a shower of cosmic dust, but the important thing to fear is what gathers in our dwelling-places, offices and factories. Man dodges his imagination, but flounders into the real thing until he gets a jolt.



## Santo

The Vacuum Cleaner came as a matter of necessity. It also arrived as a matter of course, for when people want a thing they get it. We reach up in the air or dig down in the ground, and lo, we find it. For everything is everywhere.

The Santo Vacuum Cleaner is a natural product of the age of electricity, and, believe me, no toy vacuum cleaner will ever do the work of a Santo Electric Machine. The Santo people say the cheapness of an article does not depend upon the price, but upon what you get for your money, which is the best possible philosophy.

It is practical to buy a Santo, because when you have it—you have it. When you buy one of the toys named humorously and advertised seriously as vacuum cleaners, you have a choice addition to your junk-pile—nothing more except experience.

The world likes its poets, but it needs its scientists. We may like our playthings, but we need the Santo.

As the war on dust, dirt and disease is a serious business, we need a seriously evolved machine in the combat. The Santo appeals to your commonsense, and "science is just classified commonsense."

If there is a Santo agent in your city, ask him to give you a free demonstration, which will prove a few things to you that you possibly did not believe before. If no Santo representative is near you, correspond with the house direct.

A Santo Portable Electric Cleaner and equipment, which includes tools for over twenty different uses, costs but One Hundred Twenty-five Dollars. This small investment will probably save you thousands of dollars in your business and home. Send for one. It is sold on approval.

## Santo Vacuum Cleaner

**KELLER MANUFACTURING CO., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania**



J. M. MACK

## The Leading Gasoline Truck of America and The Man Behind It



HERE is a certain personality enters into the production of each Mack not found in the ordinary motor-truck," said a busy man to me the other day.

Everything reminded Abe Lincoln of something or some one. "That reminds me," he used to say.

A Mack Gasoline Motor-Truck reminds me of J. M. Mack—strong, earnest; a living illustration to Emerson's "Essay on Self-Reliance."

J. M. Mack knows that to keep your columns moving you must introduce new methods, new inspiration, and improve upon the best that others have produced. By this method he has evolved a Motor-Truck that has twenty-five distinct advantages.

Mack carries heavy burdens easily. So do his trucks—they take a double load twice as fast with one driver as any other mode of city transportation. Most Mack models are made in sizes of two to seven tons capacity, but if you want more tonnage, just tell Mack—the James J. Hill of the Motor-Truck Business.

As a lover of the horse and a breeder of horses, I hail the work of Mack with glad acclaim! Horses never commanded so big a price as they do today, and all the time the demand is for a higher-grade horse—not for a plug to drag impossible loads. The cable-car was an attempt to sidestep the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Our hearts bled for the poor old street-car horse—galled, limping, panting, that we might fly through space at the rate of six miles an hour. The electric car arrived as a matter of course, for when people want a thing they get it.

One great value of the motor-truck to society is that it relieves the streets of horses and thus adds to sanitation and cleanliness. The presence of horses on city pavements creates an unsanitary condition all the time. Horses belong to the soil anyway. The horse's hoof is made for the dirt.

The motor-truck adds to commerce the value of increased time, since it carries man and load to the desired place in less than half the time that horses can turn the same trick.

Next, the motor-truck brings the outlying sections and factory districts into proximity to the city, since twenty miles with a motor is equal to six with a horse. Thus will suburban property be brought into market and take on value otherwise impossible.

The motor-truck is here to stay. It can neither be laughed down nor worked down. When a man tells you what is going to happen if this benzine-wagon movement does not stop, he is getting ready to buy one. Supposing the motor-truck were substituted for the horse generally for transportation purposes, we would have an interesting

# An Appreciation

By Elbert Hubbard

lesson in economics. The total saving effected by motors would be considerably more than a billion dollars a year. This figure is pretty big to grasp, but I have proved it in my little work, "The Age of the Auto," which The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York, will send you for the asking. And if you want to get real inside information on the value of the motor-truck to commerce and to your particular business, get in correspondence with the makers of the Leading Gasoline-Truck of America—the Mack.

Remember that there is a Big Man behind this Big Truck who guarantees you satisfaction, service, safety and saving.



**MACK BROS. MOTOR CAR COMPANY**  
**Main Office and Shops, Allentown, Pa.**

**NEW YORK CITY**

*Sales Office and Showroom, 30 Church Street*

*Supply Depot, 532 to 540 Atlantic Ave., Borough of Brooklyn*



TREE FILLED 2 YEARS  
ESTATE OF ISAAC N. SELIGMAN

*Court of  
Common Pleas No. 5*

*Philadelphia, Pa.*

It gives me pleasure to state that examination of the trees upon our "Gy-nedd" place evidences that in every case healing is going on most satisfactorily. This is especially so in the case of a large maple tree that I rather despaired of saving. Your men showed thorough competency and skill, combined with the conduct of courteous gentlemen. (Signed)

*William H. Staake*



TREE BUTCHERY

## Don't Risk Your Trees in the Hands of Ignorant or Irresponsible Persons

**RESPONSIBILITY** is of vastly greater importance than the matter of a few cents more or less per hour when it comes to the treatment of trees, as it is in any other profession that deals with living things.

**IT IS BETTER** by far to cast money to the four winds than hand it out to unskilled and pretending tree-men, no matter whether of the ignorant type or the well-mannered gentlemen whose ability is limited to a fluent use of Latin names.

**SKILL** in the art of Tree Surgery is not acquired from books. Neither is it obtained in Agricultural Colleges nor Forestry Schools. These institutions fill an important place in the national life, but they do not and can not teach correct Tree Surgery.

**THOROUGH TRAINING** and skill are synonymous, provided the training is received from men who know.

**JOHN DAVEY** created Tree Surgery. The idea itself is his. The methods are his. All the advancement in this branch of science is the direct result of his work. The whole profession of the scientific treatment of trees radiates from his unique personality.

**THE DAVEY TREE EXPERTS** are just what the name implies—John Davey's selection of clean and intelligent men, whom he has trained with religious care in the art of Tree Surgery. These men, and none others, are fully qualified to administer proper treatment to sick and wounded trees.



TREE FILLED 3 YEARS  
ESTATE OF ISAAC N. SELIGMAN

*Willow Brook,  
Sunnyside Lane*

*Irrington-on-Hudson,  
New York*

The work that you have done on my place in doctoring many of our fine trees and in preventing further decay, commends itself to us, and I gladly recommend you to others in need of scientific treatment of their trees. It appears to me to be money well spent for others to seriously look after the health of their trees.

(Signed)

*Isaac N. Seligman*

## Save Your Trees

Real  
Tree  
Surgery  
Requires  
Training  
Study and  
Skill



The  
Davey  
Experts  
Alone Are  
Trained  
For This  
Science

**John Davey,**  
Father of Tree Surgery

## The Davey Institute of Tree Surgery

is maintained by the company at very heavy expense for the sole purpose of schooling its men regarding tree life, insect enemies of trees, tree diseases, proper remedies, and—most important of all—the theory and practice of Tree Surgery, which can not be obtained elsewhere. They are specialists in the treatment of trees. There are no successful imitators.

The treatment of trees is a real profession. It suffers just as all other professions do from the invasion of quacks of all degrees of badness. Nevertheless the real Davey experts, an organization managed and backed by a responsible house, enjoy the full confidence of the public.

The Davey Tree Experts actually save wounded and crippled trees—save their lives for many added years of usefulness. Absolutely correct methods plus exacting care in training quality men are the distinguishing characteristics of the Davey service—the real service. Your trees will be safe in the hands of Davey Tree Experts.

The Service of the Davey Tree Expert Company is available east of the Missouri River for those who desire quality at a cost which is not in any sense unreasonable. Send today for handsome booklet and full information. When you write, tell us how many trees you have, what kinds and where located.

**The Davey Tree Expert Company, Inc.**  
102 Hackberry Street, Kent, Ohio



IMITATION TREE SURGERY



**Notice!** Having disposed of my interest in the advertising pages of "The Philistine" and "Little Journeys," all communications concerning advertising should be addressed to Elbert Hubbard or The Roycrofters, at East Aurora, Erie County, New York State.—*Frederic W. Gardner.*



## The Philistine

THE PHILISTINE is just entering upon the sixteenth year of its publication ❖ ❖

It has not skipped an issue since the start, and has gradually, surely and continually grown in favor. It is the oyster cocktail to the literary meal.

Businessmen, doctors, lawyers, preachers, actors, adboys—all those who appreciate the Kosmic Kilowatt—peruse "The Philistine," and pinch from it as their needs require ❖ ❖

People who prize phosphorus plus read "The Philistine," and

then pass it along to their enemies. Every copy is read by ten people, on an average. The circulation is over One Hundred Thousand a month—this means a Million Readers.

We would like to run your ad in both "The Philistine" and THE FRA. If you want me to revise or edit your copy, I'll be glad to do so.

**ELBERT HUBBARD, East Aurora, New York**



# Frowert Himself!

*A Friendly Token by Elbert Hubbard*



THE science of advertising is the science of psychology. And psychology is the science of the human heart. Humanity is our raw-stock; and humanity is Divine Energy incarnate.

Professor James' "Pragmatism" is the primer of the publicity-promoter. Pragmatism is a present, positive good.

One man I know has his lessons by heart.

Percival K. Frowert puts practical psychology into his copy. He makes syntax sell goods because he understands his audience. His clients are all class A, and he understands whom they want to reach and touch, and how and why.

Advertising is the creation of favorable public sentiment, and the selling of goods. Sometimes it creates a want and then fills it.

It is obviously essential that the more an advertising man knows about art, life and letters, the more competent he is to create sales. I count as one of my assets the fact that I know all the bum schemes that won't work. It is just as essential to be familiar with the people to whom you want to sell as you are with the goods that you want them to want.

Frowert knows!

The Frowert Advertising Agency is just a lengthened shadow of Frowert Himself!

HE IS WILLING TO BE AS USEFUL TO A FEW MORE FIRMS AS HIS PRESENT CLIENTS WILL TELL YOU HE IS TO THEM.

Secure a copy of "An Ambassador of Advertising," an estimate of Frowert by James Wallen. It will be sent you for the asking.

**PERCIVAL K. FROWERT**

*Stephen Girard Building* & **PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

# Teeth and Efficiency

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD



IFE-INSURANCE Companies have increased the probable length of adult life six years, since Dentistry came into vogue.

In fully granting because the thing goes with the thing is no reason the thing is the cause of the thing; yet my opinion is that Modern Dentistry has done more than any other one factor in adding to human efficiency. All that adds to human comfort, efficiency and happiness means length of days.

We are learning how to live, and in this I affirm that the Doctor of Dentistry is playing a big part. One thing is sure, Dentistry has done more preventive work than any other branch of medical science. Among the good things the Dentists have done, has been the advising of people to take better care of their teeth. Every superior Dentist is working all the time to destroy his business. He is showing his patients how to get along without him. He is teaching the human family the science of Oral Hygiene, and oral hygiene is Oral Righteousness. The good Dentist is true to his Patients and to His Better Self. Every one who has ever visited such a Dentist has received a gentle little lecture from him on the care and preservation of the teeth. This lecture generally consists of a command to use a first-class dentifrice religiously. The average "first-class" dentifrice is simply a powder, paste or liquid to cleanse the teeth, like soap. So if the ordinary dentifrice has helped to better conditions, we can not estimate the value of Beirsdorf's



## PEBECO

Tooth Paste

Pebeco prevents a bacterial or acid condition of the mouth, recession of the gums, stomatitis and other diseases of the mouth and throat. Pebeco checks and prevents fermentation; it arrests the growth of bacteria, with no harmful effects on the living tissue. It defends the mouth cavity against all manner of diseases.

For the sake of Oral Righteousness, ask your druggist for PEBECO. If you are skeptical, or your druggist is not strictly up to date, send for a sample tube and acid-test papers, which will be sent you for the asking.

LEHN & FINK, 133 William Street, New York City

## My Safety-Razor

*An Advertisement  
by Elbert Hubbard  
written right out of  
His Heart!*



**\$5.00**  
Everywhere

# Gillette SAFETY RAZOR

*The STANDARD of SAFETY, EASE and COMFORT*

**T**HE other night I talked to the Sperry and Hutchinson boys at their feed and talk-fest at the Hotel Knickerbocker, New York.

I said many things which to me were very amusing, but I got a regular Orpheum Circuit hand when I said: "I write advertisements for the Gillette Razor. I also use it. I think every man ought to use a Gillette Razor every morning, so as to get a good look at his mug in the mirror. Then he will never blame any one for anything."

The Gillette will never disturb you. In fact, it inspires confidence. But honestly, you know, you can make a pretty good estimate of yourself between six and seven in the morning. The Sperry and Hutchinson boys all know this is true, and the thing that pleases you is the thing you know. They are all patrons of Gillette—his razor and blades. Personally, I would not be without the Gillette for One Day.

¶ It is the only adjustable razor that will give you a light or a close shave. I have had so many close shaves in my life that now I prefer light ones.

By simply turning the screw-handle you can make the Gillette suit your particular facial disadvantages. The Gillette Razor is comfortable because it's safe and quick and clean. It is made right, rigid and secure, and the blades being of the finest steel are made by processes known to King C. Gillette and his Workers only. The Gillette will last for ninety-nine years, and no man wants to shave himself any longer than that.

### THE GILLETTE LASTS A LIFETIME

*Ask your dealer to show you the Gillette Line*

**Gillette Sales Co., 22 W. Second St., Boston, Mass.**

New York—Times Bldg.; Chicago—Stock Exchange Bldg.; Canadian Office—63 St. Alexander St., Montreal; Gillette Safety Razor, Ltd., London; Eastern Office—Shanghai, China.

Factories: Boston, Montreal, Leicester, Berlin, Paris.

NO STROPPING — NO HONING



*"If it's a Safety Razor—it's a Gillette."*

## "Twenty Minutes From Herald Square"

WHY is it," queries the Curious One, "that all our great cities are built in such unhealthy places?" Pass it up if you can't find the answer, but the fact remains that a crowded city is not just the ideal place for home-life. Back to Nature is the cry. Distance is no longer measured in miles but in minutes. It is now possible to accomplish the seeming paradox of living in the biggest city in the New World and yet to be in the country. The tunnels and subways that were but dreams twenty years ago are now actual facts, and fourteen miles from Broadway means but twenty minutes from Herald Square, the center of the uptown shopping district. Property in the environs of New York was never so valuable as it is today, and these values will multiply with greater rapidity in the future than they have in the past. John Jacob Astor the First saw with prophetic eye the trend of values on Manhattan Island, and he bought and bought—never sold—but even his keen vision could not foresee the day when Great Neck, Long Island, would be only a few minutes from the "Bouwerie." Any one who is interested in real estate should see the properties of the Rickert-Finlay Realty Company at Broadway-Flushing, Douglas Manor, Westmoreland, Kensington and Norwood, Long Island. For either a home or an investment they will interest the discriminating ones who readily recognize true value.

### Broadway-Flushing

Four thousand improved lots ranging in price from \$800 to \$1,000; a territory as large as all that part of Manhattan lying South of City Hall. Railroad-station right in center of property, with five-cent trolley-fare to Manhattan. All trains from Herald Square terminal are express trains for over half the distance, as the road's franchise forbids local business between the terminal and Woodside, five miles away. Broadway-Flushing is within New York City limits, so has metropolitan police and fire protection, gas, water, electric lights, and is only TWENTY MINUTES FROM HERALD SQUARE.

### Douglas Manor

A beautiful residential park with over a mile of shore front. An imposing estate of 188 acres, with its historic Manor House and gigantic forest trees. Though it is to be developed as a suburban residence district, none of its natural beauty has been marred—rather, it has been enhanced. Every property-holder is a member of the Douglas Manor Association, which is the absolute owner of the entire water-front, to which every resident has equal privilege. Beautiful Little Neck Bay surrounds the property on three sides, insuring protection from undesirable encroachment. Boating, bathing, fishing and country sports. An ideal place for year-round homes for New York businessmen. Railroad-station at park entrance, with fifty-seven trains daily, and only TWENTY MINUTES FROM HERALD SQUARE.

### Westmoreland

Westmoreland is directly East of Douglas Manor and contains nine hundred restricted lots. The tract immediately adjoins the Little Neck Station of the Long Island Railroad. One hundred feet above tidewater, it affords a beautiful view of Long Island Sound, with the fronded forms of Manhattan's giant skyscrapers

towering dimly in the distance. Over \$100,000 has been expended in improvements, but the prices of lots are the lowest of any on Long Island, taking into consideration distance and character of property. Residents have all the Big City's protection and school facilities and none of its inconveniences. Westmoreland is only TWENTY MINUTES FROM HERALD SQUARE.

### Kensington


Kensington is located in the so-called millionaire district, but this does not mean that only wealthy people can afford to own property here. The prices are no higher than in many places much less desirable. It is on a plateau 125 feet above the bay and fronts on Middle Neck Road, extending East to Shore Road on Manhasset Bay. It offers opportunities for home life under ideal conditions. To the automobilist Kensington is especially attractive, for he can motor from Fifth Avenue to the new Queensboro Bridge at 59th Street, and go directly home over the finest automobile thoroughfare on Long Island. An enjoyable summer route is by boat from Wall or 34th Street to Great Neck without stop. By electric train Kensington is only TWENTY MINUTES FROM HERALD SQUARE.

### Norwood

Norwood is opposite East 81st Street and has two miles of frontage in the heart of Long Island City. Only six minutes from Queensboro Bridge by three trolley lines. Present prices are about one-tenth what lots are held at directly across the river. With six tunnels and a bridge that brings it close to Manhattan, prices will soon be readjusted and a sharp demand in the future will materially advance the value. Norwood today presents the best opportunity on Long Island for a quick realization of profit in realty.

Don't buy property by mail. Send for beautiful descriptive booklets and study the convincing photographs of these ideal suburban sections, then personally inspect them. Long Island real estate will ever advance in value. Get in on this NOW! Rickert-Finlay Realty Co., 45 W. Thirty-Fourth Street, New York

# SHARE THE PROFITS!

E are here to help each other, and only through co-operation do we grow. ¶ The most stupendous co-operative and marketing proposition the world has ever known is now being participated in by men and women America over. Co-operative plans have come and gone, but the Hamilton Corporation is founded by Businessmen who have made good.

*The Fra's good friend, Henry S. Bunting, advertising expert and economist, has this to say of the Hamilton Corporation:*

IT is really a modern evolution of commerce and industry worthy of a chapter in the History of Business. It is a movement to challenge the attention of our college professors.

Have you not noticed this new "Hamilton" message in the magazines?

In a sense, it is to the big manufacturer and jobber just what the Sperry and Hutchinson trading-stamp system is to the big department-stores of the country: a scientifically organized and perfectly conducted premium department for any business whatever to which it may be applied.

¶ While an entirely independent institution from the Sperry and Hutchinson Company, this Hamilton Corporation was launched in the midsummer under much the same auspices as the former concern, and the two institutions are closely federated in a working agreement. The Hamilton Corporation is guaranteed by the million-dollar assets of the Sperry and Hutchinson Company, while all the "coupons" and "bonds" of the Hamilton institution are redeemable

at their face value in premiums, or are interchangeable in S. & H. green trading-stamps, at any of the four thousand redemption-parlors of the Sperry and Hutchinson Company in America.

The strategic advantage of this situation is enormous. Men, women and children, all, may now gather premium-tokens while purchasing standard goods of all kinds such as they each buy; they can pool their credits, and can commute their Hamilton coupons into S. & H. green trading-stamps at par, and redeem them in premiums at any S. & H. premium-parlor in the country. Thus father and the boys may gather Hamilton coupons with their tobacco, hardware, clothing and other purchases; mother may add these to her green trading-stamps received with the household supplies; and the kiddies may even add their Hamilton coupons obtained with candies to the family pool, thus obtaining larger prizes quicker than would be possible without this interchangeable redemption feature. This is a wonderfully lucky feature of this new system.

See that the goods you buy contain *Hamilton Coupons and Certificates*. Be a part of this immense profit-sharing system.

## THE HAMILTON CORPORATION

Twenty-Nine and Thirty-Five West Thirty-Second Street, New York City



# SOME FLOUR FACTS

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD

**N**ATURE lures men on to the struggle for things, and eventually it comes to the worker that he, himself, has grown and evolved through the struggle.

Now, the principle of making flour is very simple. White flour is nothing but finely ground meal of wheat—the finest part of the meal separated by a breaking when the dry wheat is crushed.

With the ultra refinements in the art of making bread, cake and pastry came a demand for a finer flour. New modes of milling were introduced, and the miller became an investigator, a discoverer and an inventor. This was all very well until the inevitable happened. Instead of getting into competition on quality, our White-Dust friends started to cut the price of their product. The quality took a zero drop.

For twenty years this continued, until the Shane Brothers and Wilson Company of Philadelphia announced "The Highest-Priced Flour in America"—King Midas. It had come to the men who compose this firm that they themselves had evolved through this struggle and had a mission. Their business is to help cover up the twenty-year Dark Age in the History of Milling. So King Midas Flour, "The Highest-Priced Flour in America and Worth All It Costs," was offered to the public.

This Flour is made for people who want their money's worth, but want the best.

Knowledge consists in a sense of values. Fine discernment is the mark of the superior man. The best people everywhere use and endorse King Midas Flour. Ninety-nine and a half per cent of humanity may follow a blind trail, but the wiser half per cent is enough to keep the Shane Brothers and Wilson Company busy making King Midas Flour—Quality Flour for Quality Folks.

If you are still in the dubious Thomas class, get a sack of King Midas, use from it three times. If it does not suit you, take the balance or the empty sack back to your grocer and get your money. The makers of King Midas love a cheerful buyer, and do not want the other kind. They can not make a better flour than King Midas, because it is impossible, and so the trouble lies not with the Makers. The only man who worries about guaranteeing his products is the man who can't.

Tell your grocer you want King Midas on your next order.

Shane Brothers and Wilson Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

## A Master Printer's Praise



GOOD many books come to my desk in the course of a year. A few are good, many are bad; but nearly all have some point of interest from the standpoint of the printer.

We are making some of the best books in America, here, at The Roycroft Shop, and we admit it. For this reason we are always interested in books that other folks print.

Yesterday our good Fra handed me a book with the remark, "Ing, here is something pretty good; you will be interested in this." And I am interested, for two reasons: first, because I admire the man who wrote the book; and second, because I love good printing, no matter who does it.

The volume in question is one of a set of twelve, containing the complete writings of Thomas Paine, published by Vincent Parke and Company of New York.

Bound modestly, but durably, in a quiet shade of buckram, with gold top and silk marker, the book invites you to pick it up and look inside.

The paper is a beautiful, deckle-edge, white, laid stock, made entirely of rags and left unsized, so that it has the "feel" of those priceless old volumes over which the monks used to toil.

The type is large, clear, legible Scotch Roman—one of the best loved and most pleasing faces ever cut. So high, in fact, does it stand in the estimation of printers, that the most artistic trade magazine in this country has adopted it.

You can read this book without effort, and this really is the final test of value for him who reads.

The ample margins are beautifully proportioned, and if you know books you know, too, what a vast number are spoiled by lack of knowledge of the correct proportions for margins.

There is no more beautiful form of illustration than the photogravure. It reproduces to perfection every detail of the original, and yet has the softness and richness of a fine old etching. Photogravures have been chosen to illustrate this edition, and in each volume the beauty of the frontispiece has been heightened by hand-coloring.

¶ Benjamin Franklin knew and loved Thomas Paine, and being a printer he knew good books and good printing. If he were here today he could not but feel gratified that the writings of his friend have been perpetuated in a form so well calculated to delight the book-lover.

We are busy printing books of our own, and as a rule do not enthuse much over the other fellow's output, but here is a case where we just can't help it.

So says the Head Printer of The Roycroft Shops. Mr. Hubbard will comment on this set of books editorially in the March number of THE FRA. The set of books is being offered to FRA Readers at \$39.50—just half the regular price. Detailed information will be gladly sent to you on request. Address all communications to

VINCENT PARKE AND COMPANY, Publishers

Thirty-Two Union Square, New York City



*"Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's Day,  
All in the morning betime!  
And I a maid at your window,  
To be your Valentine."*



Here are three portraits of the famous Blue-Bird Box invented by Charles Henry Fox, Florist Friar to Lovers Everywhere.

As a special feature for Saint Valentine's Day, which comes as per usual on February Fourteenth, Friar Fox has given the Blue-Bird Box added lavish touches of splendor. Charles Henry Fox is a magician with flowers; and imbued with the Spirit of Saint Valentine, he has done us loyal, royal service in preparing this Valentine Box.

Let the Blue-Bird Box be your Valentine Gift this year. It will be shipped anywhere in United States or Canada, passage prepaid. Just send Fox Her or His name and address, with a remittance of Five Dollars, and Fox will do the Cupid stunt for you.

***Charles Henry Fox***

AT THE SIGN OF THE ROSE

*Broad Street, Below Walnut, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania*





## A MINIATURE HISTORY

As early as the year Fifteen Thirty-nine, Gilles Corrozet talked wisely and wittily about the use of chests to store precious and dainty things. The best people of all times have favored well-made, beautiful chests to store wardrobe, family plate, jewelry, linens, furs and the scores of things of heart interest and material value.

No. 141. The Flanders Treasure-Chest



Chest No. 141 is beautifully finished. It has a Yale lock, brass lid-stay, glide-casters and ornamental cedar handles. It is bound with bands of dull-finished copper, studded with heavy copper rivets. This chest measures 44 in. long, 20 in. wide and 21 in. high.

Once the best chests came from Switzerland. Today the most practical and beautiful are produced by THE PIEDMONT RED-CEDAR CHEST COMPANY, Statesville, North Carolina. This Company makes many styles of chests, and the one here pictured is a fair example of their quality. Piedmont chests are all made of Southern Mountain-Grown Red Cedar, which is sure protection against moths, mice, dust and dampness.

For descriptions and prices of other styles, write the Company for fine Illustrated Catalog.

**PIEDMONT RED-CEDAR CHEST COMPANY, Dept. 44, Statesville, N. C.**

under the influence of "The Resurrection" no man will be able to see, without pain, a passing transport of prisoners with their chains, their handcuffs and other sad appurtenances. All men will feel the moral sickness bordering on physical, which was experienced by Nekhlyudov in prison, in the transport-station, and on all such occasions. This in itself is a great reform; the shape which these new feelings will take in life are secondary considerations. What exists must do so no longer; what will take its place is another question.

"The Resurrection" proved that Tolstoy has no equal in the ability to evoke sympathy, love



PROF. HENRY DICKSON  
Principal, Dickson School of  
Memory, The Largest and Most  
Successful School of Mental  
Training in the World.

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD

## A Wandering Mind

never arrives at a Supreme Conclusion. There are no terminals for the train of Scattered Thoughts. Frequent stops at Way Stations retard the speed at which Live Ideas must travel in order to Get There. And inviting side-tracks lead only to the insurmountable bumper. The Great Men of all ages are those who have grasped the Ability to Concentrate. They focused attention upon the *thing* itself and without Violence of Direction moved straight to Success.

If you wish to Grow and Become, center your Mind on one Splendid Achievement and hold it there.

## STOP FORGETTING

It is the constant casting about for a Fact Misplaced in Memory that shatters the Force of Concentration. Train your Memory to retain Knowledge and have it ready when Occasion demands. Try a little System in your Mental Storehouse.

Professor Henry Dickson of the Dickson School of Memory Training will send his valuable book, "How to Remember," free to any reader of THE FRA. Professor Dickson by his Method of Instruction enables you to avoid the oft-recurring vexation of forgetting names, places, dates, faces, quotations, speeches and all other facts and incidents which should be on the tip o' the tongue. The Dickson System has been heartily recommended by PROFESSOR DAVID SWING, ELBERT HUBBARD, DR. LATSON and thousands of others.

**COUPON FOR MY FREE BOOK**  
PROF. HENRY DICKSON, Prin. Dickson Memory  
School, 908 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago, Ill.  
Send me your free Booklet, "How to Remember"

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

**H**ISTORY is not made by the intellect, but by emotions. Tolstoy's crusade against criminal repression is strong, not in arguments proving that it has never achieved and does not now succeed in the destruction of crime, but in the feeling of sympathy it arouses toward the victims of repression; punishment is not the outcome of a deep and sane view of life, but an undignified and morally infantile manner of handling one's neighbor's liberty, health and existence. It is enough to say that

and humane aspirations in the heart of man. Its chief value is in the kind feelings it evokes. The part which "The Resurrection" will play in combating penal slavery will no doubt be similar to that played by Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel in the abolition of negro slavery. Tolstoy's task is a heavier one; he attacks an institution which is everywhere considered normal and necessary, whereas Mrs. Stowe was indignant at a practise which was condemned as a disgrace by the entire civilized world.—A. S. Goldenweiser.

**USKIN** and Morris both have given the world living examples of the practical application of Tolstoy's ideals, while some people recognize Richard Wagner as one of the most foremost in expressing art for the people. Seldom has a man lived who has so truly as Tolstoy portrayed the spiritual significance of life.—Alice B. Stockham, M.D.

**TOLSTOY** thinks that criminal trials sin not in methods of procedure, but in fundamental principles. The very essence of a trial is, according to Tolstoy, the result of utter indifference of man to his neighbors and of his selfish desire to protect his sacred person and his property, no matter what outrage upon his neighbors that might involve. This is why one gains the impression from Tolstoy's description of a trial that all that is done in court professedly for the purpose of finding the motive of the defendant's past actions and of deciding his fate, really has no organic connection with the defendant's past which has led him to his crime, nor with his future which depends on the verdict; the trial is one thing and the verdict another; no close

**LAZY** men are just as useless as dead ones and take up more room. The chap who is wanted in every business institution is the alert fellow who uses his Divine Energy to a purpose. He is the man who realizes that, in order to have a big enough supply of the dynamic force required in competitive business, he must take care of his physical self. He understands the economy of vitality. He sees that the room in which he works is well-ventilated, well-lighted and as noise-proof as possible.

This is the type of man who finds great value in McCloud Chairs. The McCloud Chairs have easily adjusted backs which can be moved backward or forward to any required position, without rising from the seat, by touching a lever at the side. They

are equipped with a hand-wheel for raising and lowering the seat. They are built by men who understand anatomy, unlike the office-chairs of the old order of things in business. They can be adjusted to fit a man's every mood. More than that, they follow the back of the sitter, in whatever position he may be. They are strong—durable—ornamental. They are safe, even if your proportions are Taftian. The trade mark is a photograph of an actual test.

All-steel, ball-bearing, tooth-socket casters are used. The springs are made in one piece of oil-tempered steel. The leather is the best obtainable for the purpose, and the wood used is fine weathered stock.

Send for the handsomely illustrated Catalog, which gives detailed information about the Back-Resters. Increase your vertebra efficiency in a McCloud. Backbone is as necessary as Brains in this game of business.

## The Davis Chair Company

MANUFACTURERS OF

**THE McCLOUD ADJUSTABLE SPRING-BACK  
OFFICE AND TYPEWRITER CHAIRS**

IMPROVED PHOTOGRAPHERS' CHAIRS 20th CENTURY BACK-RESTERS

**MARYSVILLE, OHIO, U. S. A.**



THIS TRADE MARK ON EVERY CHAIR

relation exists between them.—A. S. Goldenweiser, Kiev, Russia.

**PEOPLES** are not put in motion by power, or by the ideas of writers, or by a combination of the causes in which historians believe, but by the action of All the men who take part in the event and who group themselves in such a way that those who are concerned most directly in events have the least responsibility.—Tolstoy.



## Woman Growing Young

The greatest blessing the Age of Machinery has brought Humanity are the labor-saving devices for the home.

Woman, since Eden, has done the drudgery and taken the toil, without the toll, that goes with civilization. The names of Watt, Howe and Edison mean much to Woman, because they have helped her grow young. The Detroit-Delaware Company is supplementing the work of these great inventors by producing an attachment which can be adapted to any sewing-machine to sew buttons, hooks and eyes on any kind of material.

The "Holdaway Buttsewer" locks every stitch, and does its work neatly, rapidly and perfectly. It is guaranteed for five years and costs but Five Dollars. Representatives are wanted by the Detroit-Delaware Company. Write for terms at once.



**DETROIT-DELAWARE MANUFACTURING COMPANY**  
**HAMMOND BUILDING** **DETROIT, MICHIGAN**

ORDER HERE

DETROIT-DELAWARE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

My sewing-machine is a \_\_\_\_\_ The number of it is \_\_\_\_\_ Please send me  
(Give Name) (Give Number)  
 a "Holdaway Buttsewer," for which I enclose \$5.00. Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_ Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## Quaint Candlesticks in Copper

FOR a soft light, the candle is unequaled. Festivals and ceremonies lose much of their beauty under the glare of modern lights. A good hostess knows that nothing makes her luncheon-table more attractive than the glow from candles.

So here are three unique, old-time candlesticks, hand-hammered and of copper.

**THE ROYCROFTERS**  
**EAST AURORA, NEW YORK**



Single Candlestick. Price, \$3.50  
 The pair. Price, \$7.00



Single Candleholder.  
 Price, \$4.50



The Colonial.  
 Price, \$2.00

# Beauty is an Asset!



**HAT** clever and truthful Philosopher, Pascal, remarked, "If the nose of Cleopatra had been a little shorter it would have changed the history of the world." Whether this is so or not, we know that beauty is an asset and beauty comes from health and cleanliness.

If you have beauty you will be happy, because beauty is the most natural thing in the world. It is natural to be beautiful, because we are a part of Nature—we are Nature. Nature is trying hard to keep us well, because she wants to make the useful, active things lovely. If you know of a thing that will improve your appearance and at the same time promote your general health, it is your duty to annex it.

The best beauty clean-up we know is Daggett and Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream—applied with a hot, wet cloth. Just wipe your face with it instead of washing the old-fashioned way. The skin is thoroughly cleansed and left in a soft, velvety and supple condition. It takes a new lease of life when this is followed as a daily habit. Men as well as women are realizing that a white, clear skin makes for health, happiness and success.

Daggett and Ramsdell's chemists are masters—they are safe men, and safe chemists mean safe preparations: Remember that Daggett and Ramsdell's is the Perfect Cold Cream!

Your dealer has it now. Traveler's Tubes, 50c, 25c and 10c; Jars, 35c, 50c, 85c and \$1.50.

Write for Free Tube today. With the sample tube we will mail an interesting book, "Beware the Finger of Time," which contains valuable lessons on the care of the skin.

*DAGGETT & RAMSDELL, Dept. E, D. & R. Bldg., New York*

## FOR AN EASTER LETTER



**ONE** of the superior qualities of The Roycroft Books is the paper on which they are printed.

The Roycrofters are the biggest consumers of handmade paper in the United States, and on account of the large importations of unique laid and wove papers, we are able to offer some beautiful specialties in unusual stationery.

Easter is the season of greeting. You want your letter to be brief—a 'Gene Field letter—and it must show the exquisite care that betokens your respect for your friend.

It is to be an expression of your best, in thought and in form.

Use Roycroft Stationery for your Easter greeting. It is a joy to use and its beauty is half your message.

*Pure White Italian Handmade, Two Styles*

Folded note sheets, 5½ by 7¾ inches; Oblong envelopes, 3½ by 7¾ inches

Folded note sheets, 5 by 8 inches; Baronial style envelopes, 4½ by 5½ inches

*Rhododendron Paper*

*Frost Gray and Chocolate Brown, with or without Roycroft Mark*

Sheets 5 by 8 inches; Envelopes, Baronial style, 4½ by 5½ inches

There are twenty-four sheets and twenty-four envelopes in each box. The price is seventy-five cents for each box. This prepays carriage.

**THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK STATE**

# LITTLE JOURNEYS

## Good Men and Great, Book II

**PRINTED** on handmade paper, having special title-page and initials. In this book are seven portraits from original drawings. The volume is bound in Miriam Binding—designed-leather back, board sides. Price, Two Dollars.

### *VICTOR HUGO*

Man is neither master of his life nor of his fate. He can but offer to his fellowmen his efforts to diminish human suffering; he can but offer to God his indomitable faith in the growth of liberty.

### *WILLIAM WORDSWORTH*

Wordsworth's service to humanity consists in the fact that he has shown us old truth in a new light, and has made plain the close relationship that exists between physical nature and the soul of man. Is this much or little? I think it is much.

### *W. M. THACKERAY*

Thackeray came to America to get a pot of money and was in a fair way of securing it when he picked up a paper in which a steamer was announced to sail that evening for England. He could not stand it. Leaving this note for the kindest of kind friends, he hastened to the dock: "Good-by, Fields. Good-by, Mrs. Fields. God bless everybody, says W. M. T."

### *CHARLES DICKENS*

Dickens takes the horse, the eagle and the elephant and makes an animal of his own. He rubs up the feathers, places the tail at a fierce angle and makes the glass eyes glare, and you are ready to swear that the thing is alive.

### *OLIVER GOLDSMITH*

Dear little Doctor Goldsmith, you were not a hustler, but when I get to the Spirit-World, I'll surely hunt you up.

### *WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE*

What edifice can equal thought? Babel is less lofty than Isaiah. Cheops is smaller than Homer. Saint Peter's does not reach to the ankle of Dante. Then why a monument to Shakespeare? I answer, not for the glory of Shakespeare, but for the honor of England!

### *THOMAS EDISON*

He gave us the electric light and the electric car and pointed the way to the telephone. As Athens at her height was the Age of Pericles, so will our time be known as the Age of Edison.

**THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, New York**



# THE BIRTH OF AN IDEA

THE SEAL OF A SAFE INVESTMENT



ONE OF OUR COMPANY'S BIG WEALTH PRODUCERS

**I invite you to become a part owner in a Commercial Apple Orchard just like this in the Spokane Country.**

You have doubtless read my talk in THE FRA during the past months, concerning the APPLE INDUSTRY of the Spokane Country. Today several hundred Readers of this Magazine are numbered among our valued UNITOWNERS.

The other day, this thought occurred to me: *Why not plant an Orchard to be owned EXCLUSIVELY by the readers of THE FRA?*

## The Plan is this:

THE COMMERCIAL ORCHARD COMPANY OF WASHINGTON is engaged in the building of a thousand-acre Commercial Apple Orchard in the Fairfield Fruit District, close to the City of Spokane.

This immense Orchard is divided into six separate Properties of approximately 160 Acres each. One of these Orchards I should like to see owned by the Readers of THE FRA, and known as the FRA ORCHARD. The Property will be divided into interests or Orchard Units (as we term them under the UNIT SYSTEM), each Acre being represented by Two Units.

The financial side has been brought within your reach. The investment is income-bearing from the start, as fully explained in the Booklet I shall send you.

Our Plan is endorsed by every National Bank and Trust Company in the City of Spokane. Throughout the United States, Canada and abroad we have satisfied and enthusiastic Unit Owners.

Now you have a smattering of the Idea. Space forbids my stating more. Tell me that you are interested by at once mailing the COUPON. Next mail will bring you complete data. Your own judgment will tell you what to do then.

*A. G. Hanauer*

## The Commercial Orchard Company of Washington

General Offices:

FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING, CHICAGO.

Trader's National Bank of Spokane.

Union Trust Company of Spokane.

REFERENCES, USED BY PERMISSION:

Spokane and Eastern Trust Company.

Old National Bank of Spokane

Executive and Home Offices:

OLD NATIONAL BANK BUILDING, SPOKANE.

### COUPON

A. G. HANAUER, President, 453 First National Bank Building, Chicago,

I am interested in your prospective "FRA ORCHARD."

Please mail me your free Booklet, "The Apple and the Dollar," with full particulars of your Plan. Without obligating myself you may reserve for me.....UNITS in this Orchard until I shall have had time to read the Booklet, investigate your statements and come to a decision.

NAME..... ADDRESS.....

TOWN..... STATE.....

NOTE—You need make no reservation in filling out this Coupon. Those who do, however, will, of course, have precedence in having their Applications allotted. That's the only reason I suggest that you do so.—A. G. H.

## *Bound Volumes of* The Philistine



HEN light dawned in East Aurora, The Roycrofters began to print a Brownie Magazine, "just for fun."

Q The queer little freak publication attracted more attention than its size warranted.

Then it was an experiment. Today "The Philistine" is a mighty force in American Thought and Life.

The Bound Volumes of the only Brownie Magazine that has succeeded have a constantly increasing value. Volume Thirty-one has just come from the bindery—solid board sides and leather back.

*Price, One Dollar*

## *Bound Volumes of* THE FRA



AMERICA produces more magazines every month than the combined output of the rest of the world.

Among all these, there are few distinctive publications.

THE FRA is perhaps the most distinctive and distinguished of them all.

We bind THE FRA, Six Issues together, text, advertisements and cover-pages. The leather back and solid board sides, covered with soft-toned, handmade paper, make excellent library volumes. Are especially good for the general reading-table, in office waiting-rooms and hotel libraries. Volumes One to Five, inclusive ❀ ❀

*Price, Three Dollars Each*

*The Roycroft Shop*

Which is in East Aurora, County of Erie, State of New York





**EDUCATOR  
Toasterette**  
Salted, thin, crisp.  
Entire wheat, buttered  
and toasted. A bit of baking  
genius. Fine to  
finish a light  
touch.



A Wedding  
of taste that will gratify and  
food that will nourish.

Attend and be a Guest

for here will "good digestion wait on appetite  
and health on both."

## EDUCATOR CRACKERS

Twenty Kinds In All  
How Many Have You Tried?

Packed in tins  
interlined and  
double wrapped.

If your grocer sells only two or three varieties of  
Educator Crackers, send us his  
name and ask for our complete  
catalogue.

Johnson Educator Food Co.  
253 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

### EDUCATOR Ginger Cookie

Hand made, Entire  
Wheat Flour Cookies,  
with the delicate flavor  
of specially ground ginger



## A New Industry

THE UTILIZATION of WOOD WASTE by DISTILLATION. A general consideration of the NEW INDUSTRY, including a full description of the distilling apparatus used and the principle involved, also methods of chemical control and disposal of the products, first edition illustrated by seventy-four engravings, 156 pages. This book is cloth bound. It will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of \$3.20.

A HAND BOOK on fermenting, distilling and denaturing Alcohol from Farm Products and Wood Waste. Trade secrets, no licenses, only a permit, and that is furnished free. Red Tape removed, INCLUDING FREE TAX DENATURING ALCOHOL LAWS. A plain statement of facts for those interested. The latest just out, 280 pages, 60 illustrations, 12 Mo. Cloth. Price: \$1.20, postpaid.

## Denatured Alcohol in Solid Form

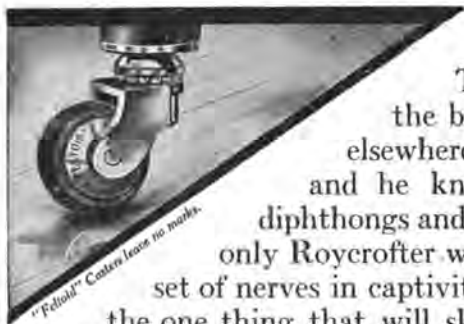
*Cleveland Special Dispatch*—Sept.—A well known Wheeling, W. Va., chemist has succeeded in producing chunks of denatured alcohol in crystal form by means of a small infusion of certain acids, whereby crystals of an alkaloidal nature are formed that very closely resemble physiologically the effects of ethyl alcohol distilled from sawdust. The method employed and the results obtained are somewhat similar to the crystallizing of rock candy or that of saccharine, containing as it does 350 times the sweetening strength over that of cane sugar, so this alkaloidal crystallized alcohol contains many times the strength over the ordinary denatured fluid alcohol. They will yield 194 proof denatured alcohol with a greater heating and cooking power for stoves than gasoline, and it is absolutely non-explosive.

A Sample Can containing 50 Solid Cubes, a Stove and the Secret Formula showing how simple it can be made at home, will be mailed to you, postpaid, on receipt of \$5.00, or express C.O.D. Address,

The Wood Waste Distilleries Co., Inc.

Dept. H

Wheeling, W. Va., U.S.A.



## The Nerve-Savers

The Roycroft Print-Shop has the best proofreader in America or elsewhere. His name is John T. Hoyle, and he knows everything. He feeds on diphthongs and sleeps on syntax. But he is the only Roycrofter with nerves. He has the liveliest set of nerves in captivity. Next to a slip in grammar, the one thing that will sky him the highest is a badly shod or squeaky chair or table.

When The Roycrofters hit on *Feltoid Casters* and *Tips* and equipped the Proofreader's room, they then and there saved Harrowing, Harping and Hoyle!

*Feltoids* are scratch-proof, noise-proof and mar-proof. They are made of all wool, scientifically treated. A sample will convince you. Send for one today.

THE BURNS & BASSICK COMPANY, Dept. O, Bridgeport, Conn.

## YOUNG MEN

Age Twenty to Twenty-five, to learn profession of tree surgery, originated and developed by John Davey. Our present men are of high type—clean, able, ambitious, of strong character. Business growing remarkably, affording best opportunities for advancement. Not a trade, but a profession, with most favorable apprenticeship terms. Combines outdoor work, travel, valuable experience. Common type not desired. Positions open, March and April. Send for blank now if you live East of Missouri River and North of Mason and Dixon's Line, where we operate most.

THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT COMPANY  
CITY BANK BUILDING, KENT, OHIO



**W**HEN we separate the two sources of knowledge which are related to one another as form and content, we conceive the idea of liberty and the idea of necessity, which mutually exclude one another and are incomprehensible.

But if we put these two ideas side by side, we obtain a very definite conception of the life of man.

The relation which exists between liberty and necessity—that is to say, the relation which

unites consciousness to the laws of reason—comprises all we know of the life of man.

The relation which exists between natural forces and the law of necessity—that is to say, the relation which exists between the essence of life and the laws of reason—comprises all we know of the physical world.

¶ The forces of Nature are outside of us and are inconceivable—we call them gravitation, inertia, electricity, animal strength, etc.; but we can conceive of the force of human life, and we call it liberty.

The essence of the law of gravitation escapes us, but we know its effects; it is intelligible only when we recognize the law of

necessity (our notions about weight were very crude before Newton's law was formulated). In the same way, the force of liberty is incomprehensible in itself, but we know that it exists; we understand it only when we recognize the law of necessity to which it is subject, and we may apply it in the first place to the fact that every man is destined to die in accordance with the most complex economical and historical laws.

To know is to bring the essence of life



in subjection to the laws of reason.—Tolstoy.

**WE** Jews are especially interested in the refusal of the Church to recognize the dead Tolstoy by lifting the ban from his memory. This act deserves nothing but derision. What can the Church give a man like Tolstoy? Is Tolstoy not greater than any church? Besides, this act constitutes the greatest tribute, though involuntary, that can be paid to the great soul of Tolstoy. It is in reality the final apotheosis of his career. It is a matter of record that the Church tried to bring back the dying Tolstoy to the fold. In its historic stupidity, the Church could not see that, had Tolstoy accepted

the olive-branch held out to him by the Church, he would have stultified his life-work; and though released from the ban of the Synod, he would have incurred the curses of the whole civilized world. The olive-branch of the Church, forsooth—whose leaves are bespattered with the blood of the innocent, whose stem is nourished with the tears of the fatherless, whose whiteness betokens not the peace of God, but the pallor of death! This olive-branch did the murderous Church dare to

## ROYCROFT FRATERNITY JUNTAS

It is easy to resolve to study a little every day no matter what comes, but the hardest thing to do is to study alone.

A teacher is only a literary back-stop. It is the tossing of thought from one to another that puts the glow in the mind.

The Roycroft Junta gives just this opportunity. Wherever two or three are gathered together to exchange live, healthy thoughts; where people are forgotten except as they are agents serving to develop divine laws, that place is indeed blessed.

There are forty-seven thriving chapters of The Roycroft Fraternity, where the young of all ages are gathering every week to discuss love, life, work and the pursuit of happiness.

Here is an opportunity. The privileges are many. Send for the free pamphlets on "How to Start a Roycroft Fraternity Junta," and "The Secret of Benjamin Franklin's Education."

THE ROYCROFTERS  
EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY  
NEW YORK

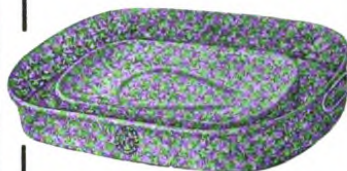
## ROASTS ARE THE HEALTHIEST FOOD

Abolish unhealthy fried stuffs and forget your indigestion. You'll fare better, feel better and pay less if you eat delicious roasts prepared with the

**Cream City**

### Coverless Roasters

"The Only Every-Day-In-The-Year Roaster"



No Basting

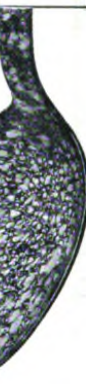
No Watching

It turns out the viands *just right*—no scorching or burning possible—and all you have to do is put it in the oven and take it out when it is done—no basting or watching necessary. It takes less heat than any other roaster and *quickly pays for itself in actual saving on your meat and fuel bills*. And it occupies less space in the oven, having no cover. Made in three sizes.

If you can't get the Cream City Coverless Roaster and Garnet Enameled Ware at your dealer's, send us his name and we will present you with a useful recipe book and a handy 14-inch Garnet Enameled kitchen spoon free as a sample of our line of Cream City Garnet Enameled Ware.

Geuder, Paeschke & Frey Co.  
93 15th St., Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A.

FREE  
This  
14-inch  
Garnet  
Enam-  
eled  
Kitchen  
Spoon  
Send  
For It  
Now



present to Tolstoy! And the Church believed and believes that unless he accepted the bloody symbol he could not be saved from hell-fire. Tolstoy's spotless, dovelike soul in hell-fire! How far can the human mind stray from the path of truth and how long-suffering is God that such beliefs are still held sacred in this so-called enlightened age of ours!

—Rabbi Joel Blau.

Dark Error's other hidden side is Truth.—Hugo.

# "I can make Fra Readers Convincing Speakers!"

THIS MAN  
GRENVILLE  
KLEISER

(Formerly of  
Yale Faculty)



Is teaching thousands of earnest men and women

- HOW TO** Make After-Dinner Speeches—  
" " Propose and Respond to Toasts—  
" " Tell Stories—  
" " Make Political Speeches—  
" " Sell More Goods—  
" " Address Board Meetings—  
" " Develop Power and Personality—  
" " Improve Your Memory—  
" " Increase Your Vocabulary—  
" " Acquire Poise and Self-Confidence—  
" " Speak and Write English Correctly—  
" " Earn More—Achieve More.

Give only 15 minutes of your time daily to his lessons at home and you will quickly become an easy, confident speaker before an audience of one or a thousand. Greenville Kleiser has had years of experience as a teacher of Public Speaking at Yale and other leading institutions, and is the founder and director of the Public Speaking Club of America and Great Britain.

FRA readers are the kind of people who are called upon, or surely will be called upon, to speak in public—sometime—somewhere. It may be at dinners or other social functions, at political meetings, or in your lodge rooms. Can you "say your say" confidently and forcefully? If not, Greenville Kleiser can surely teach you how.

The Kleiser Mail Course is for every Preacher, Lawyer, Banker, Physician, Salesman, Teacher, Politician, Real Estate Broker: It is for the timid man, the unsuccessful man, and the ambitious man and woman who would use the English language for "all they are worth" in business and social life. And the cost? Insignificant! Write to-day for full particulars and indisputable proof of the great value of the Course, from men who have taken it up.

Funk & Wagnalls Co., Dept. 138, New York





**Shur-on** EYE GLASSES  
Stay in place—Grace the face



## NATURE'S AID

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

**W**HEN men and women lived in the open and did their work by the light of the sun, they had good eyes.

As civilization progressed, we worked more and more by artificial light. Now the delicate optic nerves and muscles serve longer hours than Nature planned for. Indoors and into the dark hours we toil. Women especially are victims of this trial on the eyes.

Shur-on Eyeglasses are Nature's aid, for they hold your lenses true.

This assures efficient eye service.

They are simple in construction, easy to adjust and stay adjusted.

Shur-on Eyeglasses are graceful, convenient and handy.

Forty-six years of conscious, constant development have given the mechanical perfection of the Shur-on.

There are styles for every need. If your dealer can not supply your particular want, write to

**E. KIRSTEINSONS COMPANY**  
**ROCHESTER, NEW YORK**

(ESTABLISHED 1844)

Exclusive Manufacturers of Shur-on Goods

## AN EXPERT WITNESS

### THE MIRROR

"REEDY'S PAPER"

St. Louis, January 9, 1911

DEAR FRA:

I am so busy that I don't read anything of yours but the ads. You are the Homer of that form of literature—you sure are.

WILLIAM MARION REEDY

An advertisement in **THE FRA** Magazine is a Business Investment that returns dividends longer than any other form of advertising. Send for rate-cards.

**THE FRA**, East Aurora, N. Y.

## Special Booklets

**T**O Manufacturers, Wholesalers, Department-Stores, Banks, Railroads, Trust Companies, Private Schools, Colleges and Institutions.

We can supply booklets and preachments by Elbert Hubbard, by the thousand—your ad on the covers. These pamphlets are real contributions to industrial literature. One railroad used several million. One department-store used five hundred thousand. They appeal to all classes of people, and are read, preserved and passed along. A Few Titles are:

**The Boy From Missouri Valley**  
**Help Yourself by Helping the House**  
**A Message to Garcia**      **The Parcel Post**  
**The Cigarettest**      **Get Out or Get In Line**  
**How to Get Others to Do Your Work**  
**Pasteboard Proclivities**

"The hundred thousand copies of your 'Boy From Missouri Valley' we used, was the most effective advertising we ever did."—R. H. Macy & Co., New York City.

State your business—we will send samples to suit—and prices.

*The Roycroffers*, East Aurora, N.Y.



## The Writing Craft

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

**F**INE writing is more than an Art—it is a craft or trade, a "profesh" if you prefer.

The Successful Writer is a man who sells his inky goods. You can not be a Writer long unless you get returns, because it is success that lends the impetus to throw a purple shadow with your "Lucky Curve." *Style* comes through experience.

You learn how to arrest the attention and to hold it, through doing the thing. Money helps you talk.

Get in touch with the people who will sell your pen products. The Literary Bureau charges only when they sell your manuscripts, and for typewriting and revision when necessary. Write them today.

**THE LITERARY BUREAU**

Suite 809 Stephen Girard Bldg., PHILADELPHIA



## You Ought to Have This Greenhouse Right Away and Start Your Garden Plants in it. Costs only \$250.

That \$250 covers everything, even to the boiler and heating pipes. No extras rung in. No foundations needed, as it is set on iron foot pieces. Shipped in sections, all glazed, ready to bolt and screw together. Easy to erect. Order one right now and beat your neighbor's garden by at least a month. Have tomatoes Fourth of July—a flower garden full of blooms in May. It will save your garden next fall—you can "make garden" all winter. It's great fun! Send for booklet. It tells you exactly what you want to know. We can ship same day order is received.

**Hitchings & Company**

1174 Broadway

New York



## CAN YOU DRAW?

Our Graduates  
Are Filling High Salaried Positions

**EARN \$25 TO \$100 PER WEEK**

In easy, fascinating work. Practical, Individual Home Instruction. Expert Instructors. Superior equipment. Founded 1896. Twelve years' successful teaching.

**Financial Returns Guaranteed.**

Complete Courses in Commercial, Fashion, Magazine, Book and Advt. Illustrating, Newspaper, Cartooning, Lettering, Designing, Show Card, Architectural Perspective, Photo Retouching, Normal, Color, General Drawing, etc.

**FREE ARTIST'S OUTFIT** of fine instruments and supplies to each student.

Write for particulars  
and handsome Art Book.

**SCHOOL of APPLIED ART**

8361 FINE ARTS BLDG.

Battle Creek, Mich.



## The Writerpress



This is the Mail-Order Age! The "Demos"—the people—buy through the mails, and unless you are equipped to reach waiting business with sales-letters you are out of the game. The Writerpress turns out letters at the rate of one thousand to two thousand per hour. Let us tell you how to get your letters up, and give you expert advice born of experience on the subject of "result-getting letters."

**THE WRITERPRESS COMPANY**

400 Writerpress Bldg.

Buffalo, N. Y.

**T**HE FRA Magazine is a revelation in advertising. It catches the attention, grips and interests you. Further than that, it makes you want the goods advertised.—**OTTO R. HENKEL**, Business Manager of the La Salle Theater, Chicago, Illinois.



## "Domes of Silence"

*The Invisible Caster  
Without Wheels*

**M**AKE your furniture *glide*, keep it *gliding* always. Highly hardened, highly polished, nickeled domes of steel "Domes of Silence" glide over carpets, rugs, floors, a lifetime. Same degree of hardness all through—no rough surface to catch, tear or scratch. Invisible. Slip easily over the edge of a rug. A few hammer taps adjust, and they stay where put, practically indestructible.

There are "Domes of Silence" to fit all furniture. Five sizes, largest one inch—all 15c. set of 4.

Rigid foreign and American patents cover "Domes of Silence." Your dealer has or can get the genuine for you. Send 15c. for trial set. Mention your dealer's name so that your inevitable repeat orders may be quickly and satisfactorily filled.

Dealers: Demonstration sells. No one ignores "Domes of Silence" after having seen them. Display matter free. Write for samples and prices.



**DOMES OF SILENCE, Ltd.**  
Henry W. Peabody & Company  
American Agents 22 State St., New York



shadow of the real existence which is independent of such trivialities, only valuable from the "ministry of pain" that it involves, resulting in the birth of the spirit.

Animal existence is the spade given to a rational being in order that he may dig with it and as he digs with it, dull, sharpen it and wear it out; but not to be polished and laid away. This talent is given him to increase and not to hoard.

"And whoso saveth his life shall lose it. And he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." It is declared that our true life shall begin only when we cease to count as life that which was not and could not be our life—our animal existence. —Tolstoy.

## THE EASY RIFLE

**T**HOMAS MARTINDALE, President of the Poor Richard Club, is the author of a new work on big game. But there is one hunting story about Tom that is not included in his good book.

A guide was informed by the comedian of the hunting party that Mr. Martindale is a minister. One day the popular Philadelphian lost a grizzly, because his shooting-iron failed to operate in the extreme cold of British Columbia. The guide afterward remarked, "He ain't no minister." What Tom said is not recorded, but on this particular occasion he was not using a Standard Automatic. The Standard Automatic Rifle does not affect the temper, because it is not affected by temperature.

This Rifle is operated by gas pressure. It is the most scientific and mechanically perfect rifle made. It is easy on both the hunter and the game, because the recoil is minimum and the velocity is maximum. It has twenty-five distinct advantages. Write for descriptive literature and that interesting booklet, "Big-Game Shooting." Sent gratis.

STANDARD ARMS COMPANY, Wilmington, Delaware

**L**IFE is faith and activity. We find life, not in the animal existence which will come to an end some day, but in the veritable entity which lives within us, which thinks, suffers and enjoys; not the sensational existence, but that of thought, of mental exertion, of love aside from passion, of feeling aside from emotion and prejudice.

We are born into the immediate consciousness and enjoyment of animal existence, and we call this life, but it is only the faintest

**C**OMMUNITY is infinitely more brutalized by the habitual employment of punishment than it is by the occasional occurrence of crime. The more punishment is inflicted, the more crime is produced. The less punishment, the less crime. Where there is no punishment at all, crime will either cease to exist, or, if it occurs, will be treated by physicians as a very distressing form of dementia, to be cured by care and kindness. For what

are called criminals nowadays are not criminals at all. Starvation, and not sin, is the parent of modern crime. That, indeed, is the reason why our criminals are, as a class, so absolutely uninteresting from any psychological point of view. They are not marvelous Macbeths and terrible Vautrins. They are merely what ordinary, commonplace, respectable people would be if they had not got enough to eat. —Oscar Wilde.

**W**HAT is the good of prescribing to art the roads that it must follow? To do so is to doubt art, which develops normally according to the laws of Nature, and must be exclusively occupied in responding to human needs. Art has always shown itself faithful to Nature, and has marched with social progress. The ideal of beauty can not perish in a healthy society; we must then give liberty to art, and leave her to herself. Have confidence in her; she will reach her end, and if she strays from the way she will soon reach it again; society itself will be the guide. No single artist, not Shakespeare himself, can prescribe to art her roads and aims. —Dostoevski.

## THE BASIS OF MARRIAGE

By ALICE HUBBARD

Being a little more plain truth, which is appended to a reprint of *An Interview With Alice Hubbard*, by Sophie Irene Loeb.

Unless Woman is economically free she has the unenviable position of dependent. —ALICE HUBBARD.

**T**HREE years ago, or thereabouts, a magazine editor sent out a list of questions (very personal) to a few women of the United States, asking to have them answered and for permission to publish the answers. In order to secure a degree of truth, the editor promised to print the answers, but to give no names. The interrogations were so pertinent, practical and vital that the matter of names, suppressed or expressed, had no bearing on the truth to be gained from the discussion. Mrs. Hubbard's answer to the question mentioned was "THE BASIS OF MARRIAGE." We have just offered this book to the public, and as the demand for it increases daily, we note the progress of our time. This first edition is printed in three colors and bound in brown-paper covers. The price is ten cents. In limp leather the price is one dollar.

THE ROYCROFTERS

East Aurora, N.Y.



### Individual Libraries Easily Re-Arranged

The construction of **Globe-Wernicke** Bookcases by sections makes it easy to re-arrange them artistically whenever new furniture is added to a room, or a different setting is desired.

### Globe-Wernicke Elastic Bookcases

come in every desired style and finish of oak and mahogany to harmonize with any scheme of interior decoration. Exact duplicate sections always obtainable, at uniform prices—freight prepaid everywhere.

#### "The World's Best Books"

contains noted scholars' lists of the 5, 10, 25, 50 and 100 "best books" for children and adults.

"Of untold value in choosing books for a library."  
—*Minneapolis Journal*.

Send the coupon below for this unique book, also the **Globe-Wernicke** Bookcase catalogue, and brochure "Individual Libraries," both beautifully illustrated.

The **Globe-Wernicke Co.**

Dept. U,  
Cincinnati, U. S. A.

The  
**Globe-Wernicke  
Company,**

Dept. U, Cincinnati, U. S. A.

Please send me "The World's Best Books," also your 1911 catalogue.

My library contains \_\_\_\_\_ volumes

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**T**HIRTY millions of men have perished in wars, fought in behalf of the doctrine of the world; thousands of millions of beings have perished, crushed by a social system organized on the principle of the doctrine of the world. You will find, perhaps to your surprise, that nine-tenths of all human suffering endured by men is useless, and ought not to exist—that, in fact, the majority of men are martyrs to the doctrine of the world. —Tolstoy.

# THE ROYCROFT Modeled-Leather Binding

By Frederick C. Kranz, Master Leather-Worker



THE Germanic Museum at Nuremberg, Germany, possesses a number of bindings from the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries. Their covers are decorated with a lost or forgotten technique, and it was not until the latter part of the last century that any attention was paid to these rare old specimens of bookmaking. However, today we know that the fine old form of decoration of the bookcover was Leather-Modeling. Where the art originated, no one knows.

The fact is, that the Egyptians had some way of decorating leather by incising and staining it; and further, in the Ninth Century, in several towns along the Rhine, a similar technique was used for the decoration of belts and scabbards. But the books in the German Museum represent a standard of the craft that must have taken centuries to develop.

Modeled Leather was so highly estimated in the Middle Ages that men like Lucas Cranach, Hans Holbein and Albrecht Duerer found pleasure in expressing themselves through this art and by assisting less talented workers in the development of beautiful designs.

But the terrible wars in the Seventeenth Century, which made a vast desert out of Germany, killed the flourishing industry like so many others ❀ ❀

It was not until Professor Brinkmann, from the Hamburg School of Industrial Art, called the attention of some friends to the lost art, that a few craftsmen took up anew the study, and today Leather-Modeling has reached a standard of perfection never before attained.

❀ Sure enough there are still a few who are skeptical concerning the use of Modeled Leather as a bookcover; a few who maintain that handtooling and gilding are the only mediums for book decoration, and a few who criticize the use of calf and cowhide which are chiefly employed in modeling.

But to produce good work, the best material is just good enough. And the cowhide used by The Roycroft Leather-Workers is made for us in England by the most reliable tanner. Our American calfskin is sumac-tanned especially for our use—and better was never made.

## LIFE LESSONS By Alice Hubbard



Special Modeled-Leather Binding with jeweled corners. In individual box.  
Designed and modeled by Mr. Kranz. Price, \$200.00

No other technique has so many advantages for bookcovers as Modeled Leather. The unlimited freedom of design, which lends to the expression of the contents of the book, combined with the beauty of color that it is possible to obtain through the different means of staining, is not found in any other style of decorating. Also, the durability of this binding is not excelled by any.

A Roycroft Modeled-Leather Book is a type of its own, not only in its modeling (which is equal, at least, to any other), but also in its color.

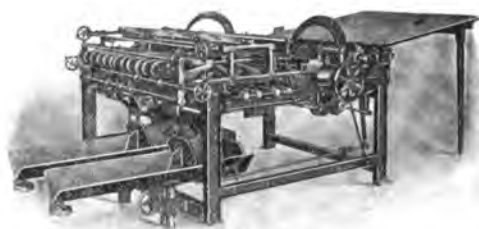
¶ The staining is done with certain dyes and chemicals, and here is a great opportunity for the craftsman who knows how to use color. So many good pieces of modeling are spoiled with dyes used by unskilled workers, who forget that the only object of using color on Modeled Leather is to increase the beauty of the modeling.

The background is put in with suitable tools, and during this work the leather is kept in a certain state of dampness, carefully avoiding too much. After the cover is finished, it is dried carefully and put on the book, then all the details are looked after again; the lettering is modeled into the back; the inside is finished off wherever necessary, so as to make a complete, perfected article, the pride of the maker and of the owner.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York



# THE ROYCROFTERS USE



Brown Folding-Machines

Made by  
**Brown Folding-Machine Company**  
Erie, Pennsylvania

**STREISSGUTH-PETRAN**  
ENGRAVING CO.

**S-P**

**QUALITY MAKERS**

No. 5  
WELLS ST.

**MILWAUKEE**

The logo for Streissguth-Petran Engraving Co. is a highly decorative emblem. It features a central shield with the letters 'S-P' in a bold, serif font. To the left of the shield is a classical figure, a woman in a long, flowing gown, holding a shield. The entire design is framed by ornate, symmetrical scrollwork and flourishes. Below the main text, there is a small rectangular box containing the text 'No. 5 WELLS ST.' and another box below that containing the word 'MILWAUKEE'.



## THERE'S MONEY IN IT!



MATEUR poultry-raisers who pursue the business merely as an avocation can safely depend upon the maternal instincts of the Old Hen for hatching purposes, but the man who intends to sell poultry products in large quantities must travel by the incubator route, and success depends upon Getting In Right. You can't get rich in the poultry business by taking twenty easy lessons by mail, but there is no business in the world today that equals it in possibilities, for the demand is always a little ahead of the supply. The success of a poultry farm depends primarily upon the hatching plant. Not only must a large proportion of the eggs be hatched, but the chicks should come out of the shells in a healthy condition. Successful, healthy hatches can be had only where the conditions are the same as supplied by the Old Hen: downward radiation, even temperature, and the retention of sufficient moisture within the shells. There is but one machine that supplies all these conditions and that is the *Hall Mammoth Incubator*. Custom hatching is destined to become a leading industry and the man who will be most successful is the man whose operating expenses are lowest and live chicks highest per thousand eggs. The cost for fuel to run a six-thousand-egg Hall Mammoth Incubator has been proven to be less than one cent a day per thousand eggs. Eighty-five per cent of live chicks is the usual proportion with the Hall Mammoth Incubator. "Fact and Argument," a beautiful book showing halftone illustrations of many successful Hall plants, will be sent to parties who are interested. It contains a wealth of money-making information for you.

The Hall Mammoth Incubator Co., Utica, New York

## RED PROMENADE TILES

BESIDES our regular well-known lines of Roofing Tiles in various shapes and colors, we offer, for the consideration of those who are building, a line of Promenade or Quarry Tiles in Red color only, serviceable for flat roofs, or floors of dens, vestibules, bathrooms, porches, terraces and kitchens, in 6"x9"x1" and 6"x6"x1" sizes, Selected or Kiln Run, with Coves, Angles, Wainscot Moldings and all necessary fittings.

Please make inquiry of our Chicago Office, Chamber of Commerce Building, for samples and prices.

LUDOWICI-CELADON COMPANY

# IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER

The Second Article by

## PRICE COLLIER

*Author of*

"England and the English  
from an American  
Point of View"

## THE GATEWAY TO INDIA

In the Series

"The West in the East  
from an American  
Point of View"

The second of Mr. Collier's articles, in the February number, begins with a description of Bombay, its wonderful mixture of people and sects, its official and social life, and the problems that are presented there at the British front door of India.

These articles are as notable for their impartiality, frank criticism and touches of humor as those on the mother country.

## *The Teaching of Art*

*By John La Farge*

An expression of the personal views of one of the great artists of his time

## *Women and Wealth*

*By J. Laurence Laughlin*

This is not a mere abstract study of an aspect of finance, but a keen analysis of the effect on the character of modern women and society of the accumulation of large fortunes.

## *The Land of the Muskox*

*By Ernest Thompson Seton*

An account of the really beautiful country of the so-called Barren Lands and of a thrilling canoe journey down the Athabaska River.

## *The Harbor*

*By Walter Prichard Eaton*

An appreciation of the beauty and ever-varying aspects of New York's great waterway.

## *Conquering the Sierras*

*By Benjamin Brooks*

## *German Railway Rates*

*By Elmer Roberts*

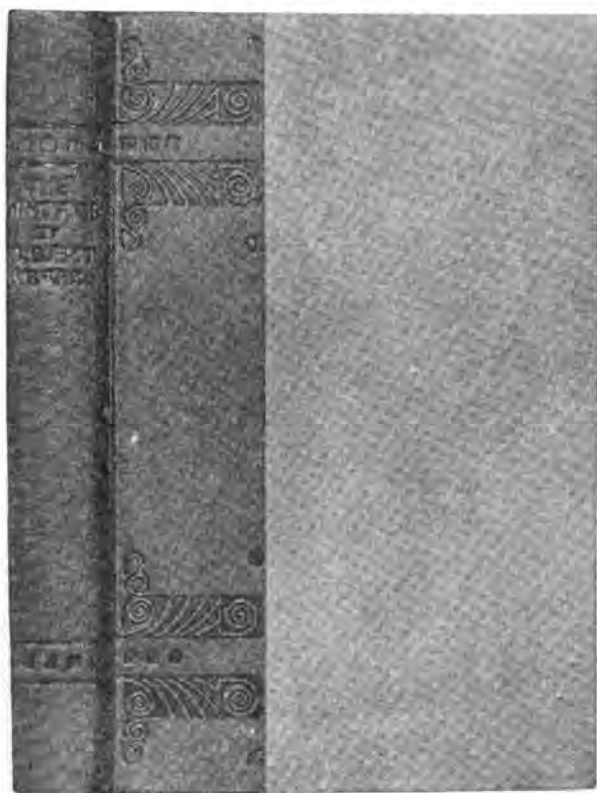
An article of the most timely and instructive value

## *F. Hopkinson Smith's "Kennedy Square"*

Delightful story of the Old South

*\$3.00 a year, 25 cents a number*

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK



*Elbert Hubbard makes liquid words tell  
tales other men can only feel.*

—FRANK W. TAYLOR, JR.

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## Short Stories by Fra Elbertus

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THE MINTAGE is a book of eleven short stories written by Elbert Hubbard in his best style.

And those folks who are looking for literary style will find it in THE MINTAGE.

It was Taine who said that educated Englishmen all write alike.

No one so far has ever accused Elbert Hubbard of being “an educated Englishman.”

Great literature is born of feeling. There is only one kind of ink—and that is red. The man or woman who can read THE MINTAGE without tears has left his heyday behind the hill and is heading for the Silence.

THE MINTAGE is printed from Scotch-Roman type on Italian Hand-made Paper, bound “Miriam”—that is, board sides covered with French charcoal paper with designed leather backs.

The price is Two Dollars, post-paid.

THE ROYCROFTERS  
EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

---

*I read all he writes, but love him most when he plays with syntax, anapest and diphthong like a fast twirler on the home team.*—“ZACK” TAYLOR.

# Rare Roycroft Books

## A CLEAN-UP SALE!



THE following individual *De Luxe Little Journeys* by *Elbert Hubbard* are printed on Holland Handmade paper, from a special font of antique type; original ornaments, initials, tailpieces and title-page by Roycroft artists; a portrait in each volume; bound beautifully in boards, French Charcoal paper sides. These books are superb specimens of the Art Preservative and will delight the heart of any true bibliophile.

¶ These volumes will not be reprinted. If you buy now you own a unique set of books that will grow in value with the passing years and be to you and yours a never-failing joy.

### *Eminent Artists*

*Raphael*  
*Leonardo*  
*Corot*  
*Correggio*

*Botticelli*  
*Thorwaldsen*  
*Bellini*  
*Cellini*

*Gainsborough*  
*Velasquez*  
*Abbey*  
*Whistler*

¶ Price for the twelve books of "Eminent Artists" is Seven Dollars and Fifty Cents. We have only a few of the volumes, so the set can not be broken. You'll have to take the whole set, or else linger along through life, and exist without them. Your money back on demand if not satisfied. We prepay expressage.

## THE ROYCROFTERS

EAST AURORA, Erie County, NEW YORK

## The Robinson Crusoe Library



**Three Volumes Selected by the Editor of OUTING from the Best Outdoor Books in America**

For the person living a week or a year away from the doctor, the grocer and the tourist guide. Volume One, *The Book of Camping and Woodcraft*, by Horace Kephart, is the standard pocket encyclopedia on life in the woods. *Camp Cookery* deals with food supplies, from raw material to the eating; includes chapters on outfitting and nutritive values compared with actuality. *Backwoods Surgery and Medicine*, the third volume, is a common-sense book in plain language on the diagnosis and treatment of diseases and accidents. Written by Dr. Stoddy.

Under the guidance of this library one can be prepared to live in safety, comfort and health in the open. Used and recommended by mining engineers, travelers and hunters, from Alaska to South America. Bound handsomely in flexible leather and enclosed in durable cloth holder. Size 4 1/2 x 7 inches. Each book fits the pocket. The set may be returned if not satisfactory. Order through any bookstore, almost any good sporting goods store, or direct. Price \$4.00. Write for free descriptive circular of the Robinson Crusoe Library.

These books may be purchased separately, in cloth binding, as follows: *Camping and Woodcraft*, \$1.50; *Camp Cookery*, \$1.00; *Backwoods Surgery and Medicine*, 75 cents.

OUTING PUBLISHING COMPANY, 316 Fifth Ave., New York

## Our Business of Packing and Selling Geraldson's Figs

is developing so rapidly, and there are so many other opportunities of supplying discerning people with good things to eat, and such strong inducements toward improvement and expansion in other directions, that we find ourselves almost compelled to increase our working capital. ¶ For these reasons we are offering, for the first time, some of our treasury stock. It is based on income-bearing real estate, and is constantly increasing in value.

¶ Better write for particulars.

¶ Don't forget about GERALDSON'S FIGS

*They are: A Confection  
An Ideal Food  
An Ideal System Regulator*

¶ They come in small, tight packages and reach your hands clean and fresh, retaining their original flavor

6 pounds by express, prepaid, for . . . \$ 1.00  
10 pounds by express, collect, for . . . 1.00  
100 pounds by freight, prepaid, for . . . 12.00

**Foothill Orchard Company**  
*Newcastle, California*

## "SUCCESS" GREET'S "THE FRA"

This is a letter from Orison Swett Marden, Editor of "Success." Doctor Marden knows!

New York City  
Dec. 22d, 1910

*My Dear Mr. Hubbard:*

What a splendid magazine you are turning out in THE FRA! There is always a demand for it in the "Success" Office and in my home whenever it appears. You are doing a great work, and I congratulate you.

Sincerely yours,  
O. S. Marden.

## Roycroft Candy



OUR Pecan Patty is a combination of pure maple-syrup and rich pecan-nuts.

Pecan Patties are dainty, delicious, appetizing—human. Carefully made,

each Patty is immediately wrapped in waxed paper.

Our Roycroft Maple Nut Cream, cut in one or two pound bars, has the stamp of Roycroft perfection in every package.

Either kind, eighty cents a pound. This includes carriage to any address.

**The Roycroft Candy Kitchen**  
Which is in East Aurora, State of New York



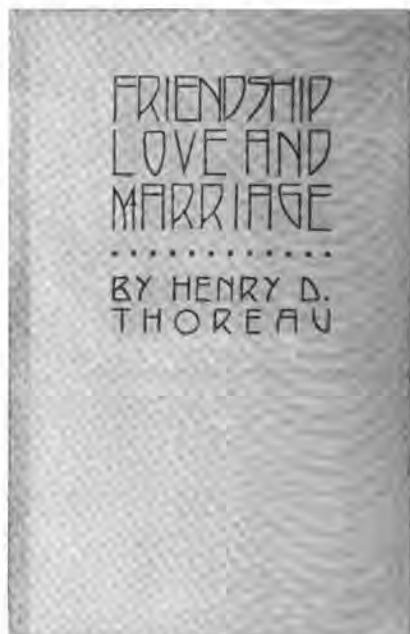
## Friendship, Love and Marriage

By HENRY D. THOREAU

**W**RITTEN by a man who had tested one of his themes and dreamed about the other two. No doubt Thoreau was much more original in his thinking than Emerson. Here we get the pencil-maker and hermit at his best. Nothing he ever wrote is finer, gentler, more subtle in its loving insight.

Printed on the finest Italian handmade paper, bound in either Japan Vellum or Limp Leather. The Price is Two Dollars.

THE ROYCROFTERS  
EAST AURORA, NEW YORK



## THE LAW OF LOVE

*A Book by William Marion Reedy*

**T**HERE is a collection of essays which might have been written by a demigod with a sense of humor.

William Marion Reedy knows everything, and knowing, smiles.

Each Essay is complete and absorbing in itself. As the rose of yesterday is as though it never had been, and tomorrow's rose "into the world will blow" and surprise us like a new creation—so with each of these essays.

Reedy is multi-souled, and he writes a revelation in every line.

The Roycrofters read this book before they printed and bound it, so the work was done in reverence and in love.

*The two-dollar edition is entirely out of print, but we have a few copies on Japan Vellum and bound in Three-quarters Levant at Ten Dollars*

THE ROYCROFTERS  
EAST AURORA, Which is in Erie County, NEW YORK

# The Subject of Divorce



HE "Philistine" Magazine for March will contain forty-eight pages of text, instead of thirty-two as usual. The principal article will be on the subject of Divorce.

Q This is a theme upon which all thinking people have definite ideas, but few indeed there be who care to invite the decayed vegetables by expressing them.

Once the Church controlled all the people. The period when this was done we call the Dark Ages.

Now the Church controls very few of the people. We call it the Age of Enlightenment.

Q But the Church yet essays to control all the people on certain themes, and Divorce is one of these. Where once Churchmen burned men at the stake, they now violate the spitting ordinance, socially, raise a pharisaical eyebrow, and shut off your food-supply—if they can.

The question of the mating of men and women is not one for theologians to decide or supervise.

Progress consists in getting free from theology, and substituting psychology instead.

Psychology is the science of human minds and their relationship one with another. From it springs Democracy—or the rule of the demos, the people.

Theology is obsolete psychology, or the arbitrary rules of a Theos or god. From it springs autocracy, or the rule of an autocrat.

Organized religion is antique philosophy, or the rule of the priest, and from it spring fear and fraud.

The reign of gods no longer interests us, save as we are interested in the marvels of the imagination.

The rule of autocrats and monarchs has become tiresome, even in Portugal and Spain, the two most illiterate countries in the world that pretend to be civilized. The day is dawning!

Q We believe in the rule of the people, not the rule of the priest. Mr. Gibbons of Baltimore, William of Albany, Bill Walker of Fargo, are good men all, or fairly so, but what they think about Divorce should not weigh i' the scale beyond what any other good citizen says on the same theme.

"The Philistine" for March will file a brief for the People.

This brief will view Divorce from the standpoint of men and women now on earth—men and women who work, laugh, study, love, carry burdens, and who want to do what is best for themselves and best for humanity.

Q First, we will show the influence of Divorce on society.

Second, its influence on the persons divorced.

Third, its influence on the children.

Fourth, its influence on the clergy.

The essay will be intimate, logical, incisive—true to psychology, that is, true to Nature—but it will not aim to protect the feelings of the males of the genus homo who seek to say the final word, and prove it by things done and said in Asia two thousand years ago.

We live on the Fortieth Parallel, and people who live on the Fortieth Parallel will eventually decide for themselves what is best for them; and to say that we want anything but what is good and right is an imputation on the Divine Intelligence that made us, and in which we are bathed.

Get "The Philistine" for March and you will possess the warmest bibliozine baby born since Thomas Jefferson dipped quill in ink and wrote a little thing beginning, "When in the course of human events \* \* \*

## The Philistine, East Aurora, New York

TEN CENTS A NUMBER

ALL NEWS-STANDS

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

## THE OLIVER HOTEL, *which* *is in* South Bend, Indiana, U. S. A.



HERE is the best hotel?"

That's what the Stranger usually asks when he gets off the train.

He wouldn't buy shoes, clothing, a typewriter or a lawn-mower on the offhand recommendation of an entire stranger who may be pecuniarily interested in his brand of advice, so why should he take the word of a man he does n't know regarding the place where he is to eat and sleep? It pays to look ahead in the matter of hotel accommodations, just as it pays to investigate the merits of anything you purchase.

The Oliver Hotel, at South Bend, Indiana, invites the inspection of those who are wise enough to look ahead, and who want a better insight than the casual say-so of a chance passer-by. The Oliver will appeal to the man who knows what a good hotel should be and it will educate the man who does not, for the one thought of the management is to so impress a guest that he will always and forever afterwards remember his sojourn with pleasure—and tell his friends. The Oliver is all that a hotel should be, and this ought to satisfy the most critical.

The Oliver is n't a Summer Hotel or a Winter Hotel—it's an all-the-time hotel for the discriminating people who know what's what. Courtesy, consideration and good cheer are Oliver characteristics, and its immense patronage has been gained by treating people a little bit better than their highest expectations.

When in the neighborhood of South Bend, Indiana, remember the Oliver—the Hotel of Pleasant Memories.

South Bend and The Oliver are on the Main Line of travel from Everywhere to Anywhere—particularly when going East to West or West to East.

And the rates? Oh, they're in keeping with the James Oliver policy—the best possible service at a price that gives satisfaction to the guests and a reasonable profit to the management.

Have you read "A Little Journey to the Home of James Oliver," by Elbert Hubbard? If not, drop us a postal card and we will send you a copy, gratis.

### THE OLIVER HOTEL SOUTH BEND, INDIANA



JAMES OLIVER



# WHEN FATHER SHAVES



WHEN Father shaves, it is an Event. Mother gets the hot water ready, Elizabeth Ann hunts for the shaving-mug, the brush is rescued from Charlie's play-box, and the soap—"Fer Gawsakes, where's the soap?" ¶ Father puts water in the mug and commences the merry-go-round to accumulate lather. Angelina May, age four and inquisitive, comes near and receives an eyeful of the flying foam. Father slaps the brush upon his face, and the white streams ooze down over his gulping Adam's apple, and in endeavoring to check the rippling rivulets, he jabs the brush into his mouth, frowns, sputters, spews and softly swears.

This, gentle reader, was before Father invested in a Fesler Fountain Shaving Brush.

¶ The Fesler Fountain Shaving Brush is a time-saver, and the language it evokes from users is entirely words of praise. Combined in its compact equipment are all the necessities to be used preliminary to shaving, for it holds in a concealed glass reservoir enough shaving-cream for dozens and dozens of shaves. This cream is released by turning a cap and the flow is entirely under control, to suit the bristling beard of a mature man or the dainty down of youth.

It is the cleanest, quickest, handiest, cheapest and most satisfactory shaving-brush ever invented, and by its use all the inconveniences attendant upon shaving yourself are removed, and you never sigh for the barber's easy-chair.

The proper function of a shaving-brush is to work the lather into the pores and to soften the beard, but a brush that has been used to make the lather soon loses its valuable properties when the bristles become naught but a dejected mop.

The Fesler Fountain Shaving Brush is made in several different styles of bristles and handles, and it is certainly a boon to the man who shaves himself. It makes duty a delight and transforms a grouch into a smile.

Photographic illustrations showing exact size, and prices of different handles and bristles will be sent upon request to those who have a desire to remove all the present discomforts of self-shaving.

Shaving-cream is better than soap, for hard soap usually means more or less alkali, but even shaving-cream is messy, unsanitary, expensive and unhandy unless it is fed as wanted from the glass reservoir in the Fesler Fountain Shaving Brush, the invention that combines neatness and utility.

For travelers it is the greatest thing that ever happened. The little telescope box takes up practically no room and you always have it at hand when needed.

Do as Father did—buy a Fesler Fountain Shaving Brush, and your cup of happiness will overflow instead of your shaving-mug. When Father shaves now it is no longer an Event it is only an Incident.

Get it for your home, get it for your traveling-bag, and if you don't shave yourself get it for your individual use at the barber-shop. Dump that germ-gathering mug on the High Shelf and revel in the delight of absolute cleanliness.

The Fesler Brushes that surmount the Fountain are the Best Ever and the under-feed keeps them always in good shape—they never get lopsided or limpsy. They are anti-septic, hygienic and clean—oh, so clean. Do it Now! Write today, lest you forget.

## THE FESLER SALES COMPANY

TWO FIFTY-SIX WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK CITY, U. S. A.

# A WONDERWORKER



THE Burroughs Adding Machine is Nineteen years old, and doing well, thank you.

It has long since passed the experimental stage, and though at times improvements have been introduced, fundamentally it is the same machine that was placed upon the market when it was perfected.

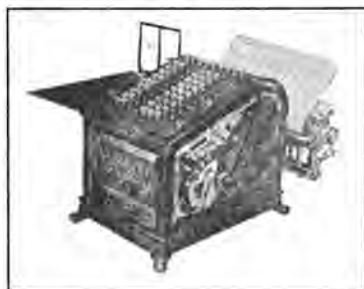
It has evolved from an experiment to a success, from a mechanical success to a necessity, and more than 110,000 users now testify to its entire practicability and efficiency.

The first adding-machine was looked upon as a toy, and viewed with suspicion by the reactionaries who are always satisfied with things as they are. Today it is their absence that causes comment, and a lack of these useful appliances indicates that the firm is traveling the Road of Yesterday.

No enterprising, up-to-the-minute concern would attempt to carry on a large enterprise without these useful aids which save time, banish worry and make mistakes impossible.

The Burroughs Adding Machine is the most satisfactory of all the mechanical devices of its kind. Instead of one cumbrous and complicated affair that needs the combined knowledge of a master-machinist and an expert accountant to operate it—with attachments, levers and what not for different classes of work—the Burroughs is made in several different sizes and styles, to suit the kind of work required. The price is thus governed by what the machine actually does day after day. Much better, is n't it, than paying for an intricate machine and then only partially using it?

Systemization is the slogan of modern business. To lessen labor, and yet eliminate errors and increase the efficiency of his working force is the endeavor of every manager, and in this accomplishment the Burroughs is an important factor. It gives the clerical force time to accomplish things that would have been impossible had they been chained to columns of figures, needing to be supervised during the compilation, and the results verified afterwards, with the consequent weary search if something has gone wrong. The man who is harassed by the fear that he has possibly made a mistake is pretty sure to make one for a certainty. The best way by far is to pursue the system that puts doubt on the toboggan to Tophet: install a Burroughs—or perhaps a battery of them, according to your requirements—and tranquillity is yours. Think it over, Brother, think it over.



**Seventy-Eight Styles of Burroughs Bookkeeping Machines—One to Handle any Kind of Work: Made to Fit any Pocket. The Burroughs is a Necessity.**

If you are interested in "A Better Day's Work," write us (using letterhead) for our unique book under that title. Now in its fourth edition—192 pages. 125,000 already distributed. Other books: "Why Don't You Go Home?"—a 48-page book for retailers. Also "Cost-Keeping Short-Cuts"—a book of 180 pages—giving numerous simplified methods for cost-keeping departments.

**BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY**

**Dept. F, Burroughs Block, DETROIT, MICHIGAN**  
EUROPEAN HEADQUARTERS, 76 CANNON STREET, LONDON, E. C.



# "The Day of the Poor"

*An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard*

THE Disciples of Unrest would have us believe that this is the day of the rich; whereas, on the contrary, never in the history of the United States have the poor and those persons of restricted means been enabled to procure so much for so little." So says Sage Edwin L. Sabin.

Since knowing King Midas Flour, "The Highest-Priced Flour in America and Worth All It Costs," I am inclined to salute Sabin. It is the man of meager means who can afford to have only the best. Economy is not a matter of buying Class B necessities. The highest-priced flour in America costs less, after all, than the cheapest. It produces more bread because of its glutenous strength, and its high quality makes for health and happiness. If you do not believe that health and happiness are wealth, ask some millionaire who knows. Buying King Midas is a saving because you buy nothing but flour. The Scotch gave us the iron ship, the lamp-chimney and the telephone. If there is any secret in the success of the Scotch, it lies in the fact that they are such good animals. The basis of life is physical. And here is a little story which the happy boys who make King Midas Flour are fond of telling:

The Reverend Doctor M. W. Anderson, Pastor of the North United Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, was talking to one of his flock who happens to be from the land of Bobby Burns, and therefore knows the full value of the American dollar. The Scot, while protesting against the high cost of living to the Dominie, made reference to King Midas Flour, whereat the reverend gentleman exclaimed, "Why, my dear sir, you can't afford to use King Midas Flour!" With the Hoot Mon burr, the Scot came back, "Mr. Onderson, I can't afford to use anything else—I'm a poor mon."

Whether your means are limited or not, King Midas Flour is always a good investment. Tell your grocer you want it, and if he has n't a supply of it, write to the makers direct.

---

**Shane Brothers & Wilson Co., Philadelphia, Pa.**

**"All through the life of a feeble-bodied man his path is lined with memory's grave-stones which mark the spot where noble enterprises perished for lack of physical vigor to embody them in deeds"—Horace Mann.**

## Grape-Nuts

### FOOD

scientifically meets Nature's demand for the necessary food elements, in proper balance.

Its rich nourishment is in concentrated, partly pre-digested form, supplying the vigor and endurance necessary for the accomplishment of one's life purposes.

**"There's a Reason"**

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Michigan, U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited, Windsor, Ontario.

**★** N these days, much of the profit and sometimes the whole of success depend upon utilizing the odds and ends, the so-called "by-products."

The by-product is something apart from the main article manufactured, and yet something that has an actual value of its own. ★ For instance, in the manufacture of gas there are many by-products; these are obtained from the coal as the latter is made into lighting-gas. And these by-products, including the coke

from the coal, actually suffice to pay the cost of the gas.

All kinds of big businesses have their by-products, their little odds and ends that pay well. In Mr. Armour's enormous meat-factory, for instance, there are endless by-products, from the pigtails which are dried and sold as a delicacy, to the hair of animals made into a powerful, valuable kind of rope.

If Mr. Armour neglected making the hair rope, or selling the pigtails, it would make a big difference in his dividends.

The point for the reader is this: The individual man does not manufacture, as a rule. But we are, all of us, dealers in time.

☞ Time is the one thing we possess. ★ Our

success depends upon the use of our time, and its by-product, the odd moment.

Each of us has a regular day's work that he does in a routine, more or less mechanical, way. He does his clerking, his writing, his typewriting, or whatever it may be, so many hours per day. And that ends it.

But what about the by-product, the odd moments? Do you know that the men that have made great successes in this world are the men that have used wisely those odd

moments?

¶ Thomas A. Edison, for instance, was hammering away at a telegraph-key when he was telegraph-operator on a small salary. He didn't neglect the by-product, the odd moments. He thought, and planned, and tried between messages. And he worked out, as a by-product of his telegraph job, all the inventions that have given him millions, and given to the inhabitants of the world thousands of millions' worth of dollars in new ideas.

Benjamin Franklin in his story of his life shows an endless number of such efforts along the lines using the odd moments. In a hundred different ways he managed to make the extra hours useful and productive.

Are you doing the same?

If you are engaged in selling, have you ever thought of the possibility of selling a few things in addition to what you sell now?

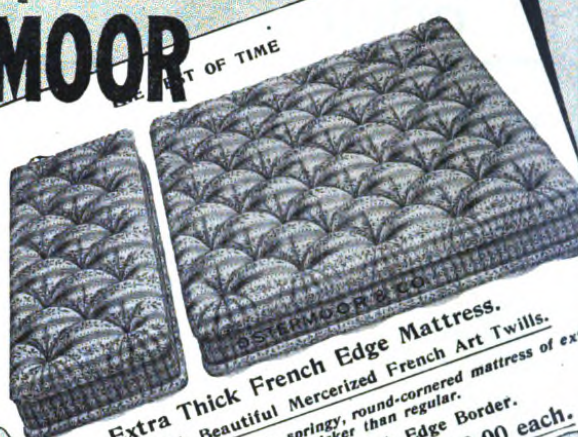
If you sell to an employer eight hours of your time, or nine hours, have you ever thought of the possibility of making extra money and getting ahead by doing something else for two or three additional hours a day?

# Annual Special Sale OSTERMOOR

Extra Thick  
**\$30.00**

French Edge  
**MATTRESS**  
**\$18.50**  
Delivered

If you have an Ostermoor Catalogue, "The Test of Time," at home, see page 139, as shown



Extra Thick French Edge Mattress.  
Covered with Beautiful Mercerized French Art Twills.  
An exceedingly luxurious, soft, springy, round-cornered mattress of extra weight, much thicker than regular.  
Five inch inseamed French Edge Border.  
4 feet 6 inches wide. 60 lbs., \$30.00 each.

Catalog Mailed Free if You Wish

In the course of our enormous business, hundreds of ticking remnants accumulate. We take this annual opportunity to move them. You get the financial benefit—we clear our stock.

*These mattresses cost \$30. regularly, and are in every way as great, if not greater bargains than those sold last year at the special price of \$35.50. If you were fortunate enough to secure one, you will fully appreciate the present sale.*

**Mattresses** are all full, double-bed size, 4 feet 6 inches wide, 6 feet 4 inches long, in one or two parts, round corners, 5-inch inseamed borders, French Rolled Edges, exactly like illustration. Built in the most luxurious possible manner by our most expert specialists.

**Filling** is especially selected Ostermoor Sheets, all hand-laid, closed within ticking entirely by hand sewing.

**Weight**—full 60 lbs. each, 15 lbs. more than regular.

**Coverings**—beautiful Mercerized French Art Twills, finest quality—pink, blue, yellow, green or lavender, plain or figured. High-grade, dust-proof Satin Finish Ticking, striped in linen effect, or the good, old-fashioned blue and white stripe Herring-bone Ticking.

**Price, \$18.50 Each (In One or Two Parts)**

From your Ostermoor dealer; or, if he has none in stock, we will ship direct, express prepaid, same day check is received. We pay transportation charges anywhere in the United States.

Offered only while they last; first come, first served. The supply is limited.

Terms of sale: Cash in advance; none sent C. O. D.

**Regular Ostermoor Mattress**, 4-inch border, 4 feet 6-inch size, 45 lbs., in two parts, costs \$15.50. The \$30 French Edge Mattress is two inches thicker, weighs 15 lbs. more, has round corners, soft rolled edges, closer tufts, finer covering, and is much softer and far more resilient.

Send your name on a postal for our free descriptive book, "The Test of Time," a veritable work of art, 144 pages in two colors, profusely illustrated.

**OSTERMOOR & COMPANY, 182 Elizabeth St., New York**

Canadian Agency: Aladdin Furniture & Decor Co., Ltd., Montreal

*When ordering, state first, second and even third choice of color of covering, in case all you like are already sold—there'll be no time for correspondence.*



Built—Not Stuffed

What a man does in his odd moments is not only apt to bring him profit; it is apt also to increase his mental activity.

The mind craves a change, and it often does well the unusual thing, out of the routine.

"Letting well enough alone" is a foolish motto in the life of a man who wants to get ahead. In the first place, nothing is "well enough," if you can do better.

No matter how well you are doing, do better. There is an old Spanish proverb which says

Continued on Page vi



# Modeled-Leather Easter Gifts

Roycroft Modeled Leather is like Rookwood Pottery and Tiffany Glass—it is not competitive.

Beauty knows no rival. There is simply other beauty.

## A GLOVE-CASE

A glove-case is distinctively an Easter token. Fresh and delicately tinted gloves are necessary accessories to the Easter frock. This is a particularly suitable case for these dainty trappings.

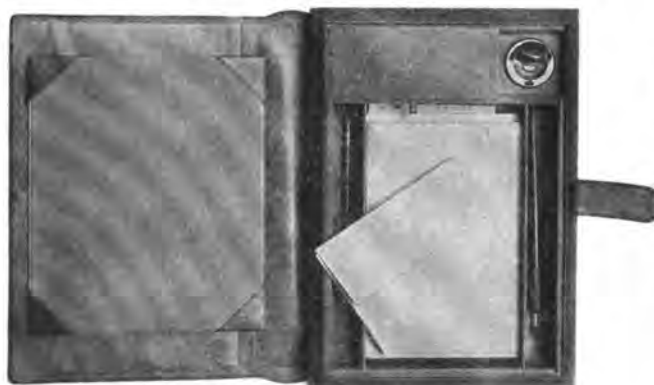


4 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide by 13 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches long

Modeled in nasturtium design, four and seven-eighths inches wide by thirteen and three-eighths inches long, lined with soft-toned suede leather. \$15.00



Closed, 2 x 9 x 13 inches



Open, 2 x 13 x 18 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches

## THE TRAVELER'S WRITING-CASE

The traveler's writing-case is planned for use. It is sizable, compact and a delight to the owner. It makes a comfortable traveling companion and fits neatly into suit-case or trunk-tray.

This case complete, with blotting-pad, stationary inkwell, stamp-box and pen-trays - \$15.00

## MUSIC-SATCHEL

The old-time music-roll has its use, but that use is limited compared with the more modern satchel. This is a strongly made, graceful, roomy music-carrier. The satchel is six and one-half inches deep by fourteen and three-fourths inches long. It is leather-lined and has side handles. In conventional grape design only.

Price - \$15.00



6½ inches deep by 14¾ inches long



9 inches diameter by 15 inches deep

MODELED-LEATHER  
WASTEBASKET

A wastebasket is a necessity in every library, office or den. This basket does not strew the Axminster, for it never lops, leaks nor lapses. The design and the artistic workmanship are distinctly representative of the Roycroft Standard. A valuable, beautiful and durable gift, at an unusual price \$12.00

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THE ROYCROFTERS  
EAST AURORA, N. Y.



## MAYOR TOLD BY GAMBLERS HOW POLICE 'HOLD THEM UP'

Specific Charges of Grafting Is Made Against Lieut. Cody, Who Has Been Right-Hand Man to Deputy Driscoll

Accused of "Borrowing" \$300 from Poolroom Keeper on a 60-Cent Ring and Raiding the Place When Criticized

Herman Benschel, known as the "King of the Boat Club" and representative of the "Big Game" in the city, is charged with the raiding of the poolroom.

## Calls Policemen Welchers Besides Being Criminals

These men, Cody and others, have been going around to the clubs which are under suspicion and holding them up regularly with the promise to the proprietors that they will be informed of any move of the department to make raids. They are crooks, of course, for extorting money in that way, but it is still worse when they watch, as they have done in many cases.

Statements by Herman Benschel, known as the "King of the Boat Club" and representative of the "Big Game" in the city, is charged with the raiding of the poolroom.

## Devery Quits Society Would Be Chief Again

Abandons Mansion for Fair Rockaway, and Offers to Show "Highbrows" How to Run the Police Department

"The Chief" Devery has tried to make "The Boss" of the city, but he was not successful. He was more successful in the county where he was elected to the office of the sheriff. He was elected to the office of the sheriff in the county of New York.

Statements by Herman Benschel, known as the "King of the Boat Club" and representative of the "Big Game" in the city, is charged with the raiding of the poolroom.

New York newspaper on a recent morning illustrates vividly the story of "The Chief," Alfred Henry Lewis' new novel, which begins in the February number of HUMAN LIFE.

¶ "The Chief" is a romance based upon facts—facts that will set the nation talking. It is a picture of the New York City police painted from the inside.

¶ Through the darkness of oppression, blackmail and blood stream relieving rays of sunshine, flashes of redeeming humor.

¶ Good and evil struggle in it. The churches, the gambling hells, the missions, the rum shops—all are there, breast to breast.

¶ As Mr. Lewis' "The Boss" was the best book of its year, so will "The Chief" be. It will be the sensation of Nineteen Hundred Eleven.

¶ You can read this great story—and you must read it—only in

# Human Life

The Magazine  
About People

¶ Be sure and begin at the beginning.

HUMAN LIFE is only  
a Dollar a Year.

Write now your name on a  
postal for a free copy.

## HUMAN LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

530 ATLANTIC AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.

The days, hours and minutes slip by. Every separate minute is an important, individual part of your entire life.

Every minute that you save by making it useful, more profitable, is so much added to your life and its possibilities. Every minute lost is a neglected by-product—once gone, you will never get it back.

Think of the odd quarter of an hour in the morning before breakfast, the odd half-hour after breakfast, remember the chance to read, or figure, or think with concentration on your own career, that comes now and again in the day. All of these opportunities are the by-products of your daily existence.

Use them, and

you may find what many of the greatest concerns have found, that the real profit is in the utilization of the by-products.

Among the aimless, unsuccessful or worthless, you often hear talk about "killing time." The man who is killing time is really killing his own chances. The man destined to succeed is the man who makes time live by making it useful.—Arthur Brisbane.

Who thinks he will fail, probably will.

"Enjoy the little you have while the fool is hunting for more."

The energetic American ought to turn this proverb upside down and make it read, "While the fool is enjoying the little he has, I will hunt for more."

The way to hunt for more is to utilize your odd moments. Buy something, sell something, do something, or study something, or think something, in the moments in which you ordinarily do nothing in particular.

✱ T is only a senseless lack of confidence that causes businessmen in this country to engage in no new enterprises. Some man, somewhere, has grown timid over something or other, and has cried "Boo" at his neighbor. His neighbor probably jumped and the next fellow took fright without knowing why he was frightened. And so on.

Why, it's just like a flock of sheep; if one starts to run, every sheep in that flock will follow, even if they die for it.

¶ This lack of confidence has produced semi-paralysis in the business world. What we need right now is to conserve commonsense—just plain, ordinary, sound commonsense. ✱ I wish

businessmen everywhere would take that advice. ✱

I can see no reason for the fears which seem to possess our businessmen. I have preached a "return to the farm" policy for years, and expect to continue to do so. But that's no reason for fear on the part of business.

Money and business are, of course, very careful, and it is right they should be, but not to the extent of cutting off their noses to spite their faces—especially when it is so unneces-

## The "Old Man" Himself

selects the paper for letterheads *now*. By educating the public to appreciate its quality, Old Hampshire Bond has raised business letter paper from a matter of office-boy routine to a question worthy of executive consideration.

# Old Hampshire Bond

Have you seen the Old Hampshire Bond Book of Specimens? It contains suggestions for letterheads and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of Old Hampshire Bond and is mailed on request.

*Write for it on your present letterhead.*

### Hampshire Paper Company

South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively. Makers of Old Hampshire Bond, "The Stationery of a Gentleman," and also Old Hampshire Bond Typewriter Paper and Manuscript Covers.



sary, and they need the noses, too. ¶ Certainly progress is being made and certainly there is no menace to property or human rights. ✱ Businessmen should think of these things soberly and with commonsense. If they'd do so there'd be no lack of confidence, such as is doing such damage to business in America today.—James J. Hill.

✱

Life's hardest problem is to determine the present value of a distant advantage.—Macaulay.



The Largest  
Typewriter Factory  
in the World

THE  
**UNDERWOOD**  
STANDARD  
TYPEWRITER

Over sixteen acres of floor  
space devoted to producing

The Machine You Will Eventually Buy

Underwood Typewriter Company  
INCORPORATED  
New York and Everywhere



girls, with half their chance, educate and fit themselves out of poverty. The veriest nonsense that ever entered a youth's head is that the good chances are in the past, that somebody must help him or he can never start. ¶ The mainspring of your watch is not outside of its case. No power or influence outside of the watch can make it keep good time. Its mainspring is inside. ♣ The power which will carry you to your goal is not somebody else. It is in yourself or nowhere.

—"Success."

♣ **N**OW many people do you know who are dreaming the best part of their lives away, always intending to do something, but always beguiled into

**W**HAT object is more pitiable than that of a healthy, strong, well-educated young man whining about the hard times, or the lack of opportunity in this land which is so packed with chances? In what other country or at what other time in the history of the world were times better or opportunities greater?

Young men and young women idle away their lives, waiting for something to turn up, for somebody to boost them; while other boys and

further thought or dreaming when the time arrives? ♣ ♣

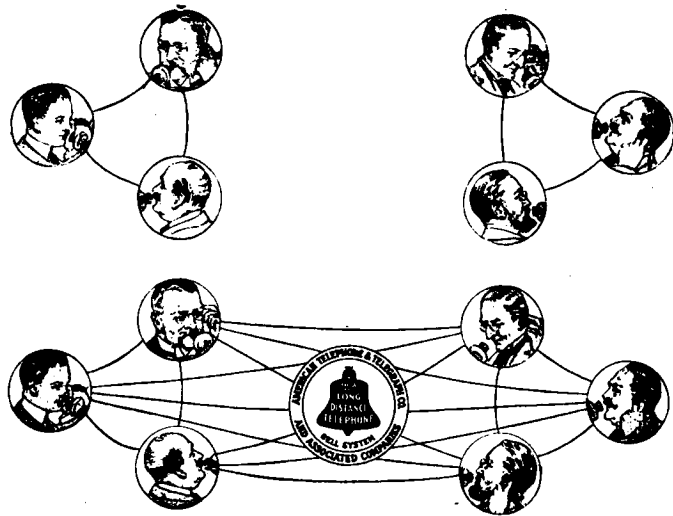
Every time you decide to do something and fail to do it, you weaken the will. Do this often enough and irresolution becomes a habit. On the other hand, every time you decide or resolve to do, and then do it, your will-power strengthens. Every resolution kept, every wish formed into action, makes it easier for you. If you decide to drop a bad habit or form a good one, do it now. Once you have held to

your purpose of doing things, your task of accomplishment becomes easier every day that follows.—Leonard W. Smith.

**N**O American, it seems to me, is so unworthy the name as he who attempts to extenuate or defend any national abuse, who denies or tries to hide it, or who derides as pessimists and Pharisees those who indignantly disown it and raise the cry of reform. If a man proposes the redress of any public wrong, he is asked severely whether he considers himself so much wiser and better than other men that he must disturb the existing order and pose as a saint. If he denounces an evil, he is advised to cultivate

good-humor, to look on the bright side, to remember that the world is a very good world, at least the best going, and very much better than it was a hundred years ago. It is an ill sign when public men find in exposure and denunciation of public abuses evidence of the Pharisaic disposition and a tendency in the critic to think himself holier than other men. To the cant about the Pharisaism of reform there is one short and final answer. The man who tells the truth is a holier man than the

# Union Increases Use



When two groups of telephone subscribers are joined together the usefulness of each telephone is increased.

Take the simplest case — two groups, each with three subscribers. As separate groups there are possible only six combinations—only six lines of communication. Unite these same two groups, and instead of only six, there will be fifteen lines of communication.

No matter how the groups are located or how they are connected by exchanges, combination in-

creases the usefulness of each telephone, it multiplies traffic, it expands trade.

The increase is in accordance with the mathematical rule. If two groups of a thousand each are united, there will be a million more lines of communication.

No one subscriber can use all of these increased possibilities, but each subscriber uses some of them.

Many groups of telephone subscribers have been united in the Bell System to increase the usefulness of each telephone, and meet the public demand for universal service.

## AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

*One Policy*

*One System*

*Universal Service*

liar. The man who does not steal is a better man than the thief.—George William Curtis.

**T**HERE is but one use for law, but one excuse for government—the preservation of liberty; to give to each man his own, to secure to the farmer what he produces from the soil, to the mechanic what he invents and makes, to the artist what he creates, to the thinker the right to express his thought. Liberty is the breath of progress.—Ingersoll.

Trust Company Bulletin

## Some Advice to "The Man From Home"

### THE QUESTION

I have One Hundred Dollars in the bank. I would like to put it in some safe investment. If you know of any, kindly let me know.—T. T., McKeesport, Pa.

### THE ADVICE

There is no better investment in the country for a small sum than a Savings-Bank, and you will make no mistake in keeping your money there until you accumulate a larger amount. One Hundred Dollars will not buy an ordinary bond, very few bonds being issued in such small denominations. It will buy a single share of stock in a number of very good properties; but stocks fluctuate in price and it might disturb you to see your stock selling for less than you paid for it.—JOHN GRANT DATER, "Munsey's Magazine" for February, 1911.

Here is a tribute to Savings Institutions which every FRA reader should Fletcherize. Get-rich-quick Wallingford is not on THE FRA List. THE FRA is read by the People—"The Demos," and the People should entrust their money to institutions like the Fidelity Title and Trust Company of Pittsburgh.

¶ On Regular Savings-Accounts at the Fidelity Title and Trust Company Four per cent interest is paid and compounded semi-annually. On Accounts subject to check at sight, and where the Balance warrants it, Two per cent per annum is paid. Certificates of deposit are issued and interest paid thereon.

**Fidelity Title and Trust Company**  
341 and 343 Fourth Avenue, PITTSBURGH, PENNA.

✱ **MAGINATION** in the lives and thinking of people is one of the most needed qualities of the human race today. Imagination is nothing more nor less than the ability to see things before they are actually brought about. ¶ Imagination of the right kind sees things so real and sees them to so much purpose that the person doing the imagining can bring things to pass, can create, can make out of a little or almost nothing the real things of this world. ¶ Imagination has a good deal that makes it

have been deluged, have merely pointed the way to a new goal—mostly by the things they have failed to say. Kansas City, Missouri, has boldly shattered the conventional civic "folder" of "good streets, good water, good air," by substituting the announcement that it was the first American city to abolish the billboard nuisance! Henderson, Kentucky, does n't tell us about its beautiful parks. Instead, it seeks our attention with the statement that the city owns and operates its own electric-light plant,

seem like a divine power. It must not be confounded with the capacity to build useless air-castles. It must not be mixed with the idea that a great many have of clairvoyancy. ¶ We must remember, however, that it is this capacity to see far into things which has made it possible for the great commercial industries of the country to be built. We must not forget that the heads of these industries had the picture in their minds long before the industry had fairly started.—John L. Hunter.

¶ **THE** era of civic advertising is only just dawning. ¶ The tons of municipal literature, good, bad and indifferent, with which we



gas-plant, and waterworks. Port Arthur, Canada, goes a step further by adding telephones to the field of municipal ownership. New Haven, Connecticut, announces that it is developing a plan of converting the city garbage into power for a municipal lighting and ice-manufacturing plant. Minneapolis is advertising the fact of its municipal activity by the description of a project for converting its refuse and garbage into fuel for a city heating-plant. The Chamber of Commerce has a tremendous future. It has made for itself a place in our municipal affairs, whose full power we are just beginning to appreciate. It is the most significant sign yet of the awakening of the American city.—Hugh C. Weir.

**T**HE extent of present-day commercial intercourse is without precedent in the history of civilized peoples, and the growing intricacies of our world relationships thrust the necessity upon us of producing in ourselves and in younger men the best possible human plant. In the rank and file of commercialism, there are to be found the most pro-

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found thinkers and men of keenest intelligence and far-reaching creative imagination, and in our development there is a growing realization of the necessity of character-building. To be expert in the trials of barter and trade is not enough. A man, if he be great, must be a man of character. And if proficiency be attained and great things accomplished, then the greatness of the man is nothing more than the shadow of his developed character.—O. J. Moore.

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# Baby's Buskins

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"Every child should have mud pies, grasshoppers, water-bugs, tadpoles, frogs, mud-turtles, elderberries, wild strawberries, acorns, chestnuts, trees to climb, brooks to wade in, water-lilies, woodchucks, bats, bees, butterflies, various animals to pet, hayfields, pine-cones, rocks to roll, sand, snakes, huckleberries and hornets; and any child who has been deprived of these has been deprived of the best part of his education." So says Luther Burbank. And let us here add Coward Shoes.

James S. Coward knows how to fashion shoes for little feet soft and pink, just from the hands of God. Papa Coward, like Father Burbank, loves kiddies, else he would not have devoted so much loving care to the fashioning of boots for baby feet.

Shoe-craft once neglected Little Blessed and his kickers. And all healthy ginx kick, roll, crawl and toss. That's their business.

Mr. Coward has evolved a type of shoe that protects and fits the growing foot. Service, quality and economy come next in the Coward Credo. Foot Health in youth will do much to avoid Foot Troubles later.

There is only one Coward Shoe Store, but the Coward out-of-town service makes it possible for every one everywhere to buy Coward shoes.

Give the baby every chance and Coward Shoes. Just measure the little feet and tell Mr. Coward what you want.

Here are a few Coward "Specials" for grown-ups (some extra-special for people not raised in Coward Shoes).

*The Coward Good-Sense Shoe (made especially for tender feet)*

*The Coward Straight-Last Shoe (for slim, straight, slender feet)*

*The Coward Bunion Shoe      The Coward Arch-Support Shoe*

*The Coward Combination Shoe      The Coward Orthopedic Shoe*

*Booklet Showing the Coward Shoe Family Sent Free*

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**(SOLD NOWHERE ELSE)**

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# The Fortune of the Small Investor is in the Apple Orchard Land of Washington

—the golden profit of apple crops with the sterling safety of land



JUST TO GIVE YOU AN IDEA OF ONE OF OUR SPOKANE COUNTRY COMMERCIAL APPLE ORCHARDS

**James J. Hill spent millions opening a wilderness and he has reaped his millions ten times over. *There*—where Hill led the way—foresighted men are still investing—some of them a few dollars a**

month—and instead of investing on the prospect of what a wilderness may become—they are investing on a certainty of what this land is now producing—on the fact that an eager public is paying high prices for the apples that their land produces even as they are paying for it.

In apple-growing is wealth, and now a share in the wealth is made as easy for you to partake of as life-insurance or a savings-bank account. Organization and business methods make ownership of the apple-growing industry of the great Northwest as secure and convenient as ownership of a town lot adjoining your home.

The Commercial Orchard Company of Washington is a business organization—the largest orchard developers of the Northwest—that offers a co-operative, profit-sharing plan called “*The Unit System of Ownership*” by which your investment is

income bearing from the day of each small payment, with ample security, and in a few years you have a competency acquired without inconvenience or risk that is worth ten times what the same investment would be worth in Government bonds. The Unit System makes it as simple for the business man or salaried man to participate in Washington Apple Orchard profits as to be a stockholder in a manufacturing enterprise—and with the safety of real estate collateral.

**MAIL THE COUPON NOW  
THAT'S THE FIRST STEP**

Judge after you know the real facts—  
submitted by an actual grower

**ORCHARD UNITS WILL INCREASE YOUR INCOME**

*A. G. Hanauer*

**The Commercial Orchard Co. of Washington**

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**Old National Bank Building, SPOKANE**

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Trader's National Bank of Spokane.  
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We are the largest Orchard Operators in the Spokane Country.



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Please mail me your free Booklet, “The Apple and the Dollar.”

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Efficiency is the great need of business today. Consider it when you purchase business stationery, and you will *insist* that your letterheads be produced on

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You'll want it first of all because its *character* will make your letters *seem more important*, thus adding to their efficiency. But the *efficient economy* of its *method of distribution* is what *clinches* the matter with every shrewd business man:

Construction Bond is sold *only* in quantities of 500 lbs. or more, *direct to responsible* printers and lithographers throughout the United States, while other fine papers are sold through local jobbers, a ream or two at a time, to any printer who will buy them.

The difference to you is the saving of the jobber's profit and of the wastes of small lot dealing. Also, when you secure Construction Bond, you *know* you are doing business with a broad-gauged manufacturing stationer who knows and *applies* modern methods of business efficiency to give you the *utmost value* for your money. So insist upon Construction Bond.

For the names of those in your locality who supply it, and some handsome specimen letterheads on Construction Bond, just ask us on your business stationery.

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be done." He's a human cloud continually obscuring the silver lining of the future. He denies himself the benefit of the doubt and doubts the benefit of anything he doubts. He's not an actor, but a sneering audience—he does not perform! he merely watches. He dampens enthusiasm—ridicules inspiration—jeers at daring, and measures all men and manners and methods by the standard of his own puny personality. ✱ Don't let him annoy you—he is n't really complete. He's an inferior product, a "second." Nature neglected to give him a backbone—she forgot to finish his brain—his mind has no sparking-plug—he can't start—he must be towed

**T**HE man who knows it can't be done counts the risk, not the reward. ✱ He shrinks before he thinks—quits before he hits—succumbs to fright before he makes his fight. His hand is always on the reverse-lever—his determination runs in the wrong direction. His imagination digs ditches all along the road and builds barriers at every stage of the way. He's a bear in the market of progress—he bets against every untried issue. Show him a plan and he'll invariably prove that "it can't

along. Don't calculate upon his capability—he is n't intelligent—he's simply a man parrot—he can only reproduce what he has heard or seen. He is n't fit for responsibilities—he's minus pluck, and can't meet an emergency. Set him at a machine which will do its own thinking—stick him in front of a ledger and let him copy figures. Give him a duty which involves no originality. Supply him with a book of rules—he can't make his own. Teach him what to do—he's too ignorant to manage

himself ♣ Keep him in the ranks—he can't lead—only fearless men may be captains. The yellow streak and the shoulder-strap are not fit companions. In the eyes of a coward, the cause is always lost—in the eyes of the quitter, the task a failure before its start. Shove him to the rear—the path of civilization must be kept clear for the brave.

—“Sweets.”

♣ YOU can measure the value of an idea. Starting as the bud of an acorn it becomes at last a forest of mighty oaks; or beginning as a spark it consumes the rubbish of centuries. Ideas are as essential to progress as a hub to a wheel, for they form a center around which all things revolve. Ideas become great enterprises, and the workers of all lands do their bidding. Ideas govern the governors, rule the rulers, and manage the managers of the industries of all nations. Ideas are the motive power which turns the tireless wheels of toil, raises the plowboy to President, and constitutes the primal element of the success that lights the torch of progress leading on through the centuries. Ideas are the keys which open the storehouse of possibility and are the passports



HERE is the car for *all the family*—the Detroit Electric brougham—a drawing-room on wheels. Extra roomy—54 inches from cushion to cushion—it seats comfortably four *large* adults—or their equivalent in little folk.



But safety is the vital thing where women and children are concerned. That is why the Detroit Electric is safeguarded by a forget-proof control. A woman to whom mechanics is a *sealed book* can drive it safely anywhere. Its operation is as *involuntary* as

walking. She and the car both do the right thing automatically.

Investigate our “Chainless” Direct Shaft Drive—a straight path of power from motor to adjustable bevel gear on rear axle without chain or gear reduction—the *ultimate* in noiseless, efficient transmission.

Our new Gentlemen's Roadster—torpedo body, low underslung frame—is tremendously popular. 96-inch wheel base, Stunning Detroit Electric models in Victorias, Coupes, Broughams. Write for catalog.

### Anderson Electric Car Company

Formerly Anderson Carriage Co.  
Dept. 28 Detroit, Mich.  
BRANCHES: New York, Chicago,  
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Selling Representatives in all  
Leading Cities

*THE*  
**Detroit**  
*ELECTRIC*  
**Chainless**

to the realm of great achievement ♣ They are the touch-buttons which connect the currents of energy with the wheels of history, and determine the bounds, break the limits and move on the goal that awakens the latent capacity to success and better days.—Warren.

♣ WHEN I pray, it shall be to the divinity within; then I will not shift the responsibility upon God for what I myself may do.—Muriel Strode.



# A Piano Discourse

*By Fra Elbertus*

(Which same is not a discord)

**W**E have four Starr Pianos at Roycroft and two others. Every piano needs a tuning-fork on occasion, but we never have to send in an emergency call for the Starrs. They please the most exacting of our guests, some of whom are celebrated enough to grouch, grumble, glum and nurse nerves. Once in a while a member of the "profesh" comes along who can do stunts with wide-mesh chords, daring leaps, abrupt arpeggios and whizzing fughettas. The Starr Baby Grand is generally the victim. It stands up bravely, pleasing both player and listener.

Roycrofters are especially interested in the Starr, because the Starr Piano Company have an organized department for turning out styles in conformity with any period of architecture. They furnish particularly pleasing instruments in Roycroft style. Roycroft furniture is strong, durable and beautiful. The Starr people have caught the idea in turning out pianos Roycroftie.

The wood that goes into a Starr Piano is soaked in sunshine, dipped in the silence and charged with melody, but it is also well chosen and finished from the material point of view.

The Starr Piano satisfies us in every way.

The makers of the Starr will gladly give you information about the special work they are doing in making pianos to suit your particular needs and desires.

THE STARR PIANO COMPANY

RICHMOND

...

...

...

...

INDIANA

upon their ability to maintain an honest government.

This a new idea.

¶ The fathers of the present voting generation thought of politics as a great game—a very interesting game, sometimes exciting and even dangerous—a game in which the stakes were often high and the gains and losses large. But they did not realize that their living was at stake \* \*

They had no experience of the power of corrupt politics to create gigantic agencies of extortion to tax the very life out of a nation.

So long as politics was merely a risky sport, the mass of the American people got a considerable amount of pleasurable exhilaration out of

**✱** It is time to call attention to the fact that the climate of American politics has recently undergone a great change.

The change is due to the discovery that politics is a much more serious business than people generally have been brought up to suppose.

Sensible men everywhere are awakening to the idea that the Government is a big business—that it is their business, and that their hope of making an honest living depends very largely

the professional politicians. ¶ The support of the bosses and the futile and wasteful machines came somewhat higher than the country could well afford. But the extravagance seemed not wholly intolerable to a prosperous people.

Now at last the people have decided that politics as a national game is entirely beyond their means.

They have decided to work at politics and to play at something else.

The professional politicians are losing their

admiring rooters, and their occupation is nearly gone.

In their place the people are planning to put a new race of working publicists, men capable of earning wages, in the public service. From this point of view it should be possible to get a clear idea of the meaning of current political events.

It becomes clear, for example, that the "great leaders" are making an absurd mistake in "playing politics," now that the people have decided that they won't play any more.

¶ If there is any real leader he should know that his leadership henceforth will depend not upon his skill in manipulating conventions, but upon the practicality of his program—from

the standpoint of the insurgent victim of legal privilege. This is the only insurgency that is important in the present situation.

It runs through both parties and all parties, and it has already crumpled up their lines.

An analysis of the results of the primaries East and West should show anybody with a grain of political insight that the revolt from the machine is not an attempt to capture the machine, and can not possibly work itself out by machine methods.



The \$5 "I-T" is in a solid nickel case.

The \$15 "I-T" is in the best quality gold-filled "I-T" case, guaranteed for 25 years.

We have the most interesting watch book ever published. Write for a copy of "How to Judge a Watch."

### A Watch of Efficiency

## Ingersoll-Trenton

7 and 15 Jewel Models

# \$5 to \$15

THE Ingersoll-Trenton watch stands right up among those few leaders which vary only by seconds.

Jewelers pronounce it a remarkable timekeeper regardless of cost. Those who carry it consider it the equal of any watch. It has built a sound reputation for close timing.

Its movement is the bridge model construction like the finest of the highest priced makes; you can buy this watch at such moderate prices for three main reasons:

Our entire Trenton factory is concentrated on manufacturing one size and type of watch in immense quantities at low costs.

Efficient marketing excludes the middleman and allows the legitimate jeweler to buy direct from the factory.

Moderate profits to manufacturer and jeweler secures large sales for both.

There is no handsomer watch than the Ingersoll-Trenton. It will give a generation of service.

For the sake of making your money buy its utmost ask to examine the Ingersoll-Trenton before buying. Responsible jewelers everywhere sell it at our advertised prices.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.

99 Frankel Building, New York

In Kansas the insurrection is directed against the capitalistic servility of Congress and the household extortion of the tariff. Each locality is galled and goaded in its own way. Nothing is common to all localities except the determination to escape, by any and all means, from the intolerable taxing power of a privileged class. If there is anywhere a master of political events his obvious lead is to quit playing politics and to set about the task of organizing the politics that work.—Charles Ferguson.

# PHOTOGRAVURES

## FRAMED AND UNFRAMED

¶ The Roycrofters print photogravures. The printing of photogravures is a rare art. It requires mental alertness and fine digital dexterity to feel out the delicate lines of the face of a Mozart, or a Chopin, and to lay the ink so that the impression will be perfect.

¶ We have fitted some frames for these pictures and offer them now for the first time.

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¶ We have the following subjects, unframed or in three-panel, six-panel and double-panel oak frames:

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| Beethoven       | Bellini  | Charlotte Bronte |
| E. B. Browning  | Carlyle  | Andrew Carnegie  |
| Cellini         | Chopin   | Corot            |
| Charles Dickens | Ruskin   | George Eliot     |
| Elizabeth Fry   | Handel   | Victor Hugo      |
| Liszt           | Mozart   | James Oliver     |
| Paganini        | Schumann | Shakespeare      |
| Verdi           | Wagner   | Walt Whitman     |

¶ The Roycrofters do not pay carriage on these goods.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

# Coast to Coast

## Being an Appreciation by Elbert Hubbard II

**F**ROM the Atlantic to the Pacific by rail on one train—and on one railroad—is a possibility afforded the public by only one great system, the Canadian Pacific. You may board a train at Saint John (New Brunswick), Quebec, Montreal or Toronto, and go straight through to Vancouver, British Columbia, a distance of more than three thousand miles. For courtesy, comfort, convenience, you can not find a better route.

To the traveler intent on seeing Canada, the Canadian Pacific route has all the wonders and changes this marvelous country offers: the wooded hills of Eastern Canada; the rich plains and prairies of the Central region; the Canadian Rockies, the Selkirks and the Cascade Mountains in the West, with the beauty and grandeur of which the Alps alone can compare. A railroad over these rocky fastnesses would seem well-nigh impossible, and after the trip one wonders at the reality of it all and the nerve and courage it took to build such a road. Unlike the railroads through the Rockies of our Western States, there was no friendly pass available to the Canadian Pacific engineers, so up you go to an altitude of more than a mile, and down again.

Coming from Vancouver toward the East, the Selkirks and their glory are left behind at Golden, British Columbia, a very pretty little prairie town on the Columbia River. For a hundred miles Southward the river is navigable, and on either bank are wonderfully rich ranches, with the mountains in the background. The creeks and brooks flowing into the river are full of

mountain-trout of good size, a temptation that even the remotest admirer of Old Walton can hardly resist. This hundred miles of the Columbia is one of the most beautiful and fascinating river trips in the world.

East of the Rockies lie the plains, the great wheat-raising lands of the Canadian Northwest. To look from the car-window on either side, on the vast golden fields of wheat, stretching for miles and miles, is a sight one must see to properly appreciate. The soil, particularly adapted to wheat, and the climatic conditions, coupled with energetic farming, have made this country a rich producer in this national necessity. Still, there is plenty of land left to be tickled with the plow, and ambitious people may yet share in its riches.

The Canadian Pacific Railway owns about eight and a half million acres of land, selling at from eight to twenty-five dollars an acre, according to quality. Timber as well as farming land can be had. The Canadian Government is also disposing of a vast amount of excellent lands along the route of the Canadian Pacific, on the "homestead" plan. The railroad, however, has been the main factor in bringing about these possibilities, and has opened the country by supplying the access to the markets and to the lands.

If you want an alfalfa farm, a Winter-Wheat farm, a dairy or fruit farm; or if you want health, a home and opportunity; or if you want to travel through a wonderful territory for pleasure and education, just write

## The Canadian Pacific Railway Company

at Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg or Vancouver (all in Canada), and you will receive a host of printed matter, putting forth in great detail the marvelous opportunities that Canada has to offer—for health or sport, for pleasure or gain.

## GRAPEFRUIT AND ORANGE LANDS IN FLORIDA




Clear, plow, fence and plant ten acres that cost you no more actual cash than raw land. Under our plan the fruit helps pay for the grove. This land embraces the fertile Valley of the Manatee, the home of the world's most luscious grapefruit and oranges. Mr. Huyler, of New York, has one of the finest three-year-old grapefruit and orange groves in Florida; his land was originally a part of our tract. It is here that Kimball C. Atwood has his famous grove, from which he shipped last season 90,000 boxes of grapefruit, value \$270,000. If this land is the choice of such men as Mr. Huyler and Mr. Atwood, who have ample means to investigate every hill and valley in Florida, it is certainly worth the most serious consideration of the small investor. We are below the frost line, being in one of the few places in Florida enjoying this distinction. Grapefruit and oranges are the surest money crops that can be grown, net profits varying from \$500 to \$1,200 per acre. Frost has never affected our trees. This property is within the artesian belt. Artesian water is one of the great assets to Florida farmers, truckers and landowners. All Florida artesian lands are valuable, some worth \$1,000 per acre and more. A great deal of this artesian land is not for sale at any price. We plant your grove; the trees grow in value while you hold your position, so that in three or four years you are certain to be independent. This fact makes our proposition different from any so far offered. \$500 cash and \$10 a month buys one.

We have a booklet of photographs and facts that we would like to send you. It is interesting as well as instructive, and tells about these groves and how you may obtain one.

WRITE TO THE

FLORIDA-MANATEE COMPANY, Owners  
TAMPA, FLORIDA

 CERTAIN Captain of Industry who wished to try out the trusted clerks, committed to one Five Thousand Dollars, to another Two Thousand Dollars, and to the least skilful (as he thought) One Thousand Dollars. And he said, "See what you can do for me against my return." Then he went to Europe for several years.

On his return the Fiver reported that he had gone into trade, worked like a bee, paid himself well, and had Five Thousand for the

him a lot in Boom City, which was worth Ten Thousand, and values still on the jump.

¶ Then the Captain prostrated himself (in his mind) and he said, "I apologize; you certainly are the stuff, and a Jim Dandy for sure. You have annexed the other fellow's money simply by burying your talent in the ground. To him that hath land shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

And the Fiver and the Two-er remained as

Captain; who thereupon said, "Good for you! I like your style!"

Then the Two-er reported that he had risked his money in Wall Street, and that he had racked his nerves, but had Two Thousand Dollars in addition.

Whereat the Captain said, "Good Boy! But don't do it again!"

Then the One-er reported: "I bought a building lot in a suburb and have not yet gotten anything out of it, for I did not use it, nor would I let any one else use it!"

"Good Heavens!" cried the Captain, "then I am out of interest and taxes. You are a first-class Chump!"

Then said the Chump: "Come and see."

And he showed



trusted clerks, but the One-er was a Winner and was taken into partnership and was married unto the Captain's daughter.

Verbum sap.!

—Bolton Hall.

**W** Emust learn that any person who will not accept what he knows to be truth, for the very love of truth alone, is very definitely undermining his mental integrity. It will be observed that the mind of such a person gradually stops growing, for, being constantly hedged in and cropped here and there, it soon learns to respect artificial fences more than freedom for growth. You have not been a very close observer of such men if you have

not seen them shrivel, become commonplace, mean, without influence, without friends and without the enthusiasm of youth and growth, like a tree covered with fungus, the foliage diseased, the life gone out of the heart with dry rot and indelibly marked for destruction—dead, but not yet handed over to the undertaker.—Luther Burbank.

War is the most ferocious and futile of human follies.—John Hay.

## PRESERVED JOY *Paul Rieger's*

CALIFORNIA

*Flower Drops*

**W**E break the flowers from their stalks and take them home

as though we had found great treasures. Sometimes we pick them because we fear we shall not find beauty and joy farther on," says Alice Hubbard.

It is just to preserve Joy that Paul Rieger distills by a secret process the essence of thousands of flowers. Lilies of the Valley, Roses, Violets and Crab-Apple Blossoms linger long in fragrance after they have gone the way of things too sweet to stay.



USING SIZE OF BOTTLE

Paul Rieger's "Flower Drops" is the choicest perfume made—no exceptions and no rivals. A single "Flower Drop" is more effective and more subtle than torrents of ordinary perfume. No adulterant of any kind is used in its making. "Flower Drops" are simply liquid flowers in graceful cut-glass bottles packed in a maple case.

As an Easter Gift nothing could be more lovely or suggestive of Joy than "Flower Drops." Your wife, mother, daughter, sister or sweetheart will be the happier for your thoughtfulness.

☞ "Flower Drops" are \$1.50 a bottle everywhere. If your dealer does not happen to have "Flower Drops" in stock, send to Paul Rieger himself. The bottle will be sent charges prepaid. Miniature bottles are sent for 20 cents in stamps or silver and your druggist's name.

**PAUL RIEGER, 227 First St., San Francisco, Cal.**

**161-J RANDOLPH STREET, CHICAGO**

**R**ELIGION wide as the widest outlook of the human mind, a religion free as human thought, concurrent with reason, co-ordinate with science; a religion in which the presence predominates over the past, and the future over the present, in which judgment tops authority, and vision outruns tradition—this is the instant demand of a liberal faith.—Frederic H. Hedge.

The offender never pardons.—Herbert.

# THE FRA Brotherhood of Fraternity

Questions from this number of THE FRA. Use these for topics of discussion at the meetings of your Junta. Members who are working for Certificates or Diplomas should answer the questions on separate sheets and send papers to us for examination and marking—no charge.

## Lesson Number One

- 1 Define the following: (a) Science; (b) Philosophy; (c) Psychology; (d) Economics.
- 2 What do you understand by Institutionalism?
- 3 What is Religion?
- 4 What do you understand by the Religious Instinct?
- 5 Who was (a) Adam Smith? (b) John Stuart Mill? (c) Karl Marx?
- 6 In what respect is it true that "to cheat another is to cheat yourself"?
- 7 Define (a) Altruism; (b) Individualism; (c) Socialism.
- 8 What is meant by a "free government"?
- 9 What is a Political Economist?
- 10 What is Voodooism?
- 11 What is your conception of the term, Businessman?
- 12 What is your idea of Success?

## Lesson Number Two

- 1 What is meant by the "Spoils System"?
- 2 What is a Corporation?
- 3 Is muck-raking a laudable ambition?
- 4 What is meant by "Division of Labor"?
- 5 Do you believe in Woman's Right—to support man? Why?
- 6 In your opinion, to what is the present high cost of living due?
- 7 What do you think of the average every-day novel (a) as literature? (b) as art? (c) as a conservator of virtue?
- 8 What is an "Independent" Newspaper?
- 9 What is meant by the expression, "Liberty of the Press"?
- 10 In your opinion, is the modern newspaper a powerful agent for good, or is its influence largely imaginary?
- 11 What is "Neighborliness"? Is it a disease?
- 12 State briefly for what the following are noted: (a) Wendell Phillips; (b) Auber; (c) Pythagoras; (d) Edmund Clarence Stedman; (e) Andrew Jackson; (f) Charles Kingsley; (g) James Hargreaves; (h) Charles Goodyear.

## Lesson Number Three

- 1 What is (a) Honesty? (b) Virtue? (c) Truth?
- 2 Is Selfishness ever commendable?
- 3 Who was Chaucer, and for what is he noted?
- 4 What were the Dark Ages?
- 5 Who was (a) William Cobbett? (b) Horace Walpole? (c) Reynolds? (d) Romney? (e) David Hume? (f) Benjamin West?
- 6 Distinguish between a bibliophile, a bibliopole, a bibliotaph, a bibliophagist and a biblioklept.
- 7 What is a Deist?
- 8 Point out the difference between Logic and Commonsense.
- 9 Were Paine and Ingersoll Atheists? Why then are they so cordially hated by preachers? What is a preacher, anyhow?
- 10 In your opinion is Heaven an eternal Sundaes?
- 11 Is the Christian Church progressive?
- 12 What is (a) a University? (b) a College? (c) an Academy?

## Lesson Number Four

- 1 Do you walk on the Sunny Side of the Street?
- 2 What is meant by the statement that milk is a "perfect" food?
- 3 What is Buttermilk?
- 4 What is the difference between bacteria, germs, microbes and bugs?
- 5 Are the Express Companies a menace to our Post-Office?
- 6 Who was the first Postmaster-General of the United States?
- 7 Is the Post-Office conducted for the benefit of the people, or for the aggrandizement of office-holders, or just for fun?
- 8 Do you believe in One-Man Power?
- 9 Who were the following: (a) Aristides? (b) Aristotle? (c) Spinoza? (d) Bruno? (e) Galileo? (f) Huss? (g) Servetus? (h) Latimer?
- 10 Where is Odessa? For what is it noted?
- 11 What and where was the Pantheon?
- 12 If you had only ten dollars in the world, and you owed that amount for pew-rent and also for groceries, which account would you pay?

## Guide to

*Autology*

## Reads Like a Novel

*"Dr. Moras has written a Commonsense Book on Autology, and by so doing, placed the Standard of the Creed of Health farther to the front than any man who has lived for a thousand years.—ELBERT HUBBARD.*



**B**ERNARR MCFADDEN, the famous editor of "Physical Culture," has declared Autology one of the most wonderful books ever written. It has been praised by such eminent authorities as Dr. J. H. Tilden and Dr. W. R. Latson.

**H**ealth is largely a matter of mental attitude based on sane information regarding the human body and its needs.

To attain the highest happiness, one must not be conscious of any part of his anatomy. Dr. Moras in this wonderful book shows you how to so live that the functions of the body will operate so easily, normally and regularly that the body will be a well-balanced machine to serve the practical purposes, needs and enjoyments of your every-day life.

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It makes health and disease an open book, as clear as

day to your own mind, divested of all mystery and dread. Without it you may sicken or suffer or die when you should n't. With it there need be no such thing as pain or sickness in your life. Do you realize what that means? That you may see and know for yourself, I will send you my

**"Guide to Autology." Valuable books of priceless information that everybody needs. Every chapter is a gem.**

The editor of HEALTH MAGAZINE published in New York, whose opinion is eagerly sought by thinking people all over the world, has this to say on the Chapter on Digestion: "It is a veritable gem, and will prove

a blessing to untold thousands." There are over thirty such gems as fine as you ever want to read. So valuable are they that you'll refuse to lend the "Guide" to even your nearest relative for fear of not getting another.



Write your name and address plainly in the coupon on the right, or on your own letter paper, and enclose 10c (a dime or five two-cent stamps) and I will send you my "GUIDE TO AUTOLOGY," containing a wealth of information whose health and brain matter can not be reckoned in dollars and cents.  
NOTE—If you are not satisfied and wish to return it, I will promptly refund the ten cents. Address

E. R. MORAS, M.D., Highland Park, Ill.  
DEPARTMENT 827

Harvard University Medical School, '88; College of Physicians and Surgeons (Chicago), '89; Formerly House Physician and Surgeon in Cook County Hospital (Chicago); Professor of Obstetrics, College of Physicians and Surgeons (Chicago). Member of Chicago Medical Society, etc.

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Dept. 827, Highland Park, Ill.  
Dear Doctor: I am interested in your offer. I enclose 10 cents for which please send me your "Guide to Autology."

Name

Address

## DO YOU WANT CASH?



If so, become an agent for THE FRA, and you can make money fast.

THE FRA is the exponent of The American Philosophy. It is the magazine of a thousand thinks; and it is the best-printed magazine in America.

THE FRA is published by businessmen for businessmen. Its subscription-list contains most of the big, busy, brainy men and women of the world, but we want the rest.

That is why we need your help.

Subscription to THE FRA is Two Dollars a year, and with this we give gratis, as a premium, a copy of "Health and Wealth," bound in limp leather, silk-lined, a beautiful and valuable Roycroft book by Elbert Hubbard.

Your cash commission on each subscription, provided you send five or more at a time, will be Fifty Cents. So, on every five subscriptions you make Two Dollars and Fifty Cents and remit us Seven Dollars and Fifty Cents ❁ ❁

Also, put this busy bee in your bonnet: For every fifty subscriptions sent us in any one month we will send you a check for Ten Dollars; or, for every one hundred subscriptions in any one month, the check will be Twenty-five Dollars—this in addition to the Fifty Cents you retain on every subscription.

We have many agents, young men and women, who secure four, five, ten or twenty subscriptions a day.

Now, here is the way to get your outfit: Remit us Two Dollars for your own subscription to THE FRA, and we will, of course, send you gratis the premium copy of "Health and Wealth" and in addition our agent's outfit, consisting of a dozen back numbers of THE FRA, sample sheets, pictures, blank orders, etc.

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I enclose Two Dollars for a year's subscription, so send the gratis premium-book, the dozen back numbers and agent's outfit.

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## THE OLIVER HOTEL, *which is in South Bend, Indiana, U. S. A.*



JAMES OLIVER

L. W. C. Tuthill is an Adman with a bias for the Florist's Business & Mr. Tuthill plans, prepares and places all the Greenhouse Advertising worth while in this country. His ads have a touch of rose-madder and tincture of violet. The reason that Tuthill has a corner on Horticultural Advertising is because he has appreciation, ability, sympathy and an eye for business plus. Just the other day, Mr. Tuthill said: "I have been down to South Bend, Indiana, and was a guest at The Oliver Hotel. Being a guest at The Oliver is an experience I remember with delight. The Oliver is the best-managed hotel in America. At The Oliver you get courtesy, consideration and good cheer all mixed in. Also, you get service, comfort and convenience so intermingled that you do not notice how much you are being catered to. The building is beautiful and impressive. James Oliver did the farmer a wonderful service when he started his plow works, but the traveling public are in his debt forever. Give me The Oliver for genuine comfort. When along Indiana Way stop at The Oliver as a matter of Education."



South Bend and The Oliver are on the Main Line of travel from Everywhere to Anywhere—particularly when going East to West or West to East. And the rates? Oh, they're in keeping with the James Oliver policy—the best possible service at a price that gives satisfaction to the guests and a reasonable profit to the management.

Have you read "A Little Journey to the Home of James Oliver," by Elbert Hubbard? If not, drop us a postal card and we will send you a copy, gratis.

**THE OLIVER HOTEL**  
**SOUTH BEND, INDIANA**





## BANKING BY MAIL

THE idea suggested itself one day, when one of our boys asked to have us hold back three dollars a week from his pay and give the accumulation to him January First. You see, he had a thrift bee in his bonnet and wanted us to help him help himself. ♪ Going to buy a lot and build a house on it!

Right there, it occurred to us that this was an opportunity for us to enlarge the idea and help all our people who were so inclined. So, a bank was started under the title of Elbert Hubbard, Banker ♪

Simply a scheme whereby the boys and girls could have banking facilities handy, and at the same time derive more benefits than banks usually offer. About three hundred Roycrofters have accounts with us now, and when one of them needs a little money to start a home with, why, he can have it. We do not loan money to outsiders, and, in fact, do not want outsiders' business. The policy of the concern is a conservative one, and the main object a lesson—education and opportunity.

We can just as well handle two or three hundred more accounts with the same expense, and so Roycrofters-at-Large are offered our banking opportunities. ♪ All accounts are subject to check at any time: we pay Four per cent interest per annum on quarterly balances, computed and added to the account quarterly. Deposits of One Dollar and up received. ♪ East Aurora is a safe place to put that accumulating account for your boy and girl (and yourself, too).

**ELBERT HUBBARD, BANKER, East Aurora, N. Y.**

THE view of human nature today is that there is more life in us than we can take note of in our consciousnesses. Large regions of our consciousnesses are but dimly lighted. In the great emotional and intellectual reservoir of life, with its organized reactions, our instincts and desires find their roots, often knowing the way before us better than our consciousness can indicate it. By it we are united to the past and to all our race. The instinct of the scientific historian is to

not doubt, that Christ is in us in the form of tendency and vague longings. Aside from the actual progress that our race has made from the lowest beginning, this is the most encouraging thing in all the world. Whence this aspiring, goodness-loving, Christ-worshipping heart of humanity came, is not to be explained, but the fact that it is here is of immense significance.—Doctor George R. Dodson.

The cautious seldom err.—Confucius.

make things consistent to his intelligence. The scientific point of view, then, can never be that of the most of mankind, and science may be the critic of popular faith, but not its leader. ♪ So true is this that if in some unknown way we should know all about the historical Jesus, and He should prove to be disappointing, it would make a difference in the worship of the Christ ideal. The need of hero worship is universal, for we live and grow in our moral life only as we admire. Questions as to the historical Jesus, however important they may be to the historian, sink into insignificance compared to the fact, which we can

**T**HE modern city is a microcosm, and if one solves the problem of living correctly there, its application to other phases of life is not so difficult. The great city is essentially a political organization, "without form and void," of human beings drawn fortuitously together, and as a promoter of class exclusiveness and social isolation it has no rival. Socially the American city is a howling wilderness inhabited by strangers. Social relations in this community happen. There is little to promote them—little of the forces, even, that are found at work in smaller communities.

The contiguity of residence, which is almost invariably a promoter of social intercourse in the town, village or country place, loses its effect in the great city. The nearest neighbors are often quite as complete strangers as though they lived at the opposite ends of the earth. Chance meetings in a business way sometimes promote social relations, but it is not often that these are carried into the family. The government, the school, the church, the fraternity, the club—these are the promoters of social intercourse in the big city.—J. W. Bennett.



## Garden Greenhouse At Detroit

Here pictured is a wonderful curvilinear Greenhouse built by the Lord and Burnham Company for a Detroitier of prominence. Here this man finds the rest and pleasure needed to balance the exactions of his profession.

Nature herself is the great refiner of personality, and the man who is near to Nature is near to God. Flowers and growing things contribute to the growth of the individual. Thinking men and women are conscious of this, and everywhere is the tendency to grow flowers, fruits and vegetables as a contributory side of every-day life. No matter how wealthy you may be or how large your business, you owe it to yourself to know this joy.

The Lord and Burnham Company make it their business to plan and build greenhouses adaptable to every condition the surrounding grounds and buildings may suggest or demand.

These expert designers and manufacturers of Greenhouses have erected the finest, most beautiful and complete structures of this kind in America.

Their book, "Some Greenhouses We Have Built," tells the Story. It gives you a glimpse of the beauty other people are enjoying with the aid of this concern. Consult Lord and Burnham as to what they can do for you.

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New York  
St. James Building

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Heed Building

Chicago  
The Rookery

**S**ELFISHNESS is not living as one wishes to live; it is asking others to live as one wishes to live. And unselfishness is letting other people's lives alone, not interfering with them. Selfishness always aims at creating around it an absolute uniformity of type. Unselfishness recognizes infinite variety of type as a delightful thing, accepts it, acquiesces in it, enjoys it.—Oscar Wilde.

Fear is the parent of cruelty.—Froude.

## Back Rest and Economy



**L**AZY men are just as useless as dead ones and take up more room. The chap who is wanted in every business institution is the alert fellow who uses his Divine Energy to a purpose. He is the man who realizes that, in order to have a big enough supply of the dynamic force required in competitive business, he must take care of his physical self. He understands the economy of vitality. He sees that the room in which he works is well-ventilated, well-lighted and as noise-proof as possible.

This is the type of man who finds great value in McCloud Chairs. The McCloud Chairs have backs which can be moved backward or forward without rising from the seat, by touching a lever in the upright. They can be adjusted to fit a man's every mood. More than that, they follow the back of the sitter, in whatever position he may be. They are strong—durable—ornamental. They are safe, even if your proportions are Taftian.

Send for the Catalog, which gives detailed information about the Back-Resters. Increase your vertebra efficiency in a McCloud. Backbone is as necessary as Brains in this game of business.

**The Davis Chair Co.**

MANUFACTURERS OF

**THE McCLOUD ADJUSTABLE SPRING-BACK  
OFFICE AND TYPEWRITER CHAIRS**

**MARYSVILLE, OHIO, U. S. A.**



Let it then be heard, and let man learn to feel that the true greatness of a nation is founded on principles of humanity, and not on conquest. War involves in its progress such a train of unforeseen and unsuspected circumstances, such a combination of foreign matters, that no human wisdom can calculate the end. It has but one thing certain, and that is to increase taxes. I defend the cause of the poor, of the manufacturer, of the tradesman, of the farmer, and of all those on whom the real burden of taxes fall; but above all, I defend the cause of women and children—of all humanity.—Thomas Paine.

**W**HEN we consider, for the feelings of Nature can not be dismissed, the calamities of war and the miseries it inflicts upon the human species, the thousands and tens of thousands, of every age and sex, who are rendered wretched by the event, surely there is something in the heart of man that calls upon him to think! Surely there is some tender chord, tuned by the hand of the Creator, that still struggles to emit in the hearing of the soul a note of sorrowing sympathy!

**C**UTE as were the reasoning powers of Charles Darwin, vast as was his knowledge, marvelous as was his tenacious industry under physical difficulties which would have converted nine men out of ten into aimless invalids, it was not these qualities, great as they were, which impressed those who were admitted to his intimacy with involuntary veneration, but a certain and almost passionate honesty by which all his thoughts and actions were irradiated as by a central fire.—Huxley.

AND there was once another great discoverer—I've forgotten his name, and I don't remember what he discovered, but I know it was something very important, and I hope you will all tell your children about it when you get home ♣ Well, when the great discoverer was once loafin' around down in Virginia and a-puttin' in his time flirting with Pocahontas—Oh, Captain John Smith, that was the man's name—and while he and Poca were sitting in Mr. Powhatan's garden he accidentally put his arm around her and picked something—a simple weed, which proved to be tobacco—and now we find it in every Christian family, shedding its civilizing influence broadcast throughout the whole religious community.

Now, there was another great man, I can't think of his name, either, who used to loaf around and watch the great chandelier in the cathedral at Pisa, which set him to thinking about the great law of gunpowder, and eventually led to the discovery of the cotton-gin.

¶ Now, I don't say this as an inducement for our young men to loaf around like Mr. New-

## Beauty and Service

The "Cadillac Desk-Table is the expression of an Ideal." And that Ideal is this: nothing without utility is beautiful, and no useful thing should be ungainly. The "Cadillac Desk-Table" is made in

every style of furniture beauty, and in every staple wood. Louis XIV, Elizabethan, Tudor, Flanders, Colonial, Crafty and Modern. But its chiefest appeal to your consideration is its ability to serve you. By simply pulling open a drawer you are provided with a desk surface, pen-groove, and, best of all, a non-spillable inkwell. Right under the desk-lid is



a roomy drawer for letters and stationery. The drawer, too, is counterbalanced to prevent tipping ♣ Nickel-plated steel slides eliminate sticking. The Cadillac Desk-Table appeals to your love of beauty as well as to your commonsense. The Wolverine Manufacturing Company issue a booklet about their table which is exquisitely

illustrated. A copy will be mailed you on request. The Desk-Table is just the thing to send out to your Summer place, as well as to use in your home ♣ Hurry letters, telegrams and memoranda will receive the attention they otherwise would n't if it were not for this charming invitation to do business in the way of a Desk. Businessmen know that forgetting business entirely means after-worry. So send for the booklet today.

**Wolverine Manufacturing Company**  
Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A.

*Cadillac*  
*Desk-Table*

ton and Mr. Galileo and Captain Smith, but they were once little babies two days old and they show what little things have sometimes accomplished.—Mark Twain.

¶ NOT what does a man believe, but what is his attitude toward the spirit of Truth, is the all-important question.

—Doctor A. H. Bradford.

Who shall shut out Fate?—Edwin Arnold.



## PECK, PENCILS and PROSPERITY

E. W. Peck is a money-maker, and he has made money for others as well as for Peck Himself.

Peck's latest and best money mint is the Peck Patented Pencil Slot-Machine. Here Peck has realized his Ideal—that by helping others you will help yourself. His new machine will sell a pencil every second. No thought, time or attention is required on your part beyond filling the machine to its capacity of One Hundred Forty-four pencils. It sells pencils of every standard size and make. The fact that pencils sell at a profit of one hundred per cent is an argument

in favor of this machine which needs no emphasis.

The machine is sold to you, with no string on royalty, for Fifteen Dollars. It is neat and compact and can be set up in any public or even semi-public place with no possible objections.

Order a few machines just to convince yourself and you will order more. Exclusive city and country rights are considered when the machines are ordered in large quantities. Peck moneybaks his machine!

Send for the illustrated folder which is free if you mention THE FRA.

THE E. W. PECK COMPANY, 1123 Broadway, New York

## STREISSGVTH-DETRAN ENGRAVING CO.



# S-P



MAKERS OF

## QUALITY CUTS MILWAUKEE, WIS.



# "A Better Day's Work"

A BOOK REVIEW BY ELBERT HUBBARD

**I**N last month's FRA I said, "The only book I have read through from 'kiver to kiver' in a year is 'The New Word,' by Allen Upward, issued by Mitchell Kennerley. And I read it with such chuckles of joy and gurgles of glee that the Pullman car porter called in the conductor and they put me under surveillance until I lifted the embargo with a dollar tip."

Since then I have read another book which pleased me equally well. The fact that I found myself quoted in this book had nothing to do with my pleasure in reading it.

The title of this good volume is, "A Better Day's Work," and it is issued by the Burroughs Adding Machine Company of Detroit. Up to date, the Burroughs people have distributed One Hundred Thirty-seven Thousand copies of this book, and they receive from twenty to thirty requests a day for it. There seems to be no limit to its possibilities. It is even liable to rival "The Message to Garcia" in this matter of distribution—which is going some.

"A Better Day's Work" is dedicated to the American businessman, and is a tangible expression of the American Philosophy of Business. It traces the history of the world's clerical work from the Stone Age to the Age of the Burroughs Adding Machine. We live in the Age of the Burroughs, and it is the greatest age the world has ever known. No one denies this—not even people who talk of the Palmy Days. There are a few dates in history that stand out like big beacon-lights—times when humanity seemed to have awakened from sleep to do something beside exist. And this great awakening has always expressed itself in some material way. The invention of the typewriter, the electric light, the trolley-car and the adding-machine are things that have helped to transform the world.

The American Philosophy is founded on the Science of Economics. Economics is the science of the production, distribution and the use of Life. Science is accurate organized knowledge founded on facts, and all practical businessmen are scientists and economists.

"A Better Day's Work" is a textbook on the Science of Economics. It shows, as its sub-title says, how to secure a better day's work "at a Less Cost of Time, Work and Worry to the Man at the Desk." If this is not the aim and end of the modern gospel of efficiency, I don't understand it. The man at the desk is the man who should direct and control. We are beginning to realize that a human being is the most valuable mechanism in a business, and that to wear it out uselessly on things that can be done by a machine without nerves is poor economy.

The Roycrofters started in bravely to do everything by hand, but we decided that when a machine can do the work better we will let the machine do it and use our hands for passing the medicine-ball. So, we installed the Monotype, the versatile type-making machine that keeps itself busy. We also quit figuring up the sales of my Amusing Works and put in Burroughs Adding Machines. We are more prosperous than ever before. What the machines have to do with it is just a matter of history.

Now this book, "A Better Day's Work," has convinced me that we are right. It is not primarily an advertisement, but a practical work which fills a practical need. The Burroughs people will gladly send "A Better Day's Work" to you free if you write on a business letterhead and mention THE FRA.

## BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE CO.

Department F, Burroughs Block, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

EUROPEAN HEADQUARTERS, 76 CANNON ST., LONDON, E. C.



The  
**Gorham Trade-Mark**  
 on  
**Sterling Silver**

Since the time of Queen Elizabeth it has been the custom of manufacturers to employ trade-marks to identify their products and to prevent substitution.

Of all trade-marks no other is of greater importance to you when purchasing silverware than this, which identifies Gorham Sterling Silver productions and guarantees metal  $\frac{925}{1000}$  fine.



Gorham Silverware is made in the greatest variety of articles, patterns and designs. Each piece bears for your protection the distinguishing mark — a mark representing character, reputation and the highest standards ever reached in silver manufacture.



Leading jewelers everywhere offer the Gorham wares, and at prices no higher than those asked for less well known and less approved articles.



**THE GORHAM CO.**  
 SILVERSMITHS  
 NEW YORK

GORHAM SILVER POLISH - THE BEST FOR CLEANING SILVER

## INTENSIVE ADVERTISING SERVICE

### *A Sermonette by Elbert Hubbard*

The most important economic interest in the world is agriculture. Everything else worth while contributes to it. Over twenty-three centuries ago Aristotle said, "A land that produces valuable vegetables and animals, luscious fruits and beautiful flowers, also produces noble men and women." Like so many other things this great Greek said, this statement still holds true.

My good friend, H. H. Charles, says, "Read the agricultural papers to find out how the world is moving." And being an adman he might have said, "Read the agricultural ads to see how the world do move."

Charles is an economist, a farmer, a writer and an advertising expert. The Charles Advertising Service is devoted to the making of advertising on the subject of agriculture and of all that relates to it.

The advertising pages of the magazines are encyclopedias from which we gain workable knowledge. We are living so fast, inventing so fast, changing so fast, and there are so many of us, that he who does not read advertising gets bats in his belfry.

When advertising is authoritatively prepared it means profit both to the advertiser and to the reader. Intensive advertising and intensive farming are closely related, in that they both increase the productiveness of a given space by expert work. The only difference is between land and paper.

Here is where the Charles Advertising Service comes in: Charles and his men know farming, poultry and cattle raising as well as they know advertising and publishing. If you have a product of value to farmers, poultry and cattle raisers, consult these men, who know the language and understand the needs of the soil. The Charles Service is a medium of increase of power between the manufacturer and the farmer.

The Charles Advertising Service is issuing a book, "Intensive Advertising Service," which will be ready in April. Get your request in now and it will be sent you free.

The Charles Advertising Service, 150 Nassau Street, New York City

# EDUCATING THE PUBLIC AS A BUSINESS

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD

**S**WIFT AND COMPANY is an American concern, which deals in the first American product—live stock, and its by-products. The yearbook issued by Swift and Company shows the progress, not only of this particular Company, but of the American people. ¶ Increased demand for better goods is primarily caused by the educational advertising of Swift and Company. They not only tell what they make and produce, but also what the people need, what to avoid, and what to insist on. ¶ They impress you with the fact that meat must be scientifically packed, carefully wrapped and properly shipped. Swift's hams, bacon, lard, chicken, butterine, soaps and washing-powders are the criterion by which dealers are learning to judge goods of this class. "Nearly as good as Swift's," or "It looks as good as Swift's," are becoming expressive terms everywhere. ¶ The one supreme difficulty in business is salesmanship. Goods may be manufactured on formula, but it takes a man to sell. He who can sell is a success that others may be. The only men who succeed in dictating the policy of the house are those in the Sales Department, that is, those who are on the side of income, not on the side of expense. ¶ The man with a secret process of manufacture always imparts his secret sooner or later, but the salesman does not impart his secret, because he can not. It is not transferable. It is a matter of personality and something else. And that something else is this: no cheap apology of a product, no matter what the method of manufacture may be, will go with the public very long, because some one is going to teach the public that there is something better. ¶ Swift and Company have been teaching the public the better way ever since they began business. ¶ There are many sides to the business of this great American Educational and Business Institution, but the one I want to impress my readers with is this: that they have taught the public a great deal of what the public knows regarding products it consumes.

HERE I CATALOG A LITTLE LIST OF SWIFT AND COMPANY GOODS BY WHICH  
THE AMERICAN DEMOCRACY JUDGES QUALITY

|                                       |                              |                                     |
|---------------------------------------|------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Swift's Pride Soap                    | Crown Princess Soap          | Brookfield Pork Sausage             |
| Swift's Pride Washing-Powder          | Hearts and Flowers Soap      | Brookfield Butter                   |
| Swift's Pride Cleanser                | Scented Toilet-Soap          | Brookfield Eggs                     |
| Wool Soap                             | Swift's Premium Ham          | Swift's Silver-Leaf Lard            |
| Swift's White Laundry-Soap            | Swift's Premium Bacon        | Swift's Jewel Compound              |
| Swift's Naphtha Soap                  | Swift's Premium Sliced Bacon | Swift's Cotosuet                    |
| Swift's Borax Soap                    | Swift's Premium Lard         | Swift's Jersey Butterine            |
| Maxine Elliott Buttermilk Toilet-Soap | Swift's Premium Butterine    | Swift's Beef Extract                |
|                                       |                              | Swift's Premium Chickens (Milk-Fed) |

Swift and Company, Chicago, Illinois

# Our Splendid Record Entitles Us to Leadership



**The car worthy of the name—Strong and Staunch—Dependable. Beauty of line—Superb of finish—Complete in detail—the car for the man who says “Show Me.”**

**Can you think of a stronger test than hill climbing?** Does it not prove quickly every fault in a car? If the motor does n't produce the power, if the clutch drags, if the transmission refuses to work properly, do not all these things come to the surface quickly? Hill climbing is the supreme test. That's what it is; and when you gain 25 victories from the Cream of American Motor Cars, what does it prove? It proves superiority—a claim not won in a hurry, not questionably, but honestly and fairly.

**We are on top now. We did n't confine** ourselves to any locality; our successes were all over the country. At Denver and at Algonquin Hill, Chicago; Baltimore and Washington, Cincinnati and Cleveland, Dead Horse Hill at Worcester, at Seattle, and Giant's Despair at Wilkes-Barre.

**Giant's Despair mountain climb—Does this** convey to you all that it should? Do you know that this famous mountain rises hundreds and hundreds of feet in the mile course and includes a Devil's Elbow and “S” curves? The grade averages from 16 to 27 per cent. Giant's Despair climb has become a classic. Every year the best-known cars made in America meet at Wilkes-Barre and vie with each other for the highest honors obtainable for strenuous performance.

**And the Oakland won, not only from an** array of cars, but we lowered the class record 17 seconds.

**What does all this mean to you? To you** who contemplate the purchase of a motor car? It means honesty in manufacture; the best material, finest workmanship; the closest attention to details, and above all that the fundamental principles of design are correct.



30 H.-P. Runabout, \$1000

**For 1911 we are marketing a 30** and a 40 horsepower chassis with seven body mountings. The 30-horsepower will be made in a five-passenger touring car, detachable fore doors, at \$1200 (detachable tonneau if preferred); a Toy Tonneau, four-passenger body, at \$1150, and a two-passenger Runabout, the fastest car of its kind to be found anywhere, at \$1000. The 40-horsepower chassis will be furnished with a five-passenger, fore-door body, at \$1600; a speedy Roadster that will travel as fast as you care to go, at \$1500, and Model K, five-passenger touring car, \$1500.



40 H.-P. Touring Car, \$1600

**The design must be correct, and when we** say that, we mean it from the layman's view—the man who is n't mechanically inclined, but wants to own a motor car that will do the maximum work with the least attention on his part—and when it is necessary to make an adjustment he wants to be able to make it himself, on the spot, no delay, without a garage or repairman. To do this quickly and intelligently, he must be assisted by two things.

**First**—Accessibility to all of the important parts.

**Second**—Simple construction of them, so that he can master their functions at a glance.

**Here the Oakland is especially strong.** Examine the chassis. See with what ease you gain access to the motor, clutch and transmission, magneto and pump. Your eye takes in the whole chassis at a glance. Here is simplicity that means MONEY to you.

**And the wonderment of it all is the fact that** these splendid cars are purchased at a price far below other machines that are not able to show this record of proven superiority; not able to show these things that we are willing to prove to you, and don't forget that a year's guaranty goes with each car.

**Now we have made claims and we want you** to confirm them—to prove them. Let us give you a demonstration. Put the cars to any test.

**Compare the car; compare the record with** cars selling for more money, and if you have the average good business judgment that the average American is famous for, we know what car you will decide to buy.

**LITERATURE ON REQUEST; ALSO A COPY OF “FROM THE MAN WHO HAS DRIVEN ONE” AND “LITTLE STORIES OF BIG VICTORIES”**

**OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DEPT. D Pontiac, Mich.**



# Tailors To The American Businessman

THE Businessman who devotes energy plus to his work and dresses well is well poised. To be conscious of being well dressed, and then to forget it, is the last word in the Philosophy of Apparel. Emerson once penned this: "A coat that fits in the back lends a peace which pedigree can not give."

## STEIN-BLOCH CLOTHES

are made expressly for busy men. Fabric, workmanship and style are the result of thought on the part of the men who compose the Stein-Bloch Company as to what is required by his Majesty—the American Businessman. This type of clothing is so simple and impressive that Londoners are adopting it in preference to English makes, which have so long been considered the world's standard. A Stein-Bloch suit is genuine, manly and elegant. The author of "A Message to Garcia" uses Stein-Bloch as a Synonym for good clothing in all his good stuff. It is a more expressive term. The Stein-Bloch Company will gladly send you their booklet, which is the Manual of authority on fashions for men. Just ask for it.

*Look For This Label. It Means 55  
Years of Knowing How*



## THE STEIN-BLOCH CO.

Tailors for Men

Offices and Shops, Rochester, New York  
New York, Fifth Avenue Building  
London, Selfridge & Co., Ltd., Oxford St., West



# Twelve Great Business Men

An appreciation of their lives and work in two volumes

By Elbert Hubbard



The "Railway Surgical Journal" for May, Nineteen Hundred Nine, published this announcement:

"Little Journeys to the Homes of Great Business Men." "James Oliver." By Elbert Hubbard. Published by The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y. For fifteen years Elbert Hubbard has written one of these "Little Journeys" every month, and the one before us is one of the best and most useful he has given us. He has a way of getting at the every-day, human side of people, their motives and mainsprings of action that is interesting and refreshing. James Oliver was a sturdy, homemade Scotchman, who "came over" when a boy to seek his fortune. As everybody knows, he found it and in abundance, and made good use of it. Mr. Hubbard tells the story in a fascinating way, and the soft tint of the uncalendered paper, and the clean perfect type give an added pleasure to the reading.

These Little Journeys to the homes of Great Business Men mark the world's recognition of the new science that is being evolved in America.

The lives of Artists, Musicians, Authors and Explorers have made up a part of our literature since the day of Gutenberg and movable type. But it is left for modern understanding to use the lives of these business scientists to teach men and women the value of business, method, system and law, as applied to our day-by-day life.

The "Little Journeys to the Homes of Great Business Men" in two volumes are printed in four colors on English Boxmoor. Special title-page, initials and colophon. There are twelve portraits of these men, made from original drawings by Gaspard. The Miriam binding which is used for these volumes has a designed-leather back and solid board sides covered with Italian Handmade Paper. Price, TWO DOLLARS a volume.

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THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

## THE HOUSE of HIGHEST QUALITY

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD

**T**O succeed in business today it is not enough that you should look out for Number One; you must also look out for Number Two. That is, you must consider the needs of the buyer and make his interests your own.

To sell a person something he does not want, or to sell him something at a price above its actual value, is a calamity—for the seller.

Business is built on confidence. We make our money out of our friends—our enemies will not trade with us.

In law the buyer and the seller are supposed to be people with equal opportunity to judge of an article and to pass on its value. This is not so, for the seller is a specialist and understands his product. And so the buyer must depend on the honesty and good will of the seller.

These facts came with a great throb and thrill to the men who, in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-eight, organized the American Hosiery Company. So they determined that they would build a House on Highest Quality, and make it



their constant aim to manufacture everything needed by the people in the higher grades of knit goods, and to make everything the very best of its kind. For thirty-five years this Golden Rule policy has been in operation, and the success of the American Hosiery Company is a delightful record in the history of American business.

This Company has four large, airy and beautiful factory buildings at New Britain, Connecticut. Here they experimented, invented and discovered new ways and means. The whole round world has been drawn upon to secure the silk, cashmere, worsted, merino, linen, lisle-thread, silkoline, balbriggan and combed cotton, and all other fibrous materials used in the manufacture of hosiery, underwear and every type of knitted wearing apparel.

The trademark of the American Hosiery Company bears this slogan, "No better in the world." They do not have to prove the truth of this, for their competitors admit it. The excellence of character exhibited in every piece of American Hosiery Company manufacture is one of the traditions and standards of the business.

Ask for goods made by this Company and you do yourself a practical service. Dealers who handle American Hosiery Company's line, prove themselves Class A by so doing.

**AMERICAN HOSIERY CO., 225 Fourth Avenue, New York**

Mills: New Britain, Connecticut

## K A L A K A AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ALI BABA

**N**O, Beatrice, it is not a break-fast-food.

¶ Kalaka is a lawn-producer, and there is no other. It is composed, if you insist on knowing, of Oxaline and grass-seed. The best grass-seed with fertilizer plus strewn on your bald lawn and watered will succeed where every other effort to grow grass has failed.

¶ Horticulture made a great stride forward when Kalaka was invented. Like most other great inventions, it is so simple that the wonder of it is no one discovered it before.

¶ The basis of Kalaka is gathered and selected on the brick-paved floors of the

Union Stock Yards in Chicago. Nature has always demanded that man get busy to get results—so she has supplied him the combination of animal and vegetable life to produce what he requires. Kalaka is treated scientifically, and through a heating and separating process all alien seed is extracted before the grass-seed is mixed into the manure. Germinating grass-seed can not grow unless the roots have been properly forced by a fertilizing process.

¶ Kalaka will redeem any lawn, because this seed carries with it its own nourishment.

¶ Scores of clubs, park officials, landscape-gardeners, and men with large estates endorse it above anything else known for the producing of luxuriant grass.

¶ Kalaka comes in 5-pound boxes. East of the Missouri River, the price is \$1.00 a box; and West of the Missouri, \$1.25 a box, carriage prepaid in either case.

**THE KALAKA COMPANY 831 EXCHANGE AVENUE**

UNION STOCK YARDS, CHICAGO

# The Advertising Number

SAID MR. DOOLEY:

"What I object to is whin I pay ten or fifteen cents f'r a magazine expectin' to spend me avenin' improvin' me mind with th' latest thoughts in advertisin' to find more than a quarther iv' th' whole book devoted to lithrachoor."

**T**HIS is to say that the April FRA will be devoted entirely to advertising.

Of course, that Big Four, George Batten, Frank Presbrey, George Dyer and Frank Seaman, do not have to read this number unless they want to.

We hereby warn Joe Appel not to say "Wanamaker-Originator."

This, then, is the line-up of the most interesting titles:

|                        |                      |                |
|------------------------|----------------------|----------------|
| Commercial Progress    | The Goal             | Love and Faith |
| Co-Operation           | Business             | Organization   |
| The Art of Advertising | Humor in Advertising |                |

All of the eight articles above were written by ELBERT HUBBARD

|                              |         |                       |
|------------------------------|---------|-----------------------|
| Universal Salesmanship       | - - - - | ALICE HUBBARD         |
| An Essay on Advertising      | - - - - | MIKE KINNEY           |
| Modern Advertising           | - - -   | THEODORE S. FETTINGER |
| Some Postal Figures          | - - - - | WILMER ATKINSON       |
| Our Heroes of Today          | - - - - | JOAQUIN MILLER        |
| Businessmen in the Judiciary | - - - - | JOHN LEARY            |
| The Matter With the Church   | - - - - | J. D. SHAW            |
| The Way and the End          | - - - - | ERNEST CROSBY         |

The April Number is to be the best issue of THE FRA since the last one. "Obey that" Urge and Read it.

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THE FRA MAGAZINE, EAST AURORA, N. Y.



Equally useful for Men's or Women's Clothing

### Clothes Comfort, Cleanliness, Convenience

The Chifforobe combines all the commendable features of chiffonier and wardrobe and adds some special virtues of its own. It is made of Southern Red Cedar. It is moth, dust and damp proof. The arrangements for clothing make it wrinkle and soil proof. Chifforobe No. 107 costs \$34.75, and is worth much more to you in saving to your clothing.

The Piedmont Chest Company make many styles of Red Cedar Chests, Highboys and Chifforobes at prices that are within the reach of everybody. Write them, mention THE FRA, and your letter will receive Roycroftian attention.

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST COMPANY  
STATESVILLE, N. C.

### Rest-Insurance



Q It takes a Big Ben Clock to awaken a man in a Bernstein Bed, and business necessities to get him out of one.

Q The Bernstein Bed is a sleep-inducer and rest-insurance. It is made in three parts—head, foot and springs. There is no creaking and no unevenness to disturb you. It is firm, durable, simple and good-looking.

Q No sensible microbe will ever build his bungalow in the Bernstein Bed, because it has no cracks or crevices. It is dirt and germ proof. The Bernstein Bed is an innovation because it needs no renovation.

Q Write direct to the makers and they will tell you all about it.

BERNSTEIN MANUFACTURING CO.  
PHILADELPHIA PENNSYLVANIA

## Superior People and Orchards

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD

GRAND JUNCTION, Colorado, is in the center of the greatest apple-producing country in the world. For a stretch of twenty miles the land is one laughing garden of flowers and fruit. Yet the country was only opened to white men in Eighteen Ninety-three.

I am not at all sure whether Grand Junction Apples are bought by Eastern Buyers on the trees at five cents each, because God has smiled on that particular Valley, or because He placed here a superior people.

But I know that these people sprayed the trees before the busy beetles stung the blossoms and deformed the coming fruit. Likewise, they irrigated the soil, plowed it, harrowed it and leveled it with loving touch.

My idea is that superior people produce superior apples and things, anywhere.

And less favored sections than the Grand Junction Country can be made to bring forth apples that will rival the Western article in the Eastern Markets. And think of the saving in transportation!

The Munson-Whitaker Company will give your orchard a new lease of life.

They check and destroy all insect pests, discover and

control scale, give the run to borers which are as fatal to tree health as bores to human happiness. Codling-moths are sprayed out of the game.

The Munson-Whitaker dentists clean out and fill the cavities which go to the center of the tree, if not taken care of in time. They bolt, brace and prune trees expertly. Special nourishment in the way of formula fertilizers is given to anemic trees which need it.

Orchards are made to pay profits plus pleasure by these commercial foresters. Their new booklet, TREES—THE CARE THEY SHOULD HAVE, is a valuable treatise on the subject. Send for it. Better still, tell the Munson-Whitaker Company to send you one of their Inspectors to teach you how to make your Orchard a productive and paying proposition. It will be the wisest move you ever made.

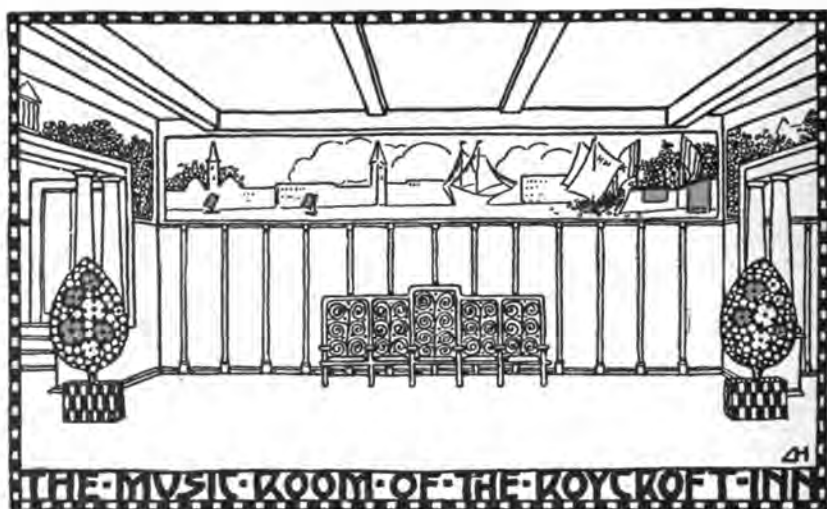


Munson-Whitaker Company, Commercial & Landscape Foresters

New York: 825 Fourth Avenue Building. Boston: 625 Tremont Building. Chicago: 305 Monadnock Building.







## The Music-Room of The Roycroft Inn

¶ The Roycroft Inn, like The Roycroft Institution, has been a growth—an evolution. The Reception-Room, the Dining-Room, the John Ruskin and the William Morris Rooms are individual expressions of independent thought.

¶ Here and there in the world are rooms where the accumulation of ages of art and beauty has been gathered. Rooms that are filled with memories of the wits, statesmen, favorites and beauties of many courts. These belong to the past.

¶ The Music-Room at The Roycroft Inn is a representation of present-day knowledge of the relation that must exist between beauty and service. Here is a room that shows in every part the new day that has dawned for us.

¶ The wide, uncurtained windows are made for sunshine. The lengths of polished floor, unbroken by rugs of any kind, were planned for wholesomeness.

¶ The beautiful simplicity and architectural loveliness make this a room to be remembered ☞

¶ It is an ideal realized, a dream fulfilled.

¶ Above the dark, oak-paneled wainscoting runs a series of mural paintings of the civilizations that have developed the world.

¶ Egypt in the solemn grandeur of the rising moon, her Pyramids, the Sphinx, the eternal wonder of her desert; the towers and spires of Paris, the boulevards and the Seine; lovely Venice in all the splendor of a fete on the Grand Canal; Athens, the grandest ruin of the greatest art of all the ages; silent India, with the knowledge of the futility of all philosophies that do not deal with evolving life; Rome and Saint Peter's, and "the gardens on the other side of Tiber"; London on the tug-cluttered Thames—the busy hive of industry; the original American village of Indian teepees deep in a woodland shrouded in snow, and blossoming close by this, the realization of the power of work, worth, art, love, play, business integrity—The Roycroft in the bloom of Springtime—here is a room complete ☞

¶ It is a dignified, beautiful, livable room, a monument in the memory of every person who shall feel its charm, to the genius and art of its designer—Alice Hubbard.

¶ The Inn Portfolio is done after the style of the Viennese, and contains six views of The Roycroft Inn in five colors: one is given on this page. The Portfolio will be mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents ☞

The Roycroft Inn, East Aurora, New York



# The Splendid "Henry"

## The New Standard Among Motor Cars

THE 1911 Car that opens up a new world to the keen motorist is the "Henry." Judge it from any standpoint. Compare it with any other motor car. Throw up the hood—turn up the seats—take the body off and get down to the chassis—examine every cog—every bearing—every nut and screw. Then, if you know automobiles, you will say, "I take the Henry."

We can meet *your* ideas. The Henry line is a great big line of cars. Don't judge them by the moderate prices. Don't think, for example, that our \$900 Roadstar is one of those toy affairs. It is *not*. It is a large, roomy car, a surprising car that looks like twice the price on road or boulevard.

Because the Henry line is a big line, our dealer can satisfy you absolutely in size, type and price—in the combination of these that is just what you want.

## Henry Automobiles \$900 to \$2,200

There's the "Henry Roadstar" at \$900—the largest and most powerful "25" on the market today. It has motor car character. It "stands out" wherever you see it. Then there's the \$1,100 Touring Car, the substantial family type. Our Model M, a handsome 5-Passenger Touring Car is a stunning "40" and whereas it sells for only \$1,750 it travels in the \$3,000 class.

Our Henry Fore Door 5-Passenger Touring Car at \$1,800 and our Roadster De Luxe "40" at \$2,000 are magnificent examples of 1911 motor car design and construction. They are perfect in every detail, fully standardized, with every part a masterpiece.

Make a mental note that in the recent 1,050-Mile Reliability Run of the Chicago Motor Club, the Henry "40"—a stock car—made a perfect score.

You are always absolutely sure of making the best selection when you consider the line showing the largest number of popular types of anything. That's a great big reason why Henry Automobiles offer you the strategic opportunity of getting the car that will represent best your automobile desires and ambitions.

The Henry Motor Car is the one most appropriate for readers of THE FRA. It is the car for red-blooded people—the thoroughbred. It is the genuine car. It is the car that always seems anxious to go—full of mechanical enthusiasm—with the love of the road bred in its very vitals.

¶ Let a Henry Motor Car carry you *once—just once*—up hill and down dale, singing over the roads and seemingly soaring over the highway, making the breeze hum new melodies and enticing the landscape into conjuring up new pictures. That's all we ask of you. Let it inspire you just once with its silent power, its unspeakable reserve of energy and its roominess and solid comfort. Let it show you just once what a "Henry" does that surprises and delights the veteran who has grown gray buying automobiles. And you'll say, "The Henry for mine. It suits me to a T."

### Write for the Henry Book

ALL we want to do is to show you a "Henry." We know the only reason you'll never buy a Henry will be because you won't know the Henry. We want to get acquainted. Drop us a note and let us send you the Henry Book. Ask the Fra—he knows.

**Henry Motor Car Sales Co.**  
1507 Michigan Boulevard  
CHICAGO



Roadster De Luxe, \$2,200



Roadstar, \$900

# Your Easter Gift



**T**HE Teutons named Easter for their Goddess of Spring. Easter symbolizes the renewal of the beauty, the color and the gladness of life.

So Fox who never forgets these things—it being his business to remember—has given the Blue-Bird Box an Easter air. Not knowing, and we could not tell him, the color of Blue-Bird eggs, he put Blue ones in a nest made of violets, creamy dreamy lace and some other things.

A sweet girl who received a Valentine Box said, "Charles Henry knows all the secrets women have read into flowers." The Easter Box is a resurrection of some of these secrets.

It will be sent passage paid to any one anywhere at the request of any one anywhere, on receipt of Five Dollars. Mail your remittance today, indicate destination, and at Easter-time Fox will have the Blue-Bird Box there.

**VERY SPECIAL.** For Saint Patrick's Day, March the Seventeenth, a genuine Irish Shamrock growing in a real Irish Potato, fussed up with green ribbon and cased in a box of Emerald hue, will be sent carriage paid anywhere in these United States, all for One Dollar.

## *Charles Henry Fox*

AT THE SIGN OF THE ROSE

*Broad Street, Below Walnut, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania*

## The Open Road for Beauty



WELCOME Beauty in every fair face, in every fair sky, in every fair flower, and thank God for it as a cup of Blessing," said Ralph Waldo Emerson. And the Blessing is purely a matter of Health. Let your cup run over.

Hunt in the fields for Health, hit the open road, hoof it down the dusk or in the sunshine, the shadow or the rain. All weather is good. Crank up the eight-cylinder for a whirl and a whizz against the wind and the weather.

But just before you set out, rub a small quantity of DAGGETT AND RAMSDELL'S PERFECT COLD CREAM into the pores of your face and hands. When you finish the homestretch, wring out a wash-cloth in hot water, smear it liberally with PERFECT COLD CREAM and apply thoroughly to your face and hands—then wipe them dry. Get the health and beauty habit, and use DAGGETT AND RAMSDELL'S PREPARATION religiously.



The Traveler's Tubes cost 50, 25 or 10 cents, according to size; while the jars are 35, 50 and 85 cents and \$1.50, respectively. Send for a complimentary tube. With the sample tube you will receive an attractive book, "BEWARE OF THE FINGER OF TIME," containing suggestions about skin health and beauty.

**Daggett and Ramsdell**

Department E

D. & R. Building

New York

## WILL - O' - THE - MILL

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

*"So long as we love we serve. So long as we are loved by others I would almost say we are indispensable: and no man is useless while he has a friend."*

ROBERT LOUIS, the Beloved, could well write of gentle men and their ways; of thoughtful men, and their thoughts; and he has given us, in "Will o' the Mill," a rare type of the gentle, thoughtful soul.

The story of the development of this strange boy, his love for Marjory, the parson's daughter, and his grasp of the great truth that to have is not to hold, is one of the realest of Stevenson's tales. The book is a rare one, and the edition is limited. Each copy is illumined by hand, and is numbered and signed by Elbert Hubbard. The books are bound in ooze-calf, with turned edges. This gives the finest finish known in ooze-leather bindings.

"Will o' the Mill" is an Easter greeting in the loveliest form. The price is \$5.00.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK

## Discovering Genius

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

ONCE told Thomas A. Edison how a writer, George B. Rose, had compared him with Leonardo. He smiled and said, "Who is Rose?" Then after a little pause continued, "The Great Man is one who has been a long time dead—the woods are full of wizards, but not many of them know that," and the Wizard laughed softly at his own joke.

Discovering genius, as a profession, is a new thing in the world; and lately in the arts, music, drama and literature has arisen a body of men and women who make it their business to find out what people can do, and under what conditions they can best do the thing. The genius is going to get some laurels before he passes on.

The Literary Bureau is an organization devoted to the finding of authors worth while. If you have a hunch that your work is just a bit out of the ordinary, send it to the Literary Bureau for their criticism or approval.

¶ The Literary Bureau makes no charge until your manuscript is sold, except for typewriting and revision when necessary.

You may be a "Find." Get in touch with

**The Literary Bureau**  
Suite 809 Stephen Girard Bldg., Phila.

## A Catalog and Some Comment

THE Roycroft annual catalog is out, and there are many interesting bits of information therein contained. For instance, you can have a motto carved on the half of an oak log for \$10.50.

"Down this way you can get two cords of wood for that price, split and put away and with a dozen or so terse mottoes from the splitter thrown in. Of course we realize that the 'bong swong' touch of The Roycrofters counts for a heap. But so does a cord of wood without the 'swong.' It burns just as well anyway."

¶ This is cynical comment from the Emmetsburg, Maryland, "Chronicle."

¶ The new Roycroft catalog will be mailed to any address on inquiry.

**The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.**

## Very Special

1. "The Philistine" Magazine for One Year, as issued.
2. One Special de Luxe Roycroft Book (Our selection), by Elbert Hubbard.
3. An Autographed Etching of Fra Elbertus, drawn by Schneider, suitable for framing.

## All for One Dollar

*The Roycrofters,  
East Aurora, N. Y.:*

*Enclosed find One Dollar, and I request you to send me "The Philistine" Magazine for one year, and the special de luxe Roycroft book, also the Etching of Fra Elbertus, at once, as your Special Offer.*

Date .....

Remit One Dollar by mail, Registered Letter, P. O. Order or Draft.

## Will's Seeds Will Grow!

Wonderful results are obtained from Will's Hardy Seeds and Trees, grown in the cold Northwest. ¶ For the purpose of wide introduction we will send postpaid our beautiful catalog and Fifty Packets of the choicest vegetable and flower seeds for \$1.00. Also, extra gift collection of five packets.

**Oscar H. Will & Co., Bismarck, No. Dak.**



Opens with the Foot

## Abolish the Ash-Barrel

It's a nuisance, a menace to health and a constant fire risk. Adopt this modern Receiver for ashes and all cellar refuse. Fireproof, sanitary, out of sight. Top flush with floor. Easy to sweep into. Opens with the Foot. Saves the hands from frost-bite.

## Underground Garbage Receiver Underground Refuse Receiver

Another great problem has been what to do with Garbage in Winter. The ordinary garbage can freezes up, and when the collector pounds the can to empty it, he ruins the can. This is avoided by using the

**STEPHENSON  
UNDERGROUND GARBAGE RECEIVER**

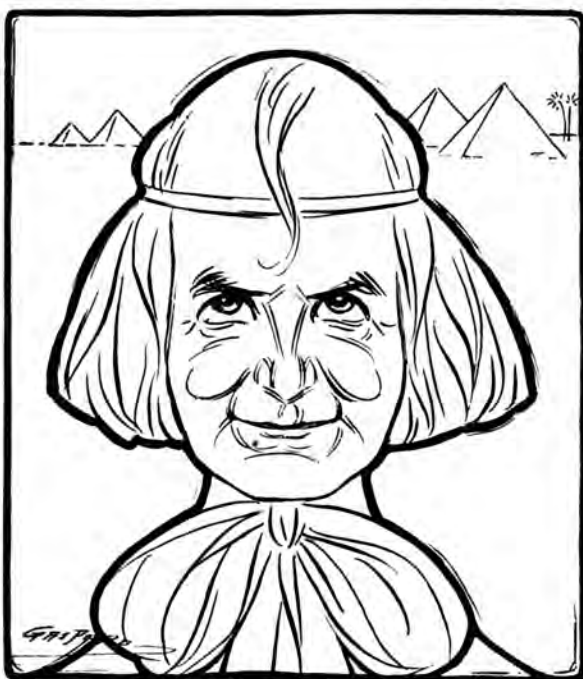
Sold direct from factory. Circulars of each free.

C. H. STEPHENSON, Manufacturer  
31 Farrar Street, Lynn, Mass.



Easy to Sweep Into





## An Easter Tie

The TIE ELBERTUS is made in six colors—black, white, red, gray, tan and salmon.

*Price*  
TWO DOLLARS  
*Postpaid*

The Ropcrofters  
East Aurora, N. Y.

# HALL EQUIPMENTS

**A**MATEUR poultry-raisers who pursue the business merely as an avocation can safely depend upon the maternal instincts of the Old Hen for hatching purposes, but the man who intends to sell poultry products in large quantities must travel by the incubator route, and success depends upon Getting In Right. The success of a poultry farm depends primarily upon the hatching plant. Successful, healthy hatches can be had only where the conditions are the same as supplied by the Old Hen: downward radiation, even temperature, and the retention of sufficient moisture within the shells. There is but one machine that supplies all these conditions, and that is the HALL MAMMOTH INCUBATOR. The cost for fuel to run a six-thousand-egg HALL MAMMOTH INCUBATOR has been proven to be less than one cent a day per thousand eggs.



## The Successful Hatch Must be Well Brooded

A necessary adjunct of the HALL MAMMOTH INCUBATOR is the HALL BROODER SYSTEM. The HALL BROODER SYSTEM is absolutely the last word in brooder perfection.

After incubation the growth, yes, the very life of the chicks depends— as every breeder of poultry knows—upon how well they are started.

The HALL BROODER SYSTEM was conceived with the twofold idea of duplicating natural conditions on a large scale coupled with a minimum of labor and expense. The HALL BROODER SYSTEM is simple in design but scientifically perfect.

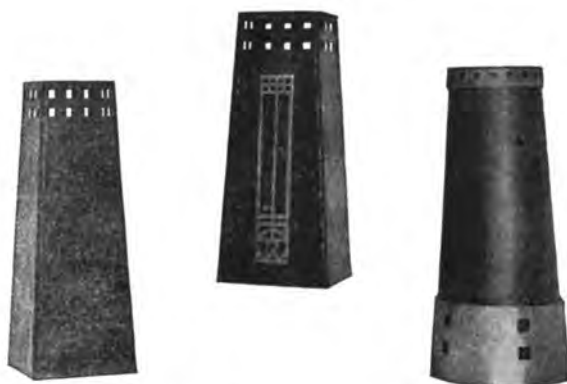
The experience of the largest and most widely known poultry men in this country proves its ability to raise vigorous and profitable early layers. The HALL SYSTEM is the result of experiments by a poultry man first and an inventor afterwards. Each and every part of the HALL SYSTEM is built exactly as experience has shown to be the best. "FACT AND ARGUMENT," a beautiful book showing half-tone illustrations of many successful HALL plants, will be sent to all who are interested. It contains a wealth of money-making information for you.

THE HALL MAMMOTH INCUBATOR CO., LTICA, NEW YORK



# Hammered-Copper Easter Gifts

## Copper Vases



|                                                            |         |         |
|------------------------------------------------------------|---------|---------|
| Plain, Square, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches tall                 | - - - - | \$ 5.00 |
| Square, German Silver Trimmed, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches tall | - - - - | 7.00    |
| Round, German Silver Trimmed, 7 inches tall                | - - - - | 10.00   |

## Jardiniere

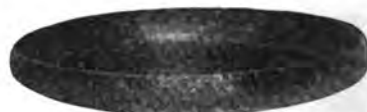


Hammered Copper with German Silver Trim-  
mings, for 6-inch Pots - - - \$15.00

## Copper Trays



4 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches diameter - - - \$ .75



5 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches diameter - - - \$1.00



Made of hammered copper and German silver.  
16 inches high—fitted with four lights. \$40.00

## Electric Table Lamps with Leaded-Glass Shades



Made of hammered copper and German silver.  
16½ inches high—fitted with two lights. \$35.00



Single Candlestick. Price, \$3.50  
The pair. Price, \$7.00

Quaint Candlesticks in Copper

The subdued glow of many lights adds to the charm  
and mystery of festivals  
and ceremonials.



Single Candleholder.  
Price, \$4.50



The Colonial.  
Price, \$2.00

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

**TEMAGAMI**

A Land of  
Lakes and Rivers

IN THE WOODS OF TEMAGAMI

**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM**

**An Ideal Resort**

For the Camper, Canoeist and Fisherman  
Black Bass, Trout and other varieties of fish are plentiful  
Write to any of the following for handsomely illustrated booklet, containing maps and all information  
H. G. Elliott, 211 Merchants Loan & Trust Bldg., Chicago  
F. T. Dwyer, 24 Broadway, New York, N. Y.  
E. H. Boynton, 256 Washington St., Boston, Mass.  
D. P. Drewery, 8 Hargree Building, Portland, N. Y.  
H. M. Morgan, 55 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.  
W. Robinson, 106 Park Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
W. E. Davis, Passenger Traffic Manager, Montreal  
H. T. Bell, Asst. Passenger Traffic Manager, Montreal  
G. W. Valpey, General Passenger Agent, Montreal

AN AFTERNOON'S CATCH - BLACK BASS

would mention first the Baptist, Roger Williams, who maintained the principle that the civil powers have no right to meddle in matters of conscience, and who founded a State with that principle as its key-stone. I would mention second the Catholic, Lord Baltimore, the proprietor of Maryland, to whom belongs the credit of having established liberty in matters of worship which was second only to Rhode Island. I would name third the Quaker, William Penn, whose golden motto was, "We must yield the liberties we demand." Fourth on the list is Thomas Jefferson, that "arch infidel," as he has been termed by some religious writers, who overthrew

## A Dental Discovery

THE New Dentistry is humanitarian, practical and effective. Among the advocates of the Preventive Dentistry is Doctor George L. Wernet, Crown, Bridge and Plate work Specialist, of No. 1409 Arch Street, Philadelphia. Like all good dentists he is working to destroy his own business by advocating teeth inspection to avoid teeth trouble. But Doctor Wernet has expended some thought on people who are obliged to wear false teeth. He has evolved a powder which prevents dropping, loosening and non-conformity of plates. This powder produces the desired result by gently acting on the gums. It also destroys germ life, making the mouth clean, and heals sore gums.

The price is 50c a box by mail—extra large size \$1.00.

**Wernet Dental Mfg. Company**

1409 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

✱ If we were to single out the men who from the beginning of our Colonial state until the present time have most eminently contributed to fostering and securing religious freedom, who have made this country of ours the haven of refuge from ecclesiastical tyranny and persecution, who have set an example more puissant than army or navy for freeing the conscience of men from civil interference, and have leavened the mass of intolerance wherever the name of America is known, I

the established church in his own State, and then, with prophetic statesmanship, made it impossible for any church to establish itself under our national Constitution or in any way to abridge the rights of conscience.

—Oscar S. Straus.

✱ NGERSOLL came into the glorious heritage of liberty which Paine bequeathed to the new world; came to emphasize with new eloquence the emancipation of the mind from

priestly oppression; came to tell mankind that the goblins of fear which had haunted the earth were only the cruel dreams of a cruel religion; came to lift up the people, kneeling and cringing before a priest, and to show them that the light of truth was their friend, that it led them to a higher life, that only as they put their trust in truth, in liberty, and in the right, could they realize the glorious possibilities of human nature; came to redeem the world from the curse of ecclesiasticism and to illustrate the grandeur of man freed from superstition and emancipated from the ghosts of the air. In the genial atmosphere of Ingersoll's humanity the world grew

warmer, grew stronger, grew kinder, and under the inspiration of his brave words men gave up the pious doctrine of a hell hereafter to make a heaven here.—L. K. Washburn.

**T**HE pity of the modern training in our public schools is in the fact that too much stress is laid upon obedience. Obedience makes for conventionality. The scholar is passed on to the industrial institution, which is simply another kind of school. Here he is

*Wanamaker's*

New York Spring and Summer Catalog is now being mailed. It is an excellent Guide Book of New York and Paris wearing apparel, and other merchandise, for Women, Children and Men.

We pay postage on mail shipments of \$5 or more. See Catalog for Freight and Express Free Delivery Terms.

Ordering by Mail, from a House of Character, is a Good Plan. Just write us, TODAY:

"Please send FREE CATALOG No. 97"

*John Wanamaker*

New York



## ELBERT HUBBARD

Did Not Write This Ad. He Might Improve Our Writing, But No One COULD IMPROVE

*Cream City*

### Roasters and Garnet Enameled Ware

Which represent the best there is in kitchen utensils. The Roaster is coverless, scorch-proof, needs no attention, and is an "every-day-in-the-year" necessity in the home, for it banishes indigestible fried stuff by making healthful roast-

ing and baking economical and easy, and quickly pays for itself in actual saving on your meat and fuel bills. It is useful in baking apples, or for chops, cutlets, fish, meat pies, stews, etc., as well as for leg roasts and fowls. Our whole line of Cream City Ware is attractive, durable and inexpensive.

To show you a sample of our Garnet Enameled Ware we will send you a 14-inch kitchen spoon *Free* if you will write us now, giving us the name of your hardware or general dealer. We will also send you a useful recipe book.

Geuder, Paeschke & Frey Company  
93 15th St., Milwaukee, Wis., U.S.A.



taught more obedience. This system checks the development of individuality and originality. It is not surprising our business institutions find plenty of clerks who will follow routine, but few who have initiative with the courage to push their ideas into untried fields.

—Mike Kinney.

**N**O race can prosper till it learns that there is as much dignity in tilling a field as in writing a poem.—Booker T. Washington.

## Globe-Wernicke Individual Libraries

To the idea of the individual library in the home the Globe-Wernicke plan of

### Unit Construction

lends itself most successfully, making it possible for one to really enjoy books without risk of interruption, or without interfering with the pleasure of others.



### Easy to Arrange and Re-Arrange

As new pieces are added, or different settings desired, new and artistic combinations are quickly and easily created, as exact duplicates of our bookcase units are always obtainable.



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## THE BASIS OF MARRIAGE

BY ALICE HUBBARD

Being a little more plain truth, which is appended to a reprint of "An Interview with Alice Hubbard," by Sophie Irene Loeb.

The State should make every mother economically free. No labor can compare with that of the mother who gives healthy, beautiful, intelligent children to the Nation.—Alice Hubbard.

**I**N Nineteen Hundred Eight Mrs. Hubbard wrote in the preface to "Woman's Work":

"The message which I bring has in it none of the ingredients used in the sop served to Cerberus. I do not wish to put you to sleep in peace, nor to soothe you. My desire is to awaken you to a knowledge of truth that confronts us. I shall compliment you by using plain, direct and simple speech without quibble, hiding behind no mysticisms, deferring to no popular superstitions. You may not agree with what I say, but you will understand what I mean."

A few months ago Sophie Irene Loeb's interview with Alice Hubbard stirred up a veritable tempest in Newspaperdom. Editorial writers, humanists and near-humanists arrayed themselves on opposite sides of the mother-tax question. The interest became general, and The Roycrofters published a reprint of the interview, together with "The Basis of Marriage."

The demand for these articles is a live comment on the tendency of our Time.

This first edition is printed in three colors and bound in brown-paper covers. The price is ten cents. In limp leather the price is one dollar.

## THE ROYCROFTERS

EAST AURORA, NEW YORK, U.S.A.

work an hour at anything without learning something. ✱

The matter of giving life to the pages of a novel is the result of industrious study of human beings. Writing is the result of thinking about things to write about and studying the details of contemporaneous life, so that you may set them down, not imaginatively but accurately. — David Graham Phillips. ✱

✱ **I**T is well known that those people who are known as "thinkers" are often reproached for their passiveness, their flabbiness. ✱ It has been said that they are people of word and thought but not of deed, that their influence upon life is insignificant, and

**T**HE so-called artistic temperament explains the failure of innumerable talented men and women who never get over the frontier line of accomplishment. Symptoms of the artistic temperament should be fought to the death.

Work, work, whether you want to or not. I throw away a whole day's work sometimes, but the simple effort of turning it out has kept my steam up and prevented me from lagging behind. ✱ You can not

that, in general, they are worthless material for the upbuilding of new life upon this earth. And we must at least admit the possibility of the truth of such a charge. At least, such an accusation is wholesome, and we should allow it the more since it is oftenest made by those who belong to the "thinkers" themselves. It is thus self-condemnation, fiery, cruel, but always sincere. Their intentions, they say, at least many of them, are honest. ✱ There are streams of talk, but not a grain of action. No,





# A NEW INDUSTRY

## Manufacturing the Coming Fuel

**R**EAD up on the utilization of farm products and wood waste by distillation. A general consideration of the *New Industry*, including a full description of the distilling apparatus used and the principles involved, also methods of chemical control and disposal of the products, first edition illustrated by seventy-four engravings, 156 pages. The book is cloth bound. It will be sent to any address post paid on receipt of \$5.20.

Having exported stills in large amounts for many years to foreign countries, we are now open to establish agencies and invite correspondence to look after our old customers and prospective buyers of our Modern Simple Tax-Free Industrial Alcohol Distilling Apparatus, by special successful demonstrative methods for making Alcohol, Solidified Alcohol in Cubes, etc., also Denatured Alcohol. All sizes 5 to 500 gallon daily capacities. Good commission.

Write for a hand book on distilling and denaturing alcohol from farm products and wood waste. This book explains the Free Tax Denaturing Alcohol Laws which control this commercial product. A plain statement of facts for those interested; 280 pages; sixty illustrations, 12mo.; cloth. Price \$3.20 post paid. A valuable book and the latest on the subject. Address

**The Wood Waste Distilleries Co., Inc.**  
WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA, U. S. A.

# Universal Peace—War is Mesmerism

BY ARTHUR E. STILWELL

**Dedicated to Andrew Carnegie, the Prince of Peace—A Wonderful Work**

**A**RTHUR EDWARD STILWELL has written his second book, "Universal Peace—War is Mesmerism" is even more original in thought and form than his marvelous economic book, "Confidence or National Suicide?" So original, in fact, that it is unlike any other book written on the much-discussed subject of World Peace. Coming from the pen of a very busy man, a man of affairs, vast enterprises, the book is remarkable for the versatility of views and concepts it sets forth. Versatility is the keynote of Mr. Stilwell's writings. It explains how a financier can write a series of telling chapters on the railroad situation—which, by the way, have had a remarkable sale, the sixth edition going to press now—and within six months burst on the world with an entirely new focus on a problem that the average reader has never undertaken to fathom.

A famous writer has said of Mr. Stilwell's style that it rings clear as a bell on a cold day. It describes his forceful manner admirably, but it applies even more to the thought, incisive, far reaching and imperious. A glance over the index is simply a tonic. Listen:

SECRETARY OF PEACE—WHO GRANTS THE LICENSE TO KILL?—INTEREST PAYMENTS ON CORPSES AND GHOSTS—CAIN AND ABEL—NATIONS WITH COLIC—BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART—PRESIDENT DIAZ—JAPAN—PEACE AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE—ICEBERG AND MUTINY—WHAT STANDS IN THE WAY?—THE ARMY OF PEACE—LOOK UP.

Is there any book on record that discusses the subject agitating the world from such a multitude of viewpoints, and those quoted are only a few? And has anybody ever come forward with the bold statement that the Monroe Doctrine is rotten and directly responsible for bloodshed and misgovernment in some of the Latin Republics? Mr. Stilwell's discovery of the intimate connection between disarmament in the Old World and the abolition of the Monroe Doctrine in the New World is a stroke of genius that will go down in history.

Perhaps the strongest point of the book is the fine humor—in turns sardonic and pathetic—that runs through every chapter. It is the humor of the man of world-wide experience, of profound knowledge

of the life of man and the life of nations; it is the caustic philosophy of the student of world affairs; above all, it is the clear-cut utterance of the man who has fought and won a hundred battles in the world of big affairs, who has overcome discord within himself and can look upon the discord in the world as one in it but not of it, see it in its true light, and then damn it as a freak and a folly. "Mesmerism" he brands it. Man never aimed truer or hit squarer.

What strikes the reader so forcibly in this book—and he becomes conscious of it from the very first words—is the thoroughly practical spirit in which the subject is treated. There is a masterly constructiveness in the ideas advanced, from the proposal to appoint secretaries of peace in the cabinets of the powers to that of a partnership between the United States and Mexico for the furtherance of progress in the American tropics; and in the suggestions of gradual disarmament, of war insurance of one power by other powers, of the army of peace, there runs the whole gamut of inspired ideas from the simplest to the boldest.

"Look Up" is the heading of the final chapter, the grand summing up—"Look Up" is the message of this book. Long before you are through with the initial chapters—you know that looking up is the reality of life and the knowledge of it sticks to you.

Here, then, is a man who gives remedies for the diseases he diagnoses; *pari passu* *aviso*; and he steps firmly before the three greatest thrones the world has ever seen and quotes Micah and the Sermon on the Mount.

Quaint, humorous, bizarre, cutting, stinging, uplifting, noble, prophetic, grim, gentle, profound, worldly-wise, deeply religious, and one of the most readable books ever published, Mr. Stilwell's book is published by the

Bankers' Publishing Company

253 Broadway, New York

And is for sale at news-stands, or at the publishers, at \$2.00 a copy, cloth bound.

## What's Holding You Back?

Are you of the opinion that your business is not what it should be—that your selling cost is too high or that your advertising is not working right? If you are, suppose you drop me a line or call—by appointment & I follow the business of straightening out kinks and tangles, especially in questions of advertising policy. I have done nothing else for nine years, and there is evidence that the time has not been wasted. Clients are the best witnesses. I am not an Advertising Agent, but a Business Consultant without an axe to grind.

Jay Wellington Hull  
Tribune Bldg. New York



## Profit By Last Year's Experience (and the year before that, and before that)

### Don't Try to Start Your Important Garden Plants from Seed Sown in the Open

Buy this \$250 greenhouse now—right now, and start your plants in it. When those first glorious spring gardening days come, while the other fellow is planting seeds you will be planting out PLANTS—good, strong chaps, just aching to get out in the open, and do things. Tomatoes, for instance, a month earlier. Does n't that strike you? And who would n't give of their good money to have their flowers all abloom before the robins bring off their first nestlings! Order the house today, and we ship it tomorrow. \$250 covers everything—no extras—boiler, benches, iron posts and all, ready to set up the day it arrives. We have been building greenhouses, big and little, for considerably over a quarter of a century. You can depend on our being dependable. If you want more facts—send for booklet—it fairly teems with them.

Hitchings & Company

1174 Broadway

New York

## Letters of Power

Doctor Johnson's letter to the Right Honorable the fourth Earl of Chesterfield is one of the masterpieces of satirical literature.

The letters of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning give us an insight into one of the greatest friendships of all time.

Your letter of Easter Greeting must express you in form and thought. You want it to show the exquisite care which betokens your respect for your friend. It must be individual and distinctive.

Roycroft stationery is a Greeting in itself. It is dignified, beautiful and rare.

### Pure White Italian Handmade, Two Styles

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| Folded Note Sheets . . . . .       | 5½ by 8 inches  |
| Baronial Style Envelopes . . . . . | 4¼ by 5¼ inches |
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| Frost Gray & Chocolate Brown, with or without Roycroft Mark |                 |
| Folded Note Sheets . . . . .                                | 5½ by 8 inches  |
| Baronial Style Envelopes . . . . .                          | 4¼ by 5¼ inches |

There are twenty-four sheets and twenty-four envelopes in each box. The price is *Seventy-Five Cents* for each box. This prepaya carriage.

THE ROYCROFTERS  
EAST AURORA, ERIE CO., NEW YORK

## SUCH A LITTLE FELLOW!



THE PHILISTINE is the Little Magazine with the Big circulation. It is the clarinet of the literary orchestra, and the bass has failed to drown its noise.

A full page in "The Philistine" is about the same size as a quarter-page in one of the standard magazines, and costs about the same. The difference is in returns. "The Philistine" leads 'em all out.

Some of the shrewdest advertising experts in America proclaim "The Philistine" the best medium they know. The April "Philistine" will have something by Elbert Hubbard written with nitroglycerine on asbestos! Get your copy or suggestions for copy in early.

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N.Y.

## Some Pear-Round Sentiments for Easter Greetings



No. 30

Printed on Italian handmade paper or Boxmoor  
Size,  $11\frac{1}{2} \times 15\frac{1}{2}$  inches

ILLUMINED, \$1.00 UNILLUMINED, \$0.25

### The Salutation of the Dawn

118 Listen to the Exhortation of the Dawn!

Look to this Day!

For it is Life, the very Life of Life.

In its brief course lie all the

Verities and Realities of your Existence:

The Bliss of Growth,

The Glory of Action,

The Splendor of Beauty:

For Yesterday is but a Dream,

And Tomorrow is only a Vision;

But Today well lived makes

Every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness,

And every Tomorrow a Vision of Hope.

Look well therefore to this Day!

Such is the Salutation of the Dawn.

—FROM THE SANSKRIT.

27 Blessed is that man who has  
found his work.

57 Every great institution is the  
lengthened shadow of a single  
man.—EMERSON.

75 I believe that no one can harm  
us but ourselves, that sin is mis-  
directed energy, that there is  
no devil but fear, and that the  
Universe is planned for good. I  
believe that work is a blessing,  
that Winter is as necessary as  
Summer, that night is as use-  
ful as day, that Death is a mani-  
festation of Life, and just as  
good. I believe in the Now and  
Here. I believe in You, and I  
believe in a power that is in  
ourselves that makes for right-  
eousness.—FRA ELBERTUS.

86 I love you because you love the  
things that I love.

153 So long as we love, we serve.  
So long as we are loved by  
others, I would almost say we  
are indispensable; and no man  
is useless while he has a friend.  
—STEVENSON, THE BELOVED.

105 Let what thou hearest in the  
house of thy friend be as if it were  
not ❧ ❧

215 We need some one to believe in  
us—if we do well, we want our work  
commended, our faith corroborated.  
The individual who thinks well of  
you, who keeps his mind on your  
good qualities, and does not look  
for flaws, is your friend. Who is my  
brother? I'll tell you: he is one who  
recognizes the good in me.

—FRA ELBERTUS.

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York





# SEALY

## Tuftless Mattress

*Pure Long-Fiber Cotton*

*In One Pneumatically-formed Batt*

*No Layers or Sections*

*The Only Successful Tuftless Mattress*

*Guaranteed 20 Years*

**M**AN is the original Night and Day Bank. A good night's sleep deposits reserve strength of mind and body on which to draw next day.

Midnight Sons get the Overdrawn Notice, while the Now-I-lay-me fellow shows a fat balance in his check book.

When a man sleeps on a Sealy Mattress at night, you won't find him turning out lullabies by day or doing a Morpheus sketch on the boss's time.

The Fra is enabled to write his big grist of good stuff by sleeping on a Sealy. He has furnished The Roycroft Inn with Seals, that all the Elect may partake of the Fountain of Youth.

You may have become inured to the tufted mattress, but just try a Sealy and find out what 100 per cent Comfort is. The Sealy is a big, billowy, head-to-foot pillow, that sinks and rises beneath the undulations of the body, conforming to every curve, to every position.

This distinctive *undulating* quality of the Sealy gives even support to every part of the body and induces full relaxation—the secret of real, invigorating rest and sound, refreshing sleep.

### *The Sealy Triple Guarantee*

**FIRST:**—We guarantee the SEALY to be made entirely of pure, new, long-fiber cotton, without liners or mill waste.

**SECOND:**—We guarantee the SEALY for 20 years against becoming uneven or lumpy.

**THIRD:**—We guarantee that after 60 nights' trial you will pronounce the SEALY the most comfortable mattress that you ever used, or your money back.

SEALY MATTRESSES are made in all sizes, covered with the best grade of A. C. A. Bookfold Sateen, or Mercerized Art Tickings, either in Plain Edge or in the new Imperial Roll Edge, like illustration. Prices: Plain Edge Style, A. C. A. or Sateen Ticking, \$18; Art Ticking, \$19; Roll Edge Style, A. C. A. or Sateen Ticking, \$20; Art Ticking, \$21.

**Send for our Booklet, "The Real Difference in Mattresses"**

It describes Mattresses fully; we want you to read it. We will also give you the name of our representative where you can see the SEALY in your town, and who will give you the guarantee.

**SEALY MATTRESS CO., Dept. F, HOUSTON, TEXAS**

(Factories' also offices) at our 14,000-acre cotton plantation, SUGAR LAND, TEXAS

## RARE ROYCROFT BOOKS

### *A Clean-up Sale*

**T**HE following individual *De Luxe Little Journeys* by Elbert Hubbard are printed on Holland handmade paper, from a special font of antique type; original ornaments, initials, tailpieces and title-page by Roycroft artists; a portrait in each volume; bound beautifully in boards, French Charcoal paper sides. These books are superb specimens of the Art Preservative and will delight the heart of any true bibliophile. These volumes will not be reprinted. If you buy now, you own a unique set of books that will grow in value with the passing years.

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Raphael  
Leonardo

Corot  
Correggio

Botticelli  
Thorwaldsen

Bellini  
Cellini

Gainsborough  
Velasquez

Abbey  
Whistler

Price for the twelve books of "Eminent Artists" is Seven Dollars and Fifty Cents. We have only a few of the volumes, so the set can not be broken. You'll have to take the whole set, or else linger along through life, and exist without them. Your money back on demand if not satisfied. We prepay expressage.

**THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, New York**





## Davey Quality Tree Surgery

## Protects Trees & Tree Owners

There is nothing experimental about tree surgery as practiced by the Davey experts. Founded on the solid rock of John Davey's knowledge of tree life—equaled by that of no other man—it has been brought to a high degree of perfection through thoroughly tested methods, adequately trained men, and a live and healthy organization. All of these elements of strength combine to give a service of *quality* that affords *protection* alike to *trees* and *tree-owners*.

**The Incomparable Trio of the Davey Service**  
**FIRST**—John Davey's life-long study of trees and their ills, during which he worked out the vital principles of the *science* of Tree Surgery. **SECOND**—The Davey Institute of Tree Surgery, maintained by the Davey Tree Expert Company at its own expense for the sole purpose of training its men in the science and practice of saving trees. There is no school like this—and tree surgery cannot be learned elsewhere. **THIRD**—A responsible organization of business men and business methods through which the service of the Davey Experts is given to the public, and its quality maintained to the high standards which make *tree surgery* so different from the work of tree-butchers and tree-jacks.

**You Love Your Trees—Then Help Them Live!**  
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Pittsburgh, Pa., January 16, 1917.

*The Davey Tree Expert Co., Kent, O.*  
 Gentlemen: I take pleasure in testifying as to the most excellent results obtained in the treatment of trees at my home, Century Oak Farm, near Mansa, Pa. Your Mr. Gilman and his assistants were most efficient in putting into excellent condition a number of trees which had become, through neglect, practically worthless. I am so pleased with the work you did for me that it will afford me great pleasure to answer in detail any inquiries from prospective clients that you may refer to me. Very truly yours,  
 (Signed) F. C. HOBKINSON

**THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO., Inc., 103 Hackberry St., Kent, Ohio (Operating the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery)**



John Dumont had had himself arrayed in a wine-colored silk dressing-gown over his white silk pajamas, and had stretched himself on a divan in his sitting-room in his palace. A telephone and a stock-ticker within easy reach were his field-glasses and his aides—the stock-ticker would show him second by second the precise posture of the battle; the telephone would enable him to direct it to the minutest maneuver. The telephone led to the ear of his chief of staff, Tavis-tock, who was at his desk in his privatest office in the Mills Building, about him telephones straight to the ears of the division commanders. None of these knew who

✱ In a distant part of the field all this time was posted the commander-in-chief of the army of attack. Like all wise commanders in all well-conducted battles, he was far removed from the blinding smoke, from the distracting confusion. He had placed himself where he could hear, see, instantly direct, without being disturbed by trifling reverse or success, by unimportant rumors to vast proportions blown. To play his game for dominion or destruction

was his commander; indeed, none knew there was to be a battle, or, after the battle was on, that they were part of one of its two contending armies. They would blindly obey orders, ignorant who was aiming the guns they fired and at whom those guns were aimed. Such conditions would have been fatal to the barbaric struggle for supremacy which ambition has waged through all the past; they are ideal conditions for these modern conflicts of the market which more and more absorb the

ambitions of men. Instead of shot and shell and regiments of "cannon food," there are battalions of capital, the paper certificates of the stored-up toil or trickery of men; instead of mangled bodies and dead, there are minds in the torment of financial peril or numb with the despair of financial ruin. But the stakes are the same old stakes—power and glory and wealth for a few, thousands on thousands cozened or dragged into the battle in whose victory they share but scantily if at all, although they bear its heaviest losses on both sides.—David Graham Phillips.

✱ DO not despise genius—indeed, I wish I had a basketful of it instead of a brain, but yet, after a great deal of experience and observation, I have become convinced that industry is a better horse to ride than genius. It may never carry any one man as far as genius has carried individuals, but industry—patient, steady, intelligent industry—will carry thousands into comfort and even into celebrity, and this it does with absolute certainty; whereas genius often refuses to be tamed and managed, and often goes with wretched morals. If you are

## ABOUT REMEMBERING

By  
ELBERT HUBBARD



Prof. Henry Dickson

America's foremost authority on Memory Training, Public Speaking, Self-Expression, and Principal of the Dickson Memory School, Auditorium Building, Chicago.

For some long time I have been promising myself to write up my good friend, Mr. Henry Dickson, of Chicago, and I have not forgotten. ¶ Mr. Dickson is teaching a Science or System, whichever you choose to call it, which I believe is of more importance than the entire curriculum of your modern college. Mr. Dickson teaches memory. Good memory is necessary to all achievements. ✱ ✱

I know a man who is fifty-five years old. He is a student. He is a graduate of three colleges, and he carries more letters after his name than I care to mention. But this man is neither bright, witty, clever, interesting, learned nor profound. He's a dunce.

And the reason is that he CAN NOT REMEMBER. Without his notes and his reference literature, he is helpless.

This man openly confesses that he can not memorize a date or a line of poetry, and retain it for twenty-four hours. His mind is a sieve through which sinks to nowhere the stuff he pours in at the top. Education is only what you remember. The lessons that you study into the night and babble about the next day in class are not, unless you retain them and assimilate them by the slower process of memory. You can not gulp and discharge your facts and hope they will do you any good. Memory only makes them valuable.

¶ Every little while in business I come across a man who has a memory, a TRAINED MEMORY, and he is a joy to my soul. He can tell you when, where, why, how much, what for,

in what year, and what the paper said the next morning.

Like this man is another, the general manager of a great corporation in a Western City. He never misses a face. If he sees you once, that's enough. The next time he'll call you by name, inquire about the folks at home and ask if you have recovered from that touch of rheumatism.

He told me how he did it. He told me that he studied memory-training with Professor Dickson of Chicago. Also, he said a lot of nice things about Professor Dickson, that I hesitate to write down here lest my good friend Dickson object.

¶ This Dickson System of Memory-Training, as I understand it, and I do understand it, is very simple. If you want to enlarge your arm to increase the power and strength of your muscle, you exercise it. The same with your mind. You must put your brain through a few easy exercises regularly to discover its capacity. You will be surprised when you go about it the right way, to know how quickly it responds to you.

To the man or woman whose memory plays tricks, I especially recommend that you write to Professor Dickson to send you his literature. It will cost you nothing, and if his credentials and recommendations and the facts he sets forth do not convince you, you are not to be convinced—that's all. You do not know when you will be called to stand on your feet and tell what you know; then and there a trained memory would help you.

You've sympathized with the little girl who stuttered her "piece." But you've wept for the strong man who stammered and sucked air and gurgled ice-water and forgot, and sat down in a kindly silence. In the child it was embarrassment, but in the adult it was a bad memory.

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to wish for either, wish for industry.—Julian Ralph.

✱ LABOR leaders will do well to realize that the world has progressed, and that, in order to improve conditions for future generations, they must accept the fact that progress in the industrial world can no more be made by the blind subduing of capital than it was by the blind subduing of labor.

—J. K. Turner.

# PROCLAMATION



FROM August First to Fifteenth, Nineteen Hundred Eleven, there will be held at East Aurora, a Congress of Economics, to discuss, suggest, presume, and if possible, formulate The American Philosophy, devised by people who live on the Fortieth Parallel in America, not in Asia nor yet near the Equator. India stands for contemplation; we stand for action.

The aim will be primarily to construct methods of accurate thinking on matters of Business, and spread the idea of this new philosophy of salvation through the ethical creation and distribution of wealth.

This philosophy reduced to its simplest terms means work, love, laughter, study and play, mixed in right proportions and taken ad lib.

We believe that only the busy person is happy, and that systematic, daily, useful work is man's greatest blessing.

This country is built on business.

We are a nation of workers, builders, inventors, creators, producers.

We are the richest country, per capita, in the world; and our wealth has all come from the farm, the forest, the factory, the mine, the sea.

We have dug, plowed, pumped, smelted, refined, transported and manufactured. We did not inherit our wealth, neither have we laid tribute on other countries as did earlier civilizations.

Any individual who uses the word "commercial" as an epithet, who regards busi-

ness enterprise as synonymous with graft and greed, who speaks of certain men as "self-made" and others as "educated," who gives more attention to war than to peace, who seeks to destroy rather than to create and build up, is essentially un-American.

The word "education" sometimes stands for idleness, but The American Philosophy symbols work, effort, industry. It means intelligent, thoughtful, reasonable, and wise busy-ness—helping yourself by helping others. Only the busy person is happy. Systematic, daily, useful work is man's greatest blessing.

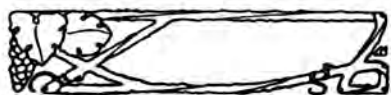
The world's greatest prizes in the future will go to the businessman. The businessman is our only scientist, and to him we must look for a Science of Economics that will eradicate poverty, disease, superstition and all that dissipates and destroys.

Doctor C. A. Bowsher, one of the foremost thinkers and teachers of our time, will be present at this Congress of Economics and give a course of lectures on Economics. There will also be present various business men and women of national note who maintain big Payrolls, who will take part in the discussion.

There will be no fees for attendance at lectures or classes, and no collections. Rates at The Roycroft Inn will be Two Dollars per day, American plan, and up, according to rooms. Reservations made now.

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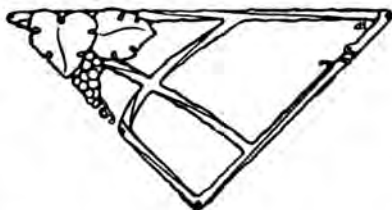


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Above man's aims his nature rose.*

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